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METHODIST REVIEW

(BIMONTHLY)

WILLIAM V. KELLEY, L.H.D., Editor

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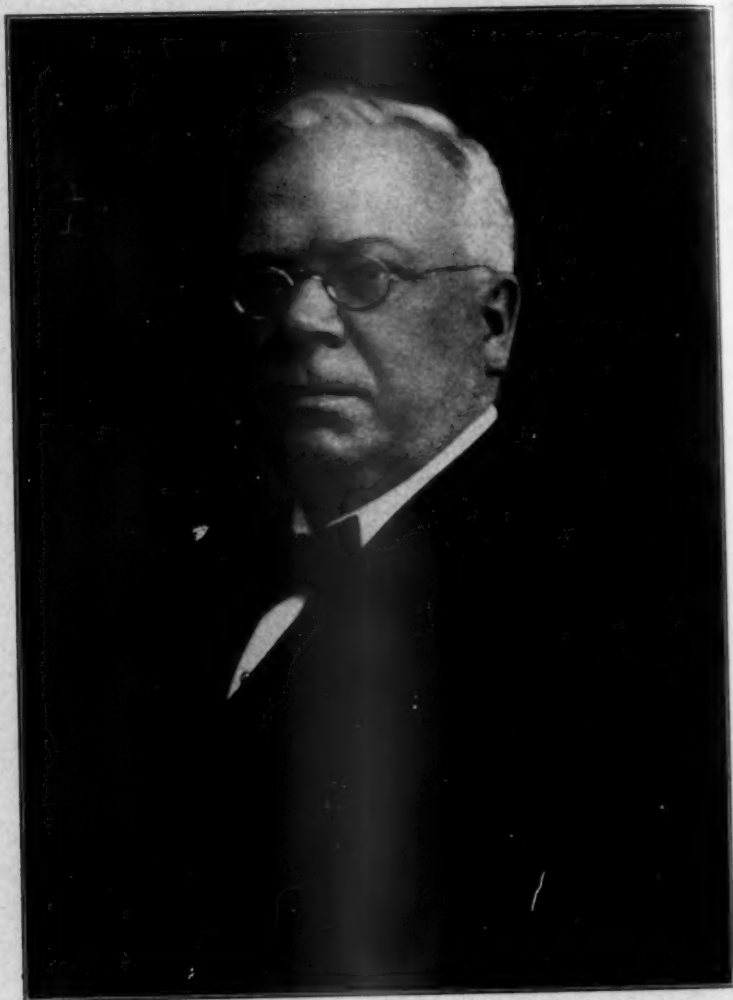
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Naphhtali Luccorell.

METHODIST REVIEW

NOVEMBER, 1917

NAPHTALI LUCCOCK¹

ONE's outstanding recollection of Bishop Luccock is his human-heartedness. This is not a particularly original remark to make of a man who was nothing if not original. It happens, however, to be the one remark which best explains him; that is, if there is such a thing as explaining him at all. "That which properly constitutes the life of every man is a profound secret. Yet this is what every one would give most to know, but is himself most backward to impart." An acute reflection that—Thoreau's, I think. Just try and write about such a man as Naphtali Luccock and see how true it is.

Physically Bishop Luccock was an interesting man to look at. He was spared the snare of Apollo's form and face, but he was well put together, sturdy and active, with a head too massive perhaps for grace of the conventional sort, but with eyes and mouth proclaiming sincerity and kindness in such open and unmistakable fashion that just to look at him was to trust him and to want to be friends with him. Nor was he above making his facial mobility tributary to premier power of drollery and fun making. His favorite affectation was a "bowler" hat, which in

¹Naphtali Luccock was born in Kimbolton, Ohio, September 28, 1853; entered Ohio Wesleyan University as "prep" at 15 and graduated A.B. at 21. The same year (1874) he was admitted on trial by Pittsburgh Conference. Following were his appointments: Tipppecanoe, Ohio (1874, 1875); Addison, Penn. (1876-77); Somerset (1877, 1878); Elizabeth (1878-1882); Oakland, Pittsburgh (1882-1885); Professor, Allegheny College (1885-1888); First Church, Erie (1888-1893); Smithfield, Pittsburgh (1893-1897); Union Church, St. Louis (1897-1900); Hyde Park, Kansas City, Mo. (1900-1912); elected bishop (1912); died, La Crosse, Wis., April 1, 1916.

Married Miss Etta Anderson, September 27, 1877, died 1906. Children: four children, three living. Miss Natalie, Mankato, Minn.; Halford E., Madison, N. J.; Miss Ethel, Cleveland, Ohio.

Degrees: Ph.D., Western Reserve; D.D., Syracuse University; LL.D., Ohio Wesleyan University.

Publications: *Christian Citizenship* (1892); *Living Words from the Pulpit* (1896); *The Royalty of Jesus, Sermons* (1905); With James W. Lee, *Illustrated History of Methodism* (1900); numerous contributions to Periodical Press.

careless or abstracted moments would dispose itself on the side of his head, after the manner of a Highlandman's Glengarry, and produce an effect which to be loved needed only to be seen. His voice, too, which many unwise would have considered a handicap, was in him a part of his unique make-up. It was thin and husky; in moments of passion it became shrill and piercing. But with an orotund voice he would not have been Naphtali Luccock at all. Has anyone ever cared to mark the limitations of the preacher whose bodily grace was "adorable" and whose voice was "glorious"? Well, something of an essay might be made of that, though here it is only necessary to say that there are passages in Bishop Luccock's published discourses which, had they been the subject of studied gesture and golden tones, might have astonished his hearers more, but would certainly have moved them less. There were some things in Bishop Luccock which were neither simple nor artless—as we shall see later—but in his approach to men and in the manner of his public address he was of simplicity and naturalness all compact.

But what about his human-heartedness, with which this paper started out? Let us see. There is, of course, the academic love of humanity. One can say with the Latin poet, "I am a man and nothing that concerns man is wanting in interest to me," but his dominant interests may still be with the mass, not with individuals. He is against stealing, but he wants nothing to do with thieves; he is against drunkenness, but he wants nothing to do with drunkards. A man of that sort boasts of his cosmopolitanism, but he could sit at a well-ordered table and see Lazarus, under it, die of starvation. But Bishop Luccock's human-heartedness, vital, glorious, was a vastly different thing. He was shepherd-born and shepherd-minded. Many have said of him that he loved people just as people: true, but he loved people *with a definite purpose for good*. To him they were not simply "people," they were God's children given into his care to be looked after. This passion to mend and heal a broken and hurt humanity came to him early and never left him till he died. A friend who was in college with him writes to Bishop Luccock's children: "He had a genius for finding valuable human material and getting it out of its raw

and crude belongings; he carried more ore to the smelter and got more pure gold out of it than any man of my acquaintance." In that great and compassionate heart of his through a long and laborious ministry Bishop Luccock carried all the anguish, all the horror of the struggles of men, the sorrow of women, the tears of children. The people were ever in his heart. If any of his flock had access of joy he shared and, by sharing, multiplied the joy; if any were in sorrow he shared and, by sharing, mitigated the sorrow. To manhood struggling with doubt he brought assurance of faith; to youth struggling with temptation he brought the comfort (in its old Latin sense of "strength") of comradeship; to the prodigal in the far country he signaled hope and welcome and freedom of the Father's house. One does not wonder that the memory of this good man and faithful shepherd is treasured by thousands with all sacred and holy things. It was this human-heartedness which dictated to Bishop Luccock the method and substance of his message. He loved to preach, but he loved even more the people to whom he preached. And so his sermons moved in the realm of the practical. It may be doubted whether Bishop Luccock had any gift or taste for the speculative and controversial. He lived in a speculative and disputatious age. Very likely he had knowledge of the noise and dust-raising. One of so various and generous culture would not want to keep himself entirely untouched by it. But he knew his people and their needs. Men and women would wait upon his ministry with silent but urgent expectation that they might "see Jesus"; and, as they listened, "then were these disciples glad because they saw the Lord."

He was coming to his own during the days when the prevailing idea was that a preacher, to justify his position as defender of the faith, was bound to denounce Darwinism and Higher Criticism. Bishop Luccock thought the opportunity of the pulpit could be used to better advantage by proclaiming "The Royalty of Jesus," in whom both evolution and the Bible had their most attractive exposition and demonstration. He was doubtful about springs of consolation in oratorical vindications of "The Ichthyonic Suppression of Jonah," or "The Triple Tradition of the Exodus."

A published volume of sermons, "The Royalty of Jesus,"

does very well as to substance, but gives little idea of the total effect of Bishop Luccock's preaching. One has to make allowances for the sermons of a sensitive man in print. They are usually prepared with one eye on the public, a process which, while it makes for propriety, is perfectly fatal to vivacity and spontaneity—the characteristic marks of Bishop Luccock's public utterances. In reading them one is reminded of the famous artist confronted with a wonderfully and painfully accurate photograph of his wife. "Yes," he commented diffidently to the photographer, "yes, it is like her, horribly like her; but, thank God, I never saw her look just like that." Nevertheless, the sermons are measurably self-revealing. They show the man in his concern for a worthy presentation of the gospel message. Evidently he had a persuasion that the eternal commonplaces of religion were of eternal significance; and that a preacher's first duty after embracing them himself was to give them ever new dignity and attractiveness by his manner of publicly presenting them. He toiled for distinction of style as for virtue itself. To him the slovenly or indifferent treatment of ideas dealing with the majestic concerns of the soul in relation to God and destiny would have been a species of profanity, an act of intellectual indecency. Take this passage selected almost at random:

Sometimes, in your evening walk, when you look ahead to the rising ground where the city street straggles out into the country, in the gathering darkness you can scarcely distinguish the street lights from the stars; but on your near approach the stars mount to their native heavens and look down on you clear, shining, serene. It is so with the gospel of Jesus; however high the conceptions of men may rise, the teachings of Jesus are infinitely beyond them, like the unfailing stars.

One hears an echo of the music of the spheres in the "clear, shining, serene," and "unfailing" stars. This sureness and delicacy of touch which finds the memorable, the inevitable word comes only by infinite painstaking and loving labor informed with a reverent and honorable pride in one's commission as a herald of the gospel of God.

I venture one other citation as indicative of his human-hearted sympathy with an appealing situation. He is seeking to

interest his people in the supplication of Moses for rebellious Israel. "Yet now, if thou wilt forgive their sin—; and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book which thou hast written." The text, he says, is not any word in all the book, but a certain dark line that stretches between the words. Moses prays, "If thou wilt forgive their sin—" then he can go no farther; he halts and sobs and breaks down completely; that dash there tells it all.

Put your ear down upon the black line and you can almost hear the sobbing of Moses underneath it. You can see the tears streaming down his face as he bows in speechless agony. You can well-nigh witness his heart breaking in that crucial moment, when the awful agony issues in a daring choice of love, and suddenly you behold that daring choice of love issue in a new vision of God that transfigures the life and sets the halo of glory on the brow. You see him meeting the inevitable and yielding to it, taking that seeming step in the dark, making an absolute surrender of himself and in that surrender making the greatest discovery in human life, the discovery of the fathomless love of God.

The passage is remarkable not only for the dramatic touch which quickens the imagination and moves the heart, but also for the way in which the whole thought of the sermon is bound up with the critical moment when the heart is stirred. One could not soon forget the picture of Moses in an agony of supplication for his people, and always as the heart recalls his noble and appealing figure it will have close at hand the unforgettable comfort of the "fathomless love of God." It was by just such loving concern for the proper presentation of his message that Bishop Luccock made it memorable and inspiring.

It is manifest, too, from these discourses how he brought to his sermon preparation a wide and generous culture. It shows not only in his diction but in the range of his illustrations. He made all departments of knowledge tributary. One might imagine that the end of his reading, his thinking, his observing, was for homiletic uses. In the main it probably was. At all events he manifestly puts into the sermon the best of everything he has. Or, perhaps better, he makes everything tributary to enriching the soil in which a sermon may grow and flourish. His favorite fields are the physical sciences and literature. In literature he has special intimacies in the Bible, history, and the poets.

His use of the Bible is penetrating and illuminating in the highest degree. He treats it with the insight of a lover. One is reminded of George Borrow, who during an itinerary in Wales insisted upon being taken to the springs in which the rivers Severn and Wye have their source. "I must drink deeply of these springs," said he, "that I may speak of them with authority." In a remarkable sermon on "The Gospel for an Opulent Civilization"—that title is itself a triumph of attractive statement—Bishop Luccock uses three texts to outline and enforce his lesson. Granted that God has given man the world to use, how shall man use it without abusing it? (1) "And God said, Replenish the earth and subdue it and have dominion"—that is, Keep the world under control; (2) "God who giveth us richly all things to enjoy," that is, Make material good tributary to the development of character; (3) "But now, he that hath a purse, let him take it, and likewise his scrip: and he that hath no sword, let him sell his garment, and buy one," that is, Let him use the world for the service of the race, lavishly (the purse), intelligently (the scrip), aggressively (the sword). A more felicitous handling of Scripture one could not devise; it not only serves a perfectly justifiable interpretation of the texts, but it shows in a striking and suggestive way the modern, or rather the ageless, character of the biblical message.

Equally felicitous and discerning is his use of extra-biblical material. There is nothing forced or artificial in his illustrations drawn from scientific and literary sources. They are structural, and carry their message without comment. They are given without parade of learning but with sureness and appositeness, as of one who had mastered his material. He multiplies them. The passion for dominion brings forth Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, Columbus, and the explorers of the frozen North. The struggle of the lower with the higher self produces Byron, Browning, Tennyson, Saint Paul, the Hindu pilgrim, Marcus Aurelius, and Benjamin Franklin. The mystery of power has its analogies in light, heat, electricity, and gravitation. The quality of poise suggests Wellington, the leaning tower of Pisa, Giotto's tower, Charles Lamb, Paganini, and Wagner. He knows his Greek drama and Roman satire, he has his Dante well in hand, and is

at home with Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning. He deals sparingly with anecdotes and, strangely enough, with humor; and he resolutely suppresses whatever tendency he may have had—and it must have been strong in him—toward detailed and ornate descriptions of striking scenes and incidents. Everything points to a fine dedication of his gifts and acquisitions to keeping the gospel in the forefront of his deliverances, as if for him there were no concern save for Jesus only.

By way of digression a word upon his humor. His sense of fun was delicious and contagious. He was never without a story, and his skill in creating an atmosphere and furnishing a setting amounted to genius. One watched the progress of his stories with no less relish than their climax—the palmary test of good story-telling. And he could act a little, and mimic capitally, so that but for his insight into human character, its heights and depths, its joys and sorrows and especially its weaknesses—the very thing that made and kept him a pastor—he might have been a humorist of reputation and with a bank account. This seems a curious, to some a trivial, thing to say about a minister. But somehow Bishop Luccock made it auxiliary to an extra-pulpit ministry. He was probably the most coveted man in his community for popular occasions and for after-dinner talking, at which time he never failed to leave a quickening message with people on whom the duty of churchgoing sat lightly. It is not at all in question that at least one of his Conferences would have been hopelessly and disastrously divided but for the audacious humor of the chair, which softened asperities and relieved an otherwise hostile and threatening tension.

One could spend a merry and renewing half hour with Bishop Luccock's quizzical comments on life as he found it. A strong but narrow-minded official, who in public would frequently carry himself as if immersed in deep thought, provoked this from him: "Look at A. He thinks he is thinking, but he is just rearranging his prejudices." A preacher whose ideas were only less hysterical than his vocabulary he compared to the sophomore who had been defined as "one knowing a great many things but not yet knowing the difference between them." Of course humor is

a dangerous weapon, but only in the hands of the spiteful and malicious. It was the property of a famous spear to heal the wounds which itself had made. Bishop Luccock's humor needed no healing virtue, for it made no wound. His was a deeply religious spirit, and never, even in his lightest moments, did he create a situation which was not consistent with the spirit of worship.

To return: the published sermons disclose how central in his teaching is the person of the Lord Jesus. Bishop Luccock was a Christian from his youth up. He is exuberantly sure of Christ as the only hope of his own well being; he is equally sure of him as the only hope of the world's well being. For him as for Browning's Saint John:

The acknowledgment of God in Christ
Accepted by thy reason solves for thee
All questions in the earth and out of it.

He has no patience for a gospel in which Christ is simply an incident. His themes cover a wide range, but Christ is at the heart of them all. Indeed, his themes were of interest to him only as they declared and enforced the sweet reasonableness of the rule of Christ. One may mediate love as well as doctrine; and Bishop Luccock finds it congenial to emphasize the love of Christ rather than a doctrine of Christ's person and work as the agent of redemption. Upon this gracious certainty he has many bold and confident and immensely comforting things to say about the loving kindness of God, the joy of believing, the vigor and beauty of the life of Christ, the assurance of the world's redemption, the happiness of heaven, and even the despair of hell. His word is the word of the poet, not of the theologian. He argues with the logic of love—one step between his premise and conclusion. With Pascal he has learned that the heart has its reasons which the reason knoweth not; and life has taught him that if he would speak a word in season to him that is weary he must speak from the heart to the heart.

This assurance of Jesus as the world's helper inspired his social message and his social activities. "True Christian civilization," he says, in a sermon on *The Cry of the Disinherited*, "will

yet defend every human right and shelter every human need, and our Lord Jesus Christ will yet be a judge and a divider among men, not by the power of any external circumstances but by the principle of love enthroned within."

It was to establish this rule of Christ more speedily that he gave himself whole-heartedly to the union of American Methodisms. He lived for twelve happy and fruitful years in Saint Louis, where the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, both have influential congregations. To his mind the division was unnecessary and, in its tendency, harmful. He cultivated the most friendly relationships with the ministry and membership of the sister church; with one of its distinguished representatives he edited an *Illustrated History of Methodism*, to which also he contributed some eminently readable chapters; and he availed himself of every opportunity, and even made opportunities, to further the cause of union by pen and voice, in public and private, in season and out of season. His fraternal address to the General Conference of the Church, South, at Asheville, North Carolina, was of the kind which not only interests people but changes them. It was the event of the Conference. He had "liberty" and he had unction. His words passed upon the expectant audience as a flame of fire:

Accept our challenge of love. We will meet you on the heights of fellowship and, in a new covenant of love, fulfill the great ideal of Methodism to spread holiness over this land and over all lands. The whole earth will then ring with a new note of triumph and heaven itself will thrill with the joy of our glad jubilee.

It was not his to see the union for which he would gladly have poured out his life blood, but it was his by a powerful, many-sided, and prevailing ministry of brotherly kindness to make the consummation easier and to bring it nearer.

Bishop Luccock was chosen to be bishop in 1912; he died before he had quite completed his first quadrennium. He was assigned to an area which almost immediately began to make inroads upon his health. His "diocese" covered the States of Montana, North Dakota, and Idaho. His official residence was at Helena, Montana. He accepted the assignment cheerfully,

even jovially, and promptly quoted Scripture sanction in its behalf: "And of Naphtali he said, O Naphtali, satisfied with favor, and free with the blessing of the Lord: Possess thou the West!" It was not long, however, before the rigors of the climate and the altitude discovered and aggravated some organic discrepancies to which he did not pay sufficient attention. He was passionately in love with his work of superintendency. He could not be persuaded to give himself time to recover. He was assigned to the care of some Conferences in the South. It was hoped the change of climate would help him. Apparently he was too far gone. He breathed with difficulty and was almost continuously in great pain. Back he went to his "area," and to unceasing and unresting work. Always his work. "It will not be long, but it will be all right." It was not long; it was, it is, all right.

What was this man's chief contribution to his day? His scholarship? Yes, in part, for he showed us that scholarship had its highest justification in broadening one's sympathies for the woe of the world. His gift of public utterance? Yes, in part, for he made it an instrument of power in promoting human well being. His personal charm? Yes, in part, for it multiplied avenues of usefulness in which he might serve the Kingdom. His fund of humor? Yes, in part, for it displayed religion in its genial aspects. His pastoral concern? Yes, in part, for it mirrored to forlorn men and women the love of the Father. But more even than these is his contribution to the sum total of faith in the reality of the unseen world. For, as has been well said, "a minister is settled in a parish not so much to study, to visit, to preach, but to be a demonstration that the things spoken of in church are realities." It is for this that his memory will be cherished with things that are holiest by the spirit that is undying.

All who came in contact with him were partakers of the free hospitalities of his wealthy and generous spirit; all were blessed by his public utterances, rich in thoughts which came to him sweetly as flowers in summer and with the exhaustless fullness of a fountain; all shared the tenderness of feeling, the kindliness of spirit, the earnestness and breadth of his philanthropy; all were witness of his ministry compact with power to kindle not simply

the life of "the finely touched few," but also the gray mass of the average life which is not finely touched; all were inspired by "the splendor of a spirit without blame" and by the imperishable example of a life rich in the combined and indivisible love of truth and goodness; and all felt the charm and acknowledged the power of a happy family life made radiant and serene through a cheerful faith in Him of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named. This is our inheritance in him; and again we are made to feel the truth of Luther's judgment, that "there is no more precious treasure, nor nobler thing upon earth and in this life than a true and faithful parson and preacher."

Charles M. Street.

THE METHODIST REVIEW: THE FIRST CENTURY

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. The constant attacks of the Calvinists on Wesley created Methodist periodical literature. We recall the bitter scorn with which Frederick W. Robertson referred to those "religious" papers which kept up their running fire of denunciation and misrepresentation (as he held). Well, the never-ceasing criticism of Wesley's views, in the interest of decrees and unconditional predestination, by *The Spiritual Magazine* and *The Gospel Magazine* at length compelled him to launch out on the uncertain sea of journalism in the publication, on January 1, 1778, of the first number of *The Arminian Magazine*. It has been published every month since (name changed to *Methodist Magazine* in 1798, and to *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine* in 1822). Ever after, therefore, until his death, in 1791, in addition to his other toils Wesley had to edit the magazine, which received its name from its theological purpose, to advocate free grace and dying love *for all*. I have before me the first volume as I write: *The Arminian Magazine: consisting of Extracts and Original Treatises on Universal Redemption. Vol. I. In the year 1778. London: Printed by J. Fry and Co. in Queen Street: and sold at the Foundery, near Upper-Moorfields, and by the Booksellers in Town and Country. The contents are heavy fodder for his degenerate children to-day. A Sketch of the Life of Arminius: Extracted from an Oration spoken at his Funeral. An Account of the Synod of Dort: Extracted from Gerard Brandt's History of the Reformation in the Low Countries. Letters (seven by his father and mother to him). Poetry (nine pages). This is the first number (forty-eight pages). The other eleven are on a par with this. The Dort article is continued through several months. In the second number Wesley begins his own translation of Hermschmid's Life of Martin Luther, which is finished in June, and which he had by him since 1749. Many of his sermons, biographies of his preachers and of other church leaders (Wesley was a lover of history and biography) and much*

other solid matter in doctrine and religion were placed before his people in the monthly which he edited with intense interest till his tired pen dropped from his hand.

It was impossible that this example should be without effect on American Methodists. In 1796, therefore, the General Conference in session in Baltimore authorized the publication of a monthly, to be called the *Methodist Magazine*, on the ground that the "propagation of religious knowledge by means of the press is next in importance to the preaching of the gospel." By the loan of \$600 of his own hard-earned money the noble itinerant John Dickins had already, seven years before, established in Philadelphia what came to be The Methodist Book Concern; consequently there were resources at hand for the new venture. Promptly in January, 1797, Dickins came out with the magazine: *The Methodist Magazine, for the Year 1797. Containing Original Sermons, Experiences, Letters, and other Religious Pieces; together with Instructive and Useful Extracts from Different Authors.* Philadelphia: Printed by Henry Tuckniss: sold by John Dickins, No. 50, North Second Street, Philadelphia, and by the Methodist Ministers and Preachers throughout the United States.

The next year was a hard one with the Concern owing to the untimely death of Dickins, by yellow fever, September 27, 1798. The business was almost suspended for eight months. At the first delegated General Conference, at John Street, New York, in 1812, it was ordered that the magazine be revived. That order failed of execution, perhaps on account of the war. At the next General Conference, in Baltimore, in 1816, the order was repeated on a motion by Bangs, and under the new book stewards, Soule and Mason, the former doing the editing, the magazine, which had ceased in 1799, reappeared in January, 1818, never to go under again, we all trust and pray, till the archangel blows his trumpet.

The *Methodist Magazine*, for the Year of our Lord 1818. Volume I. New York: Published by J. Soule and T. Mason, for the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States. John C. Totten, Printer. 1818. The first article is an "Address of the Editors of the *Methodist Magazine* to its Patrons and Friends

in the United States, and especially to the Members of the Methodist Episcopal Church," in which they say:

The great design of this publication is to circulate religious knowledge—a design which embraces the highest interests of national existence, as the sum of individual and social happiness increases in a scale of proportion with the increase of spiritual light and information.

In the execution of this design the strictest care will be taken to guard the purity and simplicity of the doctrines of the Gospel against the innovations of superstition on the one hand, and of false philosophy on the other.

In admitting controversial subjects into this work, the heat of party zeal and personal crimination will be carefully avoided.

Except sermons, there were few original contributions, and no editorials. The analysis of contents at the back of the volume for 1828 will answer for the whole history of the magazine: Divinity (mostly sermons), Biography, Miscellaneous, Religious, and Missionary Intelligence, Obituary, Poetry. Historical matter predominated, and as a source on contemporary Church History and biography the volumes are indispensable. Soule was the editor of the first two volumes, and Bangs 1820-28, until merged in the Methodist Magazine and Quarterly Review. Historic truth requires us to say that the magazine was not received with universal acclaim. What the ground of the objectors was I do not know, but Bangs speaks (*History of the Methodist Episcopal Church*, iv., 429) of an opposition "as dishonorable to its authors as mortifying to the more enlightened friends of the church." But he says, "let these 'times of ignorance' be 'winked at,'" and we can well forget them for the joy of this brighter day.

If any man deserves eternal honor at the hands of our church that man is Nathan Bangs. His herculean labors make one gasp. The first editor of *The Christian Advocate* (1826-32), editor of the *Methodist Magazine*, book agent, and editor of books at the same time (1820-32), the first regularly elected editor of the *Methodist Magazine and Quarterly Review* (1832-36)—these were only a fraction of the services this indefatigable, wise, able, and loyal servant rendered to his church. In 1830 he was given larger swing, as in that year the monthly issues were given up and a *Theological Review*, in the full sense, came on the scene:

The Methodist Magazine and Quarterly Review (476 pp. in the year, full 8vo.). The articles are longer, the intellectual value of the work higher, and the Review steps, even at this early time, by the side of the best theological Reviews in America, a place that it has kept ever since. According to the old custom in all Reviews, the articles were anonymous, though by 1835 the names of several authors were given, and this continued increasingly till the end of 1840. Pictures in steel of our leading ministers were given, usually one in each number, the engraving well done, and the presentment showing sturdy, self-reliant men of lofty spirit and keen mental gifts. In July, 1837, the name of the editor appears for the first time: "Edited by S. Luckey and G. Coles." Bangs was made missionary secretary in 1836, when Luckey, an able minister and (1822-36) principal of our seminary at Lima, N. Y., was made editor of *Advocate*, *Magazine*, and *Books*. Coles, a beautiful spirit of the New York Conference, and an invalid for half his life, was assistant editor of one or more of these periodicals for twelve years, and sole editor of *The Sunday School Advocate* for three years. Luckey's *Trinity* (1818) had a high reputation at the time. In 1840 the famous George Peck, of a famous family, was elected editor of the *Review*, and in the number for October of that year we read "Edited by George Peck, A.M.," who appended to the July number the Pastoral Address of the General Conference, written by him, and an editorial of six pages on the general plans, etc., of the *Review*.

No sooner did Peck get a firm hold of the rudder than it was found that a new day had dawned, though the General Conference of 1840 was responsible for the change. With January, 1841, the old title was dropped, and we have the words so familiar to us, *Methodist Quarterly Review*, with volume I of the third series. The style of the English *Review* was adopted; several (about eight) main articles were placed first, followed by book notices, and everything was anonymous. A new font of type was used, the page was made attractive, and there were vigor and scholarship which brought the *Review* to still higher rank. For instance, Cousin's *Psychology* was ably discussed, and a professor at Randolph-Macon College, though his name is not given, introduced

for the first time a translation from the German—Tholuck's apologetical treatment of the Old Testament. Literary and scientific subjects were treated, and in essential qualities of learning, and yet of popular appeal, Peck had introduced a new era in Methodist literature. Notable articles from that time to this have been the order of the day. The thirty-eight-page article on *The Philosophy of History*, July, 1842, by an unknown Bowdoin College professor, was alone worth the price of the *Review* for the year, as are those on *The Huguenots* and on *The Arminian Controversy in the Low Countries in 1844*; *Kant*, in January, 1845, *Fourierism* in October, and many other rich and able discussions in history, philosophy, theology, etc. By the boldness with which Dr. George Peck struck a high ideal of a theological *Review* and maintained it during his eight years of editorship he conferred lasting benefits upon the church. He lifted the ministry, and through them the church, to higher planes, and punctured forever that old innuendo, or suspicion, or slander—whatever it was—that Methodism was the enemy of learning. Eminent writers outside our church, like the essayist Whipple, the scholar Tayler Lewis, and the historian Schaff, sought the columns of the *Review*, a succession that has been kept up until to-day.

It would appear that dissatisfaction had been growing at the strong meat Peck was serving, and this feeling voiced itself at the General Conference of 1848 not only in not reelecting him (though they did elect him as editor of *The Christian Advocate*), but in passing this resolution: "Resolved, that while we highly prize the *Quarterly Review* in its present character, it is our firm conviction that were it made more practical it would be more popular and useful"; certainly a puzzling and contradictory resolution, leaving the editor in a quandary whether he should conduct the *Review* so as to be highly prized or so as to be popular. But before we dismiss the editor in those great forties let us hear his own testimony:

I found the work of editing the *Quarterly Review* more easy and pleasant during my second term than it had been the first. The corps of writers which I had gathered was constantly increasing, both in numbers and ability, and there was also a steady increase of the subscription list. The *Review* had gained some reputation abroad. We had sent a few

copies to a house in London; these were bought up and read; and during my stay in England I found that many had become acquainted with the publication. I was not a little pleased by being told that it was considered one of the best in the English language. It was gratifying that the first Quarterly Review established under Methodist auspices had proved successful. I may add that during the second term of my editorship the Review became self-supporting.

Beginning with 1848 the table of contents at the beginning of each bound volume revealed the authors of most of the articles, but not of all. The volume for '49 lacks table of contents, perhaps through oversight of binder, but beginning with 1850 there is not only a table of contents, with name of author of every article, but there is a full index at the back (including even an index of Scripture passages, a special feature omitted after 1854), a beneficent provision for which we have to thank the next editor.

A Conference that could pass a resolution like that I quoted a moment ago was capable of the Irish bull of electing the most accomplished scholar perhaps then living in all Methodism to make the Review "more popular"! Up to 1848 Dr. John McClintock had been a professor in Dickinson College—four years of mathematics and eight of Greek and Latin. He interpreted the resolution of the Conference in the only sane way a scholar could interpret it, and sketches his program in October, 1848 (pp. 627ff.). (1) He hopes to have one article in each number on biblical or philological criticism. (2) Biblical exegesis will receive more attention. (3) One article in each number on the faith, organization, usages, history, etc., of our own church, in which reasonable criticism will be allowed. (4) Politics that is not partisan, morals and burning questions of the day will be discussed in a sober and constructive spirit. (5) Brief criticisms and free discussions will be allowed. (6) Articles must be short, ten printed pages, and at most never over twenty-five, though occasionally continued in the next number. (7) Portraits as a regular feature to be discontinued, but they and other illustrations can be introduced at the option of the editor (resolution of Book Committee). (8) Book notices shall be more impartial and critical. (9) Two new departments are to be added in small type; namely, Religious Intelligence and Literary Intelligence. (10)

More extensive use is to be made of foreign scholarship, especially in the translation of German articles. From January, 1849 (when his full scheme could be first carried out), until July, 1856, the effect of an independent and thoroughly scholarly mind was seen. The *Review* immediately ascended still higher in the scale of worth, and without losing popular interest—in fact, increasing it—was hailed in all quarters as one of the best and ablest theological reviews in the language. The book notices at once became of critical value. The literary and religious intelligence was of enduring interest, and I sometimes take down my copies to browse in those narrow columns, as well as to read the great articles which he gathered from the best minds within and beyond our pale. Who can be thankful enough for (probably) his own *Reminiscences and Judgments of Edward Irving* (January, 1849), or for that fine Carlyle study which immediately followed it? Schaff continued his studies of Church History, Stevens wrote brilliant pieces on Channing and Lamartine, Olin an enduring paper on the Religious Training of the Young, that veteran physician and local preacher, Dr. Thomas E. Bond, one of the greatest lights of our Zion, an article on The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, the closing part of which, Dr. Crooks thought, was perhaps the most powerful arraignment of Methodist complicity with slavery ever written; Crooks's own article on Bishop Butler; the editor's account of Neander (January, 1851), upon whom he had called the summer before; Professor Tyler's article on Plutarch's *Moralia*; Strong's two discussions on the Logos in John; many lighter articles, but—whether light or grave—interesting, well written, and well worth reading. A Presbyterian divine, Dr. T. V. Moore, sent him valuable stuff, and Tuckerman, the man of letters, was glad to appear in that noble company of which McClintock was the center, 1848-56.

Two notable contributions to Church History and Philosophy marked McClintock's editorship. He had formed a delightful acquaintance with J. L. Jacobi, pupil of Neander, and like his master a professor in Berlin (later in Königsberg), and he kept him informed as to the new things coming out in German theological science. In 1842 Mynas brought from Greece to Paris

what came to be a celebrated manuscript. The librarian of the national library in Paris, Miller, studied it and published an edition under the auspices of the Clarendon Press, Oxford, in 1851, as the work of Origen, and as largely completing the *Philosophoumena* generally, though wrongly, attributed to him. In 1851 McClintock published an article by Jacobi proving that the important find of Mynas was by Hippolytus of Rome, an eminent early third-century writer—the first conclusive discussion of the manuscript which appeared in any journal in English. The second contribution was the series of anonymous articles by Professor George F. Holmes, of the University of Virginia, on the Positive Philosophy (January, April, 1852, July, October, '53, and July, '54). Ten years had passed since Comte had finished the six volumes of his *Cours de Philosophie Positive*, and as yet—outside of a notice of the first two volumes by Brewster in the *Edinburgh Review*, July, 1838—there had not appeared a single exposition or refutation in any English or American journal. McClintock had the sagacity to see that, whatever the fate of particular features of that now celebrated system, its general effect in a scientific age was bound to be immense. To get a clear, competent, and effective presentation was a crying need. To have been the first to see and furnish that is honor enough for one editor in a generation. (I might say that the various philosophical articles by the late Professor Holmes, in the *Review* and in McClintock and Strong's *Cyclopædia* are among the most brilliant pieces of work ever done by an American.) This notable series by Holmes was studied by Comte himself, who carried on a correspondence with McClintock which the reader can find in the admirable and most interesting *Life and Letters of the Rev. John McClintock, D.D., LL.D.*, by the late Professor Crooks, of Drew, N. Y., 1876, pp. 230-5.

This high standard which McClintock set up for the *Review*, and—thank God!—nobly maintained, cost him many a criticism and struggle. Even President Olin, his friend and contributor, wanted it less a *Review* and more a magazine. The fact that both Peck and McClintock did not yield to that clamor was one of the happiest omens in our history. It had an immense influ-

ence on the intellectual virility of our preachers and through them on the strength and self-respect of our whole church. And they made their successors' work lighter. The Review never has become a mere magazine. When I look through the articles in that happy octad, 1848-56, what a feast for the soul! a feast of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees, of wines on the lees well refined! If a better Selkirk should have to live for another five years on a new Juan Fernandez, Bible and Shakespeare being taken for granted, how he could console and feed his mind if he had nothing else than the rich contents of a set of our own Review.

I remember with what regret, almost bitterness, my dear teacher Dr. Crooks spoke to me about the failure of the General Conference of 1856 to reelect to the Review his friend and one-time colleague. But there is a Providence even in ecclesiastical elections. How would McClintock have done that splendid and indispensable work in Paris during the Civil War and the equally important work—in a far different sphere—the scholastic organization of Drew Theological Seminary, if he had not been lifted away from the editor's helm? A new hand came in with a swing with the January number, 1857 (elected May, 1856, but last two numbers by McClintock), and for twenty-eight years the Review was edited with a vigor, freshness, piquancy, with a theological and critical force, and even punch, perhaps never equaled in the history of literature. For a combination of qualities to make a first-class editor of a theological Review at once popular and scientific Daniel D. Whedon never has been, and never will be, surpassed. It was a fighting age, and Whedon had a boy's love of a fight and a pugilist's strength, agility, and eagerness to conquer. Calvinism, Universalism, Catholicism, slavery, and the things that went with it, all kinds of religious and theological fads, exaggerations, perversions, came in for his trenchant pen, for his wit, humor, sarcasm, for his penetrating analysis, sober estimate, and final judgment. He had McClintock's catholicity of feeling and outlook and belief in free discussion, a good part at least of his love of scholarship and accuracy, more than his interest in systematic theology and power as a thinker in both philosophy and theology, his clearness of style and of thought,

and a wonderful raciness in discussion and new ways of putting his points. Yea, it was a unique combination of qualities which united in the fourth elected editor of our Review. There never can be another Whedon.

He was the second college graduate to serve as editor (Hamilton, '28; McClintock, University of Pennsylvania, '35), and his life before 1856 had been about equally divided between teaching and pastorate. The chief changes brought in by Whedon were enlarging and making much more vigorous the book notices (Quarterly Book Table) where pungent criticisms are often found, and adding to the lists of articles in theological Reviews quotations from them (the lists begun by McClintock in October, 1851, kept up till January, 1912), and the discussions of points made in these articles. The departments of Foreign Religious Intelligence and the Foreign Literary Intelligence were kept up, and they are as interesting to-day as ever. It is impossible to give here a taste of the amazing richness of the Review in those twenty-eight years. It was a college and theological education in itself. It attained as near the ideal of a perfect theological Review, at once popular and scholarly, as probably shall ever be seen in this world. Its influence on our ministers and laymen, in intellectual stimulus, in conserving their loyalty to essential truth yet their catholicity and breadth of view, their sanity and moderation in the face of kaleidoscopic changes in American religion, was inestimable. That long editorship was a brilliant section in our history as a church. Few of God's many gifts to us have been more valuable, more worthy of renown.

By 1884 the infirmities of age were unfortunately retiring the brainy Whedon from his loved task. The General Conference in that year, therefore, elected a successor, the well-known Dr. Daniel Curry. Curry was at this time seventy-five years of age, so that, while his election was a rare compliment to his intellectual vigor, it was impossible that his tenure should be long. Beginning with 1885 the Review became a bi-monthly (new series—the fifth), and the name changed to *METHODIST REVIEW*. 1884 had 800 pages; 1885, 972 pages. It now has 1,012 pages. The same departments were continued, but there were added

Editorial Miscellany, Domestic Religious Intelligence, and Missionary Intelligence. There is a brief notice of the death of Dr. Whedon, June 8, 1885, but no article on him. Besides his own departments the editor wrote several of the regular articles. At the end of the issue for September, 1887, this notice was printed: "The Publishers of this Review are deeply grieved at the necessity of informing its readers that the Rev. Dr. Daniel Curry, its able and scholarly editor, is no longer an inhabitant of earth. He died at his house in this city, after a brief but severe illness, on Wednesday, August 17, in the 78th year of his age." On the 7th of June of that year he had written to the Rev. Dr. Daniel Wise, of Englewood, N. J., whose ready pen had done so much for our literature, "I have it in mind, if my health shall improve, to give myself a vacation of two or three months, and if so I shall be glad to place the Review under your care for that time." But his health did not improve, and that long and useful life was soon swallowed up in the higher activities of eternity. Dr. Curry had a strong, independent, inquiring mind that did its own thinking and kept up its intellectual freshness to the last. The Book Committee met immediately and elected the Rev. Professor George R. Crooks, of Drew Theological Seminary, as editor, and in case of his declining requested the venerable Dr. Wise to prepare the December and remaining numbers till the General Conference met in 1888. Dr. Crooks would have made a splendid editor (his management of *The Methodist* from 1860 to '75 made that one of the ablest and most interesting religious weeklies in the world), but he could not be expected either to give up his chair at Drew or to take on the additional duties of the Review. In November, 1887, there appeared a portrait of Curry and a penetrating appreciation of him by the Rev. Dr. Daniel A. Goodsell, later bishop.

Dr. Wise conducted the Review admirably till, and including, July, 1888, when the newly elected editor, the Rev. Dr. James W. Mendenhall, took charge. The latter was presiding elder in one of the Ohio Conferences, the author of *Echoes from Palestine* (1883), *Philosophy of Plato and Paul* (1887), and came to his task with well-defined aim to make the Review more warlike. "It must assert itself," he says in his first editorial

(July, 1888, p. 585), "as a potent instrument in the current strifes of the church with the doctrinal errors of modern thinkers and teachers. It is not a relic of departed giants, but a scabbardless scimitar to be used in everyday encounter with agnosticism, Old Testament criticism, and all the cognate upheavals in the path of Christian culture and progress." The Christian scholar "must strike the Titanic blow, fearing nothing." "Henceforth it shall be a magazine adapted to thoughtful men, whether of the laity or ministry." Two departments were added—Paraphrasic, and Modern Progress. In January, 1889, the Arena Department was introduced—brief signed discussions—an excellent feature. Symposia, then popular, were brought in. Old Testament criticism was bitterly scored in a series of editorials beginning with September, 1889. These attacks were so indiscriminate and extreme as to alienate the scholars of Methodism, and there was talk of starting an independent Review where Christian scholarship would receive sober and hospitable treatment. The Itinerants' Club, which was introduced by an article by Bishop Vincent in January, 1890, began as a regular department in March, 1890, and came under the gracious hand of Dr. Buttz, of Drew, in January, 1891. The fiery zeal which Dr. Mendenhall threw into his battle with what he believed to be rationalistic higher criticism no doubt drew on his nervous energies, and helped along the disease which, without his knowledge, was hastening him to the life above. At the General Conference at Omaha in 1892 friends noticed his decay. He was reelected editor, went from there to Colorado Springs for rest, and died in Chicago June 18, 1892, in his forty-eighth year. In September, 1892, his portrait and an estimate of his life and work by Dr. Whitlock appear, as well as an eloquent brief tribute (pp. 784-7) by the Rev. Dr. Arthur B. Sanford, which is signed simply, Assistant Editor. For the last part of 1892 and January and March, 1893, the Review was edited by Dr. Sanford.

Soon after the death of Dr. Mendenhall the Book Committee again went to Drew Theological Seminary for an editor, and again in vain. Dr. Buttz declined. At its next meeting, in Chicago, February 8, 1893, it elected the Rev. Dr. William V. Kelley,

who consented to serve after the expiration of his year as pastor at First Church, New Haven, Conn. And with the number for May, 1893, the present editor stepped upon the scene. See his delightful salutatory in that number, pp. 449-56. Dr. Kelley was known as a man of catholic, genial, and irenic spirit, of broad literary sympathies, thoroughly devoted to Methodism and to historic Christianity, cherishing a healthy and large-minded progressiveness and free from narrow dogmatism, with a mind hospitable to all learning and scintillating with ideas, and with an English style unique in its beauty, freshness, sweep, and copiousness. Dr. Kelley, chosen first by the Book Committee in 1893, has been, by quadrennial action of the Church, continued until 1920, covering a period of twenty-seven years, only one year less than Whedon's; his work as editor having so commanded the approval of the Church that six successive General Conferences have reelected him, usually by a practically unanimous vote.

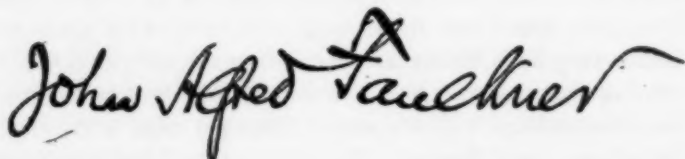
In January, 1894, the departments as we are familiar with them dropped in their place with two new ones: Archæology and Biblical Research, by Professor William W. Davies, Ph.D., of Ohio Wesleyan University, and Missionary Review, now revived, and discontinued again after December, 1901. The Summary of Reviews and Magazines appeared for the last time in January, 1912. Professor Charles W. Rishell, the author of the Foreign department, died September 21, 1908, and was succeeded by Professor John R. Van Pelt, of Cornell College, Iowa, than whom no better choice could have been made in all America from any church, as can readily be seen by his remarkable survey of the different schools, tendencies, etc., of German theology in the Review for May, 1907. Dr. Rishell's work continued through all 1908 and January, 1909, and one page (483) in May. Dr. Van Pelt has had the Foreign Outlook from and including March, 1909 (except that one page in May), until the present, and it is and always has been, since McClintock, one of the best departments of the Review.

1818-1918. It has been a distinguished history, an unparalleled achievement. To maintain a periodical of its high class is proved to be very difficult by the failure of many most

promising attempts. The mortality among such Reviews is appalling. Ours is the only religious body in America that has succeeded through a whole century. That there has been enough intellectual, religious, and theological life and productivity among us to keep up a Review for a hundred years reflects eternal glory upon our church, whatever the future may bring. Churches that despised us for our alleged sciolism and ignorance have been unable to compete with us here. The English Congregationalists had to give up the great British Quarterly Review (begun 1845), at the end of 1886. The old famous Eclectic Review (London), supported by Baptists and other Nonconformists, went under in 1868, though after a long life—sixty-three years. The North British Review—happy he who has a set!—back of which was the Free Church of Scotland (1844ff.), went out in 1871. The Congregational Magazine, the Congregational Quarterly (1859-79), the Christian Review (Baptist, 1836-63), are found only in large theological libraries. The Baptist Quarterly (Philadelphia, a most admirable work) died in 1877, after its brief span of ten years. The Baptist Review (1879-1893) could not persist, though its last editor, my friend Professor Vedder, was a scholar, a man of letters, and an editorial genius. The (Protestant Episcopal) Church Review stopped, to my regret, in 1891 (for though in those years a humble pastor on modest salary I was a subscriber to that and several other theological journals of distinction). The American Presbyterian Review reigned with scholarly power from 1869 to the end of 1871, when it was combined with the Princeton. The Presbyterian Review, which filled up my ideal of a perfect theological Review, reposes up there on those shelves, only, alas! from 1880 to 1889 inclusive. I remember my grief when I read the slip announcing that I had received my last number. The Presbyterian and Reformed Review lasted from 1890 to 1902. The old Princeton Review began as the Biblical Repertory in 1825, added its well-known name in 1837, ran under its famous editor, Dr. Charles Hodge (died 1878), for forty-six years, and stopped at the end of 1877. Mr. Libbey started an entirely new periodical of the same name, with the most famous scholars—many of them theological—in the world

as contributors, whom he paid lavishly, but the brief years 1878-84 marked its brilliant existence. The British and Foreign Evangelical Review disappeared in 1888 (begun 1856). The Theological Review (Unitarian, where you will find Martineau's powerful essays) shed its light but a short time (1864-79). The Modern Review (also Unitarian, as scholarly as interesting and strong) ceased to come to my library at the end of 1884, after its little life of five years. The Westminster Review, much of it religious, the organ of the George Eliot school—did it queer Robert Elsmere?—finally went out in 1914 after a long and distinguished career of ninety years. The Universalist Quarterly (Boston, 1844-91) was an honor to its denomination, but it, too, had to go. The Unitarian Review, of the same city, represented a church of culture and vast wealth, but its clergy had not enough interest in the Queen of the Sciences to keep the Review agoing (1874-91). Its successor, New World (Boston), a very attractive theological quarterly of high scholarly and literary aims, went out at the end of 1900 after a brief lapse of nine years; and the present Harvard Theological Review, which came in 1908 to take its place, is maintained by an endowment left by the late Rev. Professor Charles Everett. The Christian Quarterly (Disciples of Christ, Cincinnati), though in a church of live doctrinal interest, could not survive (1869-76, '82-'89). The New Englander had a long and eminent career (1843ff.), under the auspices mainly of the professors of the Yale Divinity School, but it finally became more or less secularized and died. The Yale Review took its place in 1892. Its young sister of the same Congregational fold, The Andover Review, I read for ten years (1884-93), but no longer, and had also the honor of being a contributor. The Southern Review (1867ff.), of which our able Rev. Dr. Bledsoe (Church, South), mathematician and theologian, was editor, was discontinued in 1878, after the death of Dr. Bledsoe in December, 1877. The Presbyterian Quarterly, Richmond, Virginia, did fine work for some years (1887-1902). The Critical Review, Edinburgh, was an English Theologische Rundschau, only much sounder in its theology (1891-1904). The Review of Theology and Philosophy took its place in 1905, but it too, alas! went out

in 1915, one of the offerings of this hellish war. With all these departed journals (and some I have purposely omitted) floating away into the dim past like shadows, behind many of which were venerable communions and wide and rich constituencies, that our own Review is about to enter its second century, hale, vigorous, hopeful, with ancient wisdom and a young heart, with eyes open wide to all the new wonders in science, art, literature, and life, and to all the new truth in sociology and religion, with a gracious spirit, catholic toward all churches yet faithful to its own, with undiminished loyalty to the undiminished substance of the faith of Christ, of Paul, and of Wesley, the faith once for all delivered to the saints—namely, Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever (when it becomes disloyal to that faith may it die the death it deserves and its memory perish)—that is certainly a gift of God, rare and precious; a gift of which there is hardly a fellow in the long history of his church.¹

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "John Alfred Faulkner". The signature is written in dark ink on a light background. The first name "John" is written in a simple cursive, while "Alfred" and "Faulkner" are more stylized, with "Faulkner" having a prominent loop at the end.

¹ It was only after I finished this article that my eye struck "Seventy and Five Years of the Methodist Review" in the issue for July, 1894, which I have since read. It is so different from mine that I earnestly urge every one interested to read Dr. Mudge's careful and valuable survey. An Index from 1818 to 1881 was published in book form by our Concern in 1883, edited by the Rev. Dr. Elijah H. Filcher.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF CREEDS

ONCE upon a time a foolish man said in his heart, "There is no God." And that was his creed. He believed that in all the myriad worlds there is no God. Once upon a time a man said, "If there is a God, we have no means of knowing anything about him." And that was his creed. He believed that it is impossible to make any discovery concerning the nature of the Power that is fashioning and controlling the universe. Once upon a time a man said, "The world would be vastly better off if there were no creeds. Creeds are neither necessary nor wise. They are a tragic superfluity." And that was his creed. In the very breath in which he protested against all creeds he stated his own creed. The fact of the matter is that every man has a creed. And it is a matter of very considerable importance what a man's creed is. You have heard how it has been said from olden times that it makes very little difference what a man believes; it is only what he does that counts. But, this ancient tradition to the contrary notwithstanding, it does make a difference what a man believes. It makes a big difference. For what a man believes will eventually influence what he does. His creed will determine his deed. It sometimes happens that what one says he believes and what he actually believes have very little in common. Men do not always act in accordance with their professed beliefs. Their professed beliefs may not influence their conduct very much. But what one really believes will influence his whole life.

In 1911 a book was published that created a sensation. Its author was a distinguished soldier who had interested himself not only in the science of war but in the philosophy of war, and this book was the confession of his faith. I state it as briefly as possible and substantially in his own words. War, he says, is a biological necessity; a regulative element in the life of mankind that cannot be dispensed with. War, as opposed to peace, has done more to arouse national life and expand national power than any other means which history has disclosed. Even aggressive

war under certain conditions is both desirable and justifiable. Strong, healthy, vigorous nations increase in numbers. They require new territory for the accommodation of their surplus population. Since almost every part of the globe is now inhabited, this new territory, in most instances, must be obtained by force, which thus becomes a law of necessity. Arbitration treaties are peculiarly detrimental to an aspiring nation that has not reached the zenith of its potential power. The Christian duty of sacrifice for something higher does not exist for the state: than the state there is nothing higher. The end-all and be-all of the state is power. When the state is involved might is the supreme right, and what is right can be decided only by the arbitrament of the sword. Let us, therefore, give earnest heed to those manly lines of Goethe:

Dream of a peaceful day?
Let him dream who may.
War is our rallying cry,
Onward to victory!

Now this is the creed, passionately believed in, of a man who is perfectly honest, exceedingly earnest, and very courageous. And this creed, accepted not only by him but by thousands of men living under European skies, has gotten itself expressed in startling deed. It has made history. It has drenched a continent. It has caused darkness to come over all the continents. It has shaken the world. Let no man sneer at creeds. Let him hate them, fear them, denounce them, oppose them; but let him never attempt to minimize their importance or their power. During the Russian-Japanese war Tolstoi wrote to a friend, "The great strife of our time is not that which is being carried on by mines and bombs and bullets, but a spiritual strife between the enlightened consciousness of mankind and the burden that oppresses mankind." The great strife of our time is not so much of arms as of ideas and ideals. We are witnessing to-day the clashing of creeds.

But coming now to religious creeds. It is, of course, quite inevitable that we should have them. Men who think about religion will come to certain conclusions. Men who experience reli-

gion will develop certain convictions. And these conclusions, these convictions, soon or late, will crystallize into creeds. And more may be said. Religious creeds are not only inevitable, they are desirable. What a loss it would have been if after that memorable voyage on the *Beagle*, and the seventeen years of patient industrious brooding which followed it, Charles Darwin had not given expression to his scientific faith in *The Origin of Species* and *The Descent of Man*. Surely it would have been a loss at least equally as great if after several generations of a new kind of spiritual experience the early Christians had not set forth their religious faith in the Apostles' Creed and the Nicene Creed. If there is need from time to time of a formal statement of scientific faith there is likewise need from time to time of a formal statement of religious faith. It is only so that the experience of one age can be utilized by succeeding ages. We need all the help which the past experience of the race can give us. Something more than modesty prompts us to acknowledge that even to-day we know only in part. What we do not know is perhaps far more than what we do know. How vast the universe in which we live. How small, almost infinitesimally small, our own little planet. And we are far from knowing all that even it contains. We stand in a small circle of light and all about us is darkness. As we push out into the darkness, in our quest for truth, surely we may be grateful for every guidepost which intellectual pioneers and spiritual frontiersmen have provided us. As friendly guideposts on the road to the everlasting truth of things religious creeds are of inestimable value.

But creeds have not always been used as friendly guideposts. Only too often they have been used as big sticks with which to compel all men to believe what some men have believed. And so used, they have been exceedingly mischievous. They have interfered with progress. How much of tragedy and truth in Russell Lowell's terrible lines, "In the light of burning heretics Christ's bleeding feet I track"! Begin with Jesus himself, hunted down and put to death by an ecclesiastical organization. Recall the stoning of Stephen, the flogging of Paul, the burning of Huss, the torture of Galileo, the opposition to Harvey, the persecution

of Wesley, the ferocious attacks upon Darwin, the dark hatred of Tolstoi. It is only too true that by the light of burning heretics Christ's bleeding feet may be tracked. Used as big sticks with which to keep men in the beaten path of thought creeds have interfered with progress. They have not been able to stop it, but they have made it difficult and often dangerous.

And this use of creeds has had another consequence even more serious. It has tended to intellectualize religion. One of the first things that a man is asked to do when he presents himself at the door of the church is to give intellectual assent to the creed of the church. There are very few churches with which one may unite unless he can meet the creedal test.

Now the creedal test is both too severe and too easy; too exacting and not exacting enough. Intellectually, it is too exacting. Matthew reports a saying of Jesus that is not only very beautiful but very significant: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light." To men on whom a letterbound ecclesiasticism had laid burdens very heavy and grievous to be borne, to men who were confused and dismayed by the thousand and one demands of the law, weighted down by a cumbersome ritual and a complicated theology—to these heavy-laden ones Jesus came with a few simple but tremendous ethical demands, and with a theology so simple that a little child could apprehend it; and in comparison his yoke *was* easy, his burden most wonderfully light. Is it putting the case too strongly to say that the burdens which Jesus endeavored to lift from men's minds the creedal test has restored? For some men it has made church membership impossible. It will not be forgotten that Abraham Lincoln once said, "I cannot without mental reservation give assent to long and complicated creeds and catechism. But if any church will simply ask assent to Jesus' summary of the law, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy mind and with all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself'—that church I will gladly join." Does anyone believe that Mr. Lincoln was not a

Christian? There are some who think that he was the greatest Christian since the days of Paul the apostle. Yet he never became a churchman. Surely there must be something wrong with an ecclesiastical test which excluded such a man as Abraham Lincoln from the fellowship of the church.

But if, intellectually, the creedal test is too exacting, ethically it is not exacting enough. There is another type of man for whom nothing is easier than intellectual assent to a religious creed. There is no insinuation here that such a man is not intellectually honest, that *he* would be willing to come into the church with mental reservations. All that is meant is that this particular type of man—and his name is legion—has very little interest in the intellectual side of religion. Theology does not bother him. He will tell you that he knows nothing about it and that he cares even less. Theology is something for experts to determine. Whatever the experts agree upon, of the particular denomination with which he desires to align himself, he is ready to accept and can accept without a single intellectual quiver. Now for such a man church membership is easy—too easy. He may join the church, having met without flinching the creedal test, and ever thereafter he may remain in the church without any change in his spirit, in his attitude toward his fellows, in the program of his life. "Brethren," one can imagine Saint James saying, "this ought not so to be." We are living in a time when what is needed above everything else is a change in men's spirit, in their attitude toward their fellows, in the program of their lives. At the door of the church a man ought to be confronted by something other and something greater and something far more searching and significant than the creedal test. He ought to be confronted by Jesus's own test. What was Jesus's test? The test which Jesus imposed was a very real one, and to many, no doubt, it seemed a very severe one. But it was not an intellectual test. For intellectual tests Jesus cared not one fig. "The devils believe," he said, "and tremble." But neither their belief nor their spasmodic excitement made any real difference. They continued to be devils. In his most famous sermon he declared, "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord [with the accent of orthodoxy], shall enter

into the kingdom of God, but he that doeth the will of my Father." And according to Jesus, the final test by which all men must stand or fall will be not an intellectual or creedal test, but a moral and religious test. Not, Did you accept the doctrine? but this: Did you do his will? Not, Did ye call me God, very God of very God? but this: I was hungry; did you give me to eat? I was thirsty; did you give me to drink? I was in prison; did ye visit me? I was sick: did ye minister unto me? What was the test which Jesus imposed? Listen: "If any man would come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." Listen again: "Be not anxious concerning what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, or wherewithal ye shall be clothed: seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and righteousness." Passing from the creedal test to Jesus's test one finds himself in a different world. And it is Jesus's own test with which a man ought to be confronted when he comes seeking membership in a Christian church. There he stands at the door of the church. What shall be said to him? Shall he be asked whether he believes in the Resurrection of the Body? or the Virgin Birth? Shall he not rather be asked, "Are you ready to deny yourself? Are you willing to make sacrifices? Are you ready to do the will of God at whatever personal cost? Are you willing to seek first, not commercial success, nor social success, nor political success, nor any kind of personal success; are you willing to seek first the Kingdom of God? The world is in a bad way. It is sinning. It is suffering. It is cursing in its madness. It is groaning in its pain. Are you going to help? Are you ready to lend a hand? Will you 'do your bit' in making this a better and happier world for men and women to live in and little children to be born in?"

In London, in what is known as Browning Settlement, there is an association of devoted men and women called The Fellowship of the Followers. On those desiring membership in this association just one condition is imposed. It is this. A card is given to them which reads as follows: "Jesus said, 'If any man would come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me.' Willing to deny myself and take up a cross and follow him, I desire to be enrolled in The Fellowship of the Fol-

lowers." A simple test, but searching and significant. And if at the door of every church a man were met, not with the Apostles' Creed, nor the Westminster Confession, nor any other intellectualized statement of religion, but with some such simple yet tremendous demand as that made by The Fellowship of the Followers, is it not possible that in all our churches there would soon be born a new faith, a new hope, a greater love, a more splendid devotion, and a most amazing power?

Consider now the final indictment against the use of religious creeds as big sticks with which to compel assent to theological propositions. Again and again it has prevented cooperation on the part of men who ought to have stood side by side and worked with determination in a common cause. "You will not believe as I believe, therefore I must let you be unto me as the publican and the Gentile." That attitude has given birth to tragic consequences. It has divided Christendom into a host of suspicious, competing sects which only too often have fought one another rather than the great enemy of mankind.

Two of the first disciples of Jesus refused, on one occasion, to extend the hand of fellowship to a man who did not pronounce their shibboleths with the proper accent. But the man was casting out devils; and when Jesus learned what they had done, he sternly rebuked them. Certainly. We cannot afford to refuse the hand of fellowship to any man who is casting out devils. We may not be able to accept his theology, but if he is casting out devils it behooves us to recognize him, welcome him, and support him. You recall that last message which great-hearted David Livingstone sent to the outside world just before he laid down his life for Africa: "All I can say in my loneliness is, May God's richest blessing come down upon any man, American, English, Turk, who will help to heal this open sore of the world." Well, when the writer of these lines thinks of the darkness that has come over all the world—the lust, the greed, the hate, the fury; when he thinks of the hell of slaughter—the smoking guns, the burning villages, the blinded eyes, the heaps of corpses; when, daring for a moment to look behind the scenes, he sees the white, drawn faces of crucified women, and the pitiful faces of frightened children, he feels

like saying and he does say, May God's richest blessing come down upon any man, Lutheran, Methodist, Anglican, Baptist, Protestant, Catholic, Jew, or Gentile, who helps to heal any of the open sores of this bleeding world.

There is something more to say. It may be said briefly, but said it must be. There are signs, many of them, that a new day is dawning. Heresy trials are becoming less frequent and heresy hunters less numerous. The old chasm between science and religion has been bridged. Once more it is possible for a man to be recognized as both a great scientist and a great Christian. Furthermore, in order to obtain recognition as a religious man, one must do something more than give intellectual assent to theological formularies. He must do something vastly more than say Yes to the proposition, There is a God. He must trust in God. He must build his life on the assumption that the ultimate forces of the universe are spiritual forces, not material forces. He must act as though he believed not that might makes right, but that right is might. And he must do something vastly more than repeat with his lips the great petition, "Thy will be done." In his home, in his business, in all social and political relationships, he must do God's will and endeavor to get it done. He must recognize and accept this challenge: God is striving to moralize business; help him do it. He is striving to humanize industry; help him do it. He is striving to purify politics; help him do it. He is striving to Christianize international relationships; help him do it. The undertaking is tremendous; it is even dangerous. If you venture to engage in it, you may get hurt. Jesus did. So did Savonarola. So did Lincoln. So did Ben Lindsey. So did Thomas Mott Osborne. But, spite of the difficulty and the danger, you must lend a hand. You must do your part. And men are responding to this appeal in a way that is good to see. They are saying with John Hay:

Not in dumb resignation we lift our hands on high;
Not like the nerveless fatalist content to do and die;
Our faith springs like the eagle who soars to meet the sun
And cries exulting unto thee, O Lord, thy will be done!

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Thy will! It bids the weak be strong; it bids the strong be just:
No lip to frown; no hand to beg; no brow to meet the dust.
Wherever man oppresses man beneath the liberal sun,
O Lord, be there; thine arm make bare;
Thy righteous will be done!

An intellectualized Christianity is being born again. It is getting a new vision. It is developing a new power. And now, at last, the churches are uniting. Differing still in their formal beliefs, their ritualistic observances, and their political organization, they are nevertheless cooperating in determined and enthusiastic endeavor to realize in this world the Kingdom of God. They are not only looking forward to a new heaven, they are laboring for a new earth—in which festering sores of iniquity shall be no more, neither shall there be helpless, hopeless poverty any more, nor sweated toil, nor preventable disease; for the former things shall have passed away, and the will of God shall be done, as in heaven so on earth.

E. F. Tittle

THINKING THROUGH

EVERY movement passes through three stages. It is first met with opposition, then with ridicule, and if it survives these two fires, it becomes established. So was it with Christianity in its early career. It was opposed in Jerusalem, it was ridiculed in Antioch, it was established in Rome. The successful issue depended on the ability of the leaders, who not only had vital convictions, but who proclaimed them, in spite of the forces which threatened to undermine and destroy them. If their convictions had been superficial, these men would not have been gripped by them nor would they have been able to grip the people. But they knew him whom they believed and they were persuaded, beyond cavil, rebuke, or disparagement, that absolutely nothing could separate them from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. They had thought through to their conclusions and were established on a firm foundation. No power could, therefore, move them. They had strong encouragement which was as an anchor of the soul both sure and steadfast. This was particularly true of the leaders of the Apostolic Church. In spite of imperfections, due to traditional influences, they had the progressive manner and the forward look. What saved them from wreckage on the rocks of traditionalism was the illumination of the Holy Spirit, whom they accepted as their constant and consistent guide into the larger areas of thought and life. Recall how Paul won the triumph for the cosmopolitan and democratic view of Christianity. The voice of opposition was stilled when the conservative leaders recognized that the apostle to the Gentiles had the guidance of the divine Spirit. They did not hesitate to accept conclusions which went counter to their accepted beliefs, because they were convinced that the new conclusions were nearer the whole truth than the old.

The leaders of the Protestant Reformation did not have the same consistent attitude to truth. Conservatism and radicalism struggled for the mastery, but so great was the influence of

mediævalism that the reformers were prevented from thinking through. In this case conservatism meant reaction. For instance, the principle of individual liberty in Christ, with its complementary principle of social obligation, was imperfectly expounded. The freedom of the Christian was modified by the dogma of sacerdotalism. The priesthood of all believers was qualified by the separation into clergy and laity, with the implication of superior and inferior. The spirit of free inquiry and the rights of private judgment were limited by the distrust of reason. The liberation by the indwelling Holy Spirit was restricted by ecclesiastical pronouncements. The message of the open Book of God was kept within bounds by dogmatic interpretations. The authority of the Christian consciousness and the witness of the Spirit had the elements of spiritual vitality sapped out. The fact is that the Reformers were very much the children of their time. It was, therefore, inevitable that they were unable to pursue their conclusions to a consistent climax. They were held back by prepossessions and presuppositions, imposed upon them by Catholic scholasticism. This in turn was succeeded by Protestant scholasticism, which was no less dogmatic than its paralyzing predecessor.

Much has happened since the date when Luther nailed his defiant theses. It ill becomes us at the present time to point out the manifest weaknesses of the greatest revival movement in the history of the church. It is not by criticizing its defects that we can worthily commemorate this heroic protest on behalf of spiritual liberty in Christ and the nobler progress of humanity. It is rather by completing the program of Protestantism in the light of modern needs, that we shall prove ourselves to be the devoted descendants of those brave souls, who, in the teeth of bitter opposition and unscrupulous persecution, remained loyal to the light as they saw it, and were faithful to the truth as they understood it. Our task is all the greater because of the innumerable changes wrought by science, travel, invention, and the two ways of evolution and revolution in the social, economic, political, and religious life of all peoples. The more pressing then is the call for a leadership to be characterized by "wisdom without ego-

tism and truthfulness without cynicism." Just at this point we are confronted by one of the serious perils of our American life, due to slack discipline. It is well described by Professor Peabody, a true modern prophet: "A distinguished American has said that his country is alone in the world in its distrust of experts. One man's opinion is commonly thought to be as good as another's, if not better. A citizen may train himself laboriously for some form of public service, for diplomacy or legislation or the teaching of some branch of learning, and may find himself some day displaced by a wholly untrained competitor. When a candidate is proposed for office the first question asked concerning him is likely to be, not 'How adequately prepared is he for his task?' but 'Is he of our party; can he get the votes?' Inexperience may be a passport to preferment, and ignorance a title to self-respect." This means that leaders are not held in deserved honor. People insist on doing their own thinking. This is as it should be, provided they have the adequate data. But this, unfortunately, is not always the case, and we frequently find ourselves in the comic or rather tragic situation of the beggar on horseback and the prince walking. Another peril comes from the tendency to look for the safe man. This generally gives us the mediocre man who hesitates to say that his soul is his own, lest he offend vested interests and startle the prejudices of the "self-preoccupied business man." In these rushful times we have made the man of action our guide, while the man of thought is consigned to a place of secondary importance. This is akin to the inane talk about the "scholar in politics," as though our supremest need were the man of affairs with his nose to the grindstone, and not the man of vision with deep historic knowledge and world outlook. In urging the imperious necessity for the preparedness of the American mind, conscience and will, Dr. James A. Macdonald has pointed out that, "In the world conflict of ideas the college classrooms are our strategic heights. Hold them to-day, and the hinterland of the Vimy Ridge of Truth will be yours to-morrow." The New York Tribune, in an editorial on "The Mental Habits of Democracy," called attention to some of our conspicuous failings: "Our national maxim has been, 'Get busy.' 'The hustler' has become

our hero, with the result that few people, even leaders and molders of public opinion, have had time for thinking. Scarcely anywhere in our blind milling around has there been an opportunity for the modern equivalent of that calm meditation which characterized the great minds of ancient and mediæval times." In such a "psychological climate" it is impossible to engage in work that is definitely constructive and which can bear fruit in all-around character and deeply moving conduct. The effect of all this is seen in the life and influence of the church.

One of the first questions which demand thorough thinking bears on church unity. The church is called upon to give an account of itself, not to enemies, but to friends. Those who are persuaded that the church offers the unique means of bringing blessing to mankind feel that its power is weakened by the blight of sectarianism. The outstanding principle of Protestantism is the freedom of the individual. The attempt to consecrate the intrinsic worth of personality has, however, resulted in an excessive individualistic emphasis, which has become an obsession in many deplorable instances. Room has assuredly been made for individual initiative, but the social boundaries within which this independence should be practiced have often been overlooked. Consequently irresponsible persons have done violence to the social nexus which binds all believers together, and have neutralized the testimony of the church by the scandal of divisions which are as petty and provincial as they are selfish and self-willed. One of the inevitable but disastrous results has been the one-sided presentation of the whole counsel of God. "It is more or less of a scandal," says Bishop McDowell, "that we have preached the partial truth. And we are paying the penalty for it. If we do not do better, we must face the permanent alienation and loss of countless men from Christ's ranks. We cannot touch all life unless we use all of Christ's truth." People will give their adherence and confidence only to "that church, free or bond, which has most of the power, the future, the authority, and the liberty which are in the Christ of the apostles and of the church." It can come about only by a union of forces, made possible by whole-souled sacrifice. As I have stated elsewhere, "This implies a spirit of

enthusiasm which must be kindled at Calvary, if it is to be profitably effectual. With it must also go the conviction of the urgent need of the world for Christ, and of the spiritual waste of duplicating effort for the sake of maintaining an institution and not of redeeming society."

The purpose of the Protestant reformers was to supplant ecclesiastical authority by that of the educated and enlightened Christian consciousness, which is a living thing, flexible and progressive, and marked by candor and integrity. But they became lost in a sea of fog and did not think out the implications of this freedom of the Spirit. So they compromised by placing reliance on the authority of the Bible. A book thus took the place of an organization. The damage wrought was not due to the fact that the Book of God was made the court of appeal, but that its living message was qualified, modified, and limited by a cast-iron theory of inspiration and revelation. These leaders failed to recognize that the Bible came out of experience and is the chronicle of the dealings of the living God with living men, concerned in concrete matters. It must not be regarded as a set of dogmatic propositions with a theological bias, but as a series of happenings with a religious interest. The researches of Biblical scholars have further been discredited because their work has tended to discount the traditional method of appeal to proof-texts, in favor of the rational appeal to the historical perspective, in the progressive unfolding of the will of God, "by divers portions and in divers manners." The final word is to be had not from quotations, but from the facts of life. A lamentable illustration of the confused thinking on this subject is given in "A Student in Arms," by Donald Hankey. He pays a high tribute to the unselfishness and charity of the men in the trenches, but goes on to point out that the average Tommy, who before the war was a workingman, does not associate such virtues with Christianity. "He thinks that Christianity consists in believing the Bible and setting up to be better than your neighbors. By believing the Bible he means believing that Jonah was swallowed by the whale. By setting up to be better than your neighbors, he means not drinking, not swearing, and preferably not smoking, being close-fisted with your

money, avoiding the companionship of doubtful characters, and refusing to acknowledge that such have any claim upon you" (page 109). What a parody on the Christianity of the New Testament! What a reflection on the religious education of the Sunday school and the pulpit! With such a premium on ignorance, we must not be surprised that church people have become so easy a prey to every fantastic cult ingenious enough to wrest the Scriptures to its own advantage and to the religious undoing of its unwitting perverts. We must have consecrated courage to resist the temptation, common to both clergy and laity, "to substitute the cheap guess for the costly certainty, the easy evasion for the expensive solution of a hard problem." We must discountenance the holding of second-hand opinions which are surely not convictions. Such a practice, moreover, is not only a form of mental indolence; it is also an ethical lapse which cannot fail to dull the conscience, to cloud the vision, to enervate the will and to spoil the character. When the reformers abolished the confessional with its attendant evils, no provision was made for personal guidance in the religious life. To be sure, the pastoral office has always been supposed to discharge this function and there are pastors whose ministry in this direction has been beneficial. But as a matter of fact, this important phase of pastoral service is inadequately performed. It is arduous and exacting; it requires a familiarity with the best Christian thought and a sympathetic knowledge of human life in its multitudinous phases of need. One of the best parts of "A Spiritual Pilgrimage," by R. J. Campbell, is where he recounts his experience in dealing with inquirers at the City Temple, London. "It is wonderful," he writes, "how few people there are in the world to whom we can open our hearts freely, how few to whom we would dare to humiliate ourselves by admission of weakness and failure, how few to listen and understand" (page 159). Souls "in wandering mazes lost" querulously look around for help and not finding it go astray and make spiritual wreckage of their lives. Of course some of the inquiries tend to casuistry and purposeless quibbling, but there are more cases than otherwise of "personal distress and melancholy despair," which must be given direction. Some

religious journals conduct correspondence columns which are in the nature of Protestant confessionals. Their character can be judged from *Christian Counsel*, by David Smith, and *Problems and Perplexities*, by W. E. Orchard. These two volumes contain material that originally appeared in *The British Weekly* and *The Christian Commonwealth*. They are very suggestive to those who would fulfill their pastoral stewardship.

When we talk of relationships we are at once confronted by the modern problem of democracy. This ideal recognizes the rights of the individual without overlooking his personal responsibilities. Faith in man is of the essence of a true democracy. It implies courage to accept the truth that every man is entitled to the right of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; and, moreover, that it is incumbent on each one to help every other in a spirit of consideration and cooperation. It is not the policy of live-and-let-live, but the Christian policy of live-and-help-live that must govern all who espouse this ideal. "A democracy must be tempered," writes Croly," first of all by and for action. Yet if it cannot combine thought with action, discussion with decision, criticism with resolution, a searching inquisitiveness with a tenacious faith, it cannot avoid going seriously astray. Democracy must risk its success on the integrity of human nature." Here is the crux of the modern social question. It has to do not only with economic and social readjustments, but chiefly with a spiritual attitude to life. We must acknowledge that we *are* our brother's keeper, whatever his racial or religious traditions may be. In a discerning discussion of *The Principle of Nationalities*, Israel Zangwill states that, "The brotherhood of the peoples is not barred by the plurality of patriotisms. It takes two men to make one brother. Internationalism, so far then from being the antithesis of Nationalism, actually requires nations to interrelate" (page 98). Those who desire to look further into this question will find food for thought in two volumes by Dr. James A. Macdonald. One is *Democracy and the Nations*, the other consists of the Cole lectures on *The North American Idea*. In the latter he declares: "Where slavery, serfdom, caste prevail, the foundation of democracy, the sense of personal right and obligation, the sense

of the citizenship of all men, which allows to others the liberty we claim for ourselves, is never secured. Democracy is a process, not even to-day an accomplished fact, an evolution, not a fulfillment attained in any past stage of the world's history" (page 214). Some of the results achieved by the practice of the spirit of socialized democracy are given in a recent volume, entitled *Sons of Italy*, by Antonio Mangano, published by the Missionary Education Movement. Here then is the real basis of the missionary enterprise. The purpose of Christian missions is to transform the individual as well as his surroundings. The spirit that impels us to undertake and support it is the love of man as man, in order that every man, woman and child might enjoy the higher benefits through Jesus Christ. "For our gospel is not the survival of the fit, but the revival of the unfit." So said C. Silvester Horne in his glowing book, *The Romance of Preaching*. But if the converts are penned in by themselves and not permitted the freedom of fellowship, because forsooth they belong to a different nationality, then we practically reopen the controversy which was decidedly settled by the Apostolic Church, when Jew and Gentile were received on terms of absolute equality, and when the racial and social discriminations of an unregenerate world were wholly set aside. Any disparity that we accept is a virtual disparagement of the New Testament ideal and experience. By what right do we discriminate against those who enjoy the benefits of the life that is hid with Christ in God? Can it be that they are acceptable to the Lord Christ, but not to us? On whose authority do we establish a double standard which contradicts the very genius of Christianity? The melting pot has reached the boiling point. If the lid is not speedily removed it will boil over and do damage. To use another figure suggested by Bishop Williams in his outspoken volume, *The Christian Ministry and Social Problems*, instead of perpetually mopping up the floor, let us turn off the spigot (page 66).

Is it not because we have turned away from the central issues of the Christian life that we feel ourselves spiritually powerless as churches? Principal Forsyth once put the case in his characteristic way when he said that the ancient prophet answered

the summons with "Here am I," while his modern successor looks up with confusion and dismay, and asks, "Where am I?" The title of one of President H. C. King's most helpful books is *The Seeming Unreality of the Spiritual Life*. The phrase is significant. It is largely because we have faced our problems in a purely academic fashion and apart from life, theoretically and not with the scientific test of experiment and experience, that we find ourselves in so much of a dilemma. But the perplexity is itself a challenge to us to bend under the yoke in a spirit of heroic consecration. What Professor Peabody said of the social question applies to every question: "It cannot be fought through, or crowded through, or blundered through; it must be thought through." Thus only shall we be prepared for the demands which press upon us for attention and which summon us to action in the name of Christ, that in all things he might have the preeminence.

Oscar L. Joseph

THE LAST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF THE METHODIST REVIEW

It was my hap, a quarter of a century ago, to sketch in these pages the progress of the REVIEW through its first seventy-five years. Hence arises a certain fitness in my now attempting to complete the record for the round hundred years. I at that time set forth the feats and features of the four men—Nathan Bangs, George Peck, John McClintock, Daniel D. Whedon—who so strongly stamped themselves upon the history of this periodical. There seems accordingly an appropriateness as the century tends toward its close in my giving some account of the fifth chief personage in this line of worthies, the one whose administration has entirely filled the twenty-five years just ending. But before undertaking the task I expressly stipulated that said personage should keep his hands off this portrayal and temporarily or constructively shut his eyes. For how absurd it would be to pretend to draw a picture of the REVIEW during these years and leave out the main figure; how stupid to let the small fact that he is still at work under these earthly skies preclude all mention of his doings; as if forsooth a man in the seventies were liable to be upset by a few words of honest appreciation, or as if it were unpardonable, a sort of monstrosity, to speak a little truth. Let it then be distinctly understood that I alone am responsible for this article.

William Valentine Kelley began his work on this magazine with the May number of 1893. He brought to its management some rare qualities, and was at many points uncommonly well fitted for the post. Reared in a Methodist parsonage of New Jersey, educated at Wesleyan University (class of '65), whence he received the degrees of A.B., A.M., D.D., L.H.D. (the latter also from Dickinson, and LL.D. from Ohio Wesleyan), he very promptly took rank among the best preachers of the denomination, receiving appointments to the leading churches in Buffalo, Philadelphia, Newark, Brooklyn, and other places. A faithful pastor, a tireless worker, a polished gentleman, a genial companion, the

truest of friends, warm-hearted, clear-brained, loving God and his fellow men with utmost sincerity, modest withal and unassuming, free from self-seeking or scheming for place, with genuine elements of power and wide acceptability on platform and in pulpit, his name was no sooner proposed for the vacant editorial chair than it strongly commended itself to those who knew the situation. Dr. Kelley, both as speaker and writer, had from the beginning a style of remarkable beauty and force, largely inborn, for it manifested itself in his very earliest and most immature productions. He had a large acquaintance with literature, a refined taste, a mind perhaps somewhat conservative by nature, yet sufficiently hospitable to new truths, thoroughly devoted to Methodism, yet so catholic-spirited as to be at home in all denominations. For more than a quarter of a century he has greatly honored the church which has honored itself in honoring him. He was a member of the General Conferences of 1896, 1900, 1904, 1908, and 1912, taking a prominent place in the doings and deliberations of these august bodies and coming near to an election as bishop in 1900, which, when it seemed imminent, he prevented by withdrawing his name, which he had had nothing to do with presenting. His interest in his Alma Mater and in missions has been shown by his long and conspicuous service on the Board of Trustees at Wesleyan and the Board of Foreign Missionary Managers. Coming with these advantages and endowments, also with a limitless capacity for work and a strong desire to do well, it is not surprising that he has so emphatically made good as to be reelected to his great office usually with substantial unanimity by six General Conferences. The vote in 1896 was 265; in 1900 he received 614 out of 655; in 1904 he had 654 out of 687; in 1908, out of 716 votes, he had 711, and in 1912 he had 708 out of 713. It cannot be questioned, we think, that he has lifted the *REVIEW* to a higher plane than it ever occupied before.

As one looks over the more than 25,000 pages that have passed under his supervision, one is amazed at three things—at the fineness, finish, and fecundity of the editor's own contributions; at the astonishing degree in which he has drawn on the literary resources of the denomination; at the high excellence and permanent

value of the general contents of the volumes. From the editorials already half a dozen books have been published, and there is material enough left for half a dozen more. Here are the book titles: *The Ripening Experience of Life*; *Down the Road*; *The Illumined Face*; *Trees and Men*; *A Pilgrim of the Infinite*; *With the Children*. Other topics, a few out of many, on which he has written with wonderful fullness and freshness are these: "Some Rewards of Life in the Ministry," "A Sea Voyage," "Pleasures and Pains of Foreign Travel," "In the Hospital," "Glimpses of the Soul of Gilder," "Significance of Alfred Noyes," "Emily Dickinson," "Matthew Arnold's Apostolate," "Oscar Wilde the Consummate Flower of Æstheticism," "God's Tenderest Promise," "The Rich and Reeking Human Personality," "The Bible as a Strain of Music," "Values in Browning," "The Open Fire," "The Double Sky," "Beside the Sea," "A Salute to the Valiant."

Literary, biographical, and descriptive are the editor's proclivities rather than theological or biblical (a strong contrast to Whedon here), and this very considerably characterizes the general tenor of the articles contributed, although ministerial, ecclesiastical, philosophical, religious, social, and civic subjects somewhat liberally enter in, and once in a while theology gets a hearing. But the present age, we take it, is not so much in love, as certain past ages have been, with belligerent dogmatics or controversial encounters.

When the editor made his initial bow to his audience in May, '93, he said, "Our present conception regards it as the chief function of this office to concentrate the brains and scholarship of Episcopal Methodism upon the pages of the *REVIEW*, the editor being the servant of the church, to invite herein a perpetual convention of the highest abilities." This function has, without question, been ably fulfilled. The array of names gathered on the pages of these 147 numbers is a very imposing and even startling one. An analysis of them furnishes some interesting conclusions. Perhaps the most outstanding fact connected with them is the strong preponderance of presidents and professors in literary institutions. We have noted no less than seventy-five such institutions represented among the writers. They include, besides

the thirty-five or forty regular colleges, universities, and theological schools of the Methodist Episcopal Church in all parts of the country (and which need not here be mentioned), the following others: Yale, Bowdoin, Princeton, Rutgers, Johns Hopkins, Chicago, Pittsburgh, New York, Hamilton, Beloit, Grinnell, Washburne, Lafayette, Wyoming, Ohio, Iowa, Nebraska, Wisconsin, Oklahoma, Maine, Tennessee, North Carolina, Lake Forest, Trinity, of Durham, N. C.; Handsworth College, Birmingham, England; Victoria of Toronto; Emory, of Oxford, Ga.; Union of Kentucky, University of Bonn, University of the City of New York, University of Manitoba, Winnipeg; Morehouse of Atlanta, Randolph-Macon, Highland of Kansas, Union Theological Seminary, Theological Seminary of the Reformed Church, Baptist Theological Seminary of Kansas City, Baptist Seminary at Newton, Massachusetts. In some instances a large proportion of the faculty come on, one after the other. And in a few cases single writers furnish from half a dozen to a dozen or more pieces.

The oldest of all these, sole survivor from the writers under McClintock, is Professor Ammi Bradford Hyde, whose first article was upon Dante, contributed in January, 1852, six years after his graduation from Wesleyan (at the age of 21); and whose latest article was in September, 1904, on "The Bugler of the Light Brigade," at 95. Thus Dr. Hyde has written for 52 years under five administrations, a record without a parallel.

The survivors from the time of Whedon, so far as we have noted, are Buckley, Buttz, Buell, Carroll, Kelley, Potts, Scott, Sheldon, Warren, Winchester. Four others who still live—Bashford, Chadbourne, Neely, Thoburn—wrote for Curry. Rather more, of course (besides those already mentioned), date from Dr. Mendenhall's regime—Bristol, Bowen, Curtis, Cooke, Dorchester, Mains, Morris, Nutter, Durrell, Hartzell, Parkhurst, Price, Rogers, Steele, Townsend, Vincent.

Of some little interest is the inquiry what States have furnished the greatest number of the many hundreds of writers who have filled these 25,000 pages. Taking the last six volumes as a fair sample, we find that the 305 articles there printed are ascribed to the following localities: New York, 66; Massachusetts, 28;

Ohio, 25; New Jersey, 25; Illinois, 21; Pennsylvania, 20; Connecticut, 19; California, 11; Iowa, 9; Minnesota, 7; Kansas, 6; Colorado, 6; Wisconsin, 6; Maine, 5; Nebraska, 4; Indiana, 4; Maryland, 4; Michigan, 3; Louisiana, 3; India, 3; Italy, 3; District of Columbia, 3; Switzerland, 3; Tennessee, 3; Georgia, 2; Missouri, 2; and the following one each: Virginia, Montana, Panama, Arizona, Philippines, Prince Edward Island, Japan, Oregon, South America, China, Germany, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Oklahoma.

Among the professors, Borden Parker Bowne of Boston University supplied an extremely remarkable series of articles, unsurpassed in many respects. The first one, it is interesting to note, was sent from Halle while he was still a student there, 27 years old, in 1874. It was a thirty-page review of Strauss, under the title, "The Old Faith and the New," full of keen sarcasm, followed two years later by a similarly sharp critique of the "Cosmic Philosophy of Herbert Spencer and John Fiske." Then followed "Some Objections to Theism," in '79, "The Ethics of Evolution" in 1880, and later these: "The Logic of Religious Belief," "Philosophical Idealism," "Significance of the Body for Mental Action," "Natural and Supernatural," "Morality and Life," "Aberrant Moralizers," "Jesus or Christ," "Ethical Legislation by the Church," "Supremacy of Christ," "Some Popular Mistakes Concerning Evolution," "Mr. Spencer's Philosophy."

Equally astonishing and bewildering is the series supplied by Bishop Quayle, whose luxuriant imagination when it wanders lovingly around a congenial theme seems to have at command all the resources of the language, and then some more. His pieces are prose poems, a masterly grouping of facts, fancies, and ideas, bold in conception, brilliant in execution, corruscating, scintillating, beautiful to eye and ear. Here are the titles we have gathered: "On Reading Beautiful Books," "Tennyson's Men," "A Poet Chrysostom," "Did You Get Anything?" "Con Amore," "Nec Timeo," "The Uncommon Commonplace," "The Book of Ruth," "Cicero or Paul," "Preaching and Preacher," "Selfish Womankind," "The Literature of Devotion," "The Literature of Nature," "The Preacher and the Poet," "Jean Valjean," "The

Gentleman in Literature," "A Walk Along a Railroad in June," "Shakespeare's Men," "Debt of the Republic to the Preacher."

No less than thirty-three other bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church (besides Bishop Hendrix of the Church South) have contributed, some of them from five to ten articles, to these pages in the quarter century just past. Here are the names: Warren, Cooke, McConnell, Thoburn, Bashford, Vincent, Oldham, Hurst, Nicholson, Goodsell, Mallalieu, Warne, Robinson, McDowell, McCabe, Andrews, Burt, Neely, Foss, Hughes, Bristol, Luccock, Moore, Anderson, Cranston, Leonard, Nuelsen, Walden, McIntyre, Eveland, Stuntz, J. W. Hamilton, F. Hamilton.

Of women, Dr. Kelley has admitted, or secured, no less than 27, whereas in Whedon's time there were only three; three also with Mendenhall, and three with McClintock. Is not this an encouraging token of the degree to which women in these days are claiming their share in the realm of letters, as in all other spheres?

Of missionaries contributing there are 22—Taft, Headland, Burt, Brewster, Blickfeldt, Stevens, Ferguson, T. J. Scott, J. E. Scott, Kinney, Schwartz, Moore, McLaughlin, Calkins, R. M. Buck, O. M. Buck, Tipple, Wright, Wark, Pyke, Donahugh, Luering, Taglialetela. These represent Calcutta, Bareilly, Cawnpore, Meerut, Muttra, Shanghai, Peking, Tientsin, Hinghwa, Korea, Japan, Buenos Ayres, Pachuca, Rome, Frankfort.

Among the foreign contributors we find the names of Principal P. T. Forsyth, London; Thomas Allen, Birmingham; W. L. Watkinson, H. W. Horwill, London; H. W. Clark, W. T. Withrow, Toronto; Professor McFadyen of Toronto, Professor Wallace of Victoria University, John Telford, England, and Professor Edward Konig of the University of Bonn.

Several non-Methodists of our own country should have special mention: S. Parkes Cadman, C. C. Starbuck, Richard Watson Gilder, James S. Dennis, Charles E. Jefferson, Albert J. Lyman, Professor Johnson of the Theological Seminary of the Reformed Church, Professor Crannell of the Baptist Theological Seminary, Kansas City; Professors Van Dyke and Hunt of Princeton.

The names of most of the high officials of the church (editors,

secretaries, publishing agents, etc.) appear in this list. The names of the prominent pastors also appear (together with a few laymen) and others not so prominent but with equally good minds, as evidenced by the productions of their pens. In fact, almost every number, besides the pieces of the stand-bys, the wheel-horses, the dignities and professionals, contains several articles from fairly new and comparatively undistinguished sources.

The close of the first century of the *METHODIST REVIEW* finds it at the head of all publications of its class in point of circulation, and, its friends think, in point of merit. Thirty-six years ago Dr. Elijah H. Pilcher at the close of his arduous labors in compiling an index to the volumes up to that time called the *REVIEW* "a fulfillment of the prophetic wisdom of its founders, a credit to its brilliant succession of conductors, and an honor to the church which it so ably represents." It continues to be all this, and more. May its shadow never grow less. May the denomination to which it ministers so efficiently still further show gratitude for its help by increasing the subscription list which already exceeds that attained at any preceding period. May the tempting feast it constantly spreads for its readers be richer yet as the years go by, adding both to the spiritual and intellectual life of those who sit at its banqueting board enjoying the stores of information, and the forces of inspiration which there abound. May it march triumphantly with clear convictions, well defined ideals and positive purposes, retaining the best things of the past and mightily aiding that ever-onreaching progress of thought which is one of the chief hopes of the church in its courageous advance to the conquest of the earth for its Lord and Master.

James Mudge,

"THERE'LL BE NO DARK VALLEY"

THE above title was the refrain of a popular melody, in vogue some years ago, and to our mind it expresses a true sentiment. It must be conceded that there exists almost universally a dread in anticipation of the act and process of dying. Men fear that the parting of the spirit from the body will be attended with excruciating pains far exceeding those ever experienced in any hour of physical anguish throughout life, and they shrink instinctively from the prospect. In the ritual of the Church of England this prayer is found: "Suffer us not, at our last hour, for any pains of death to fall from thee." I believe that a great weight of terror would be lifted off minds and hearts if reasonable assurance might be given in advance that no such dreadful ordeal awaits them.

I once interviewed a physician—prominent in the city and conducting an extensive practice—asking him whether such pangs ordinarily were present in the severance of the soul from its physical housing. And his reply was in this tenor: "No; in the first place few people, as death approaches, are aware of what is imminent. They are weak and tired, and generally want simply to rest and sleep. And gradually their sleep lapses into a painless and composed comatose condition, and this remains until in unconsciousness the heart-beats stop, the last breath is drawn, and the vital machinery stands still."

Few, indeed, are the incidents to the contrary. Where they exist some opiate, some sedative or anæsthetic could be mercifully administered. But euthanasia may be commonly looked for, not only with the believer but with the unbeliever alike. One does not meet in print, in these days, with the harrowing, unverified narratives, designed by their inventors to "point a moral and adorn a tale," of the "deathbeds of infidels." Such accounts, in nearly every instance, have been shown to be apocryphal and legendary. They could not stand the acid-test of strict historical investigation and criticism. Doubtless their inventors

meant well by setting afloat such pious gossip, but Christian truth is not served by fabulous and mythical literature.

Doubtless, too, one's mental attitude toward his last hour will depend, in no inconsiderable degree, upon the nature of his disease. One whose life has been far from ideal—perhaps positively immoral—if dying from tuberculosis, may have far less apprehension than the devout man who succumbs to some liver or kidney complaint. It is reported that a certain cardinal in the Roman Catholic communion, as he approached his end, confessed to his valet that he was greatly depressed, and found his expected joy at passing strangely absent. The reply of the common-sensed valet is significant: "Your Reverence, it is not on record that any one ever came to a victorious death from any disease in an organ below the diaphragm."

If death be, indeed, as Jesus said of his friend Lazarus, a "sleep," then, as Luther commented, we shall awake from it, in the Undiscovered Bourne, rested and refreshed, even as we do now from our nightly slumbers. It will be as painless as the "twilight sleep," so successfully employed by present-day gynecologists and surgeons. Just as we do not know the moment when we drop off to sleep each night, so, it is reasonable to suppose, we shall not know the moment when the last earthly slumbrous quietude o'ertakes us. We are not going to take any "leap into the dark." It is not probable that we are about to journey forth into "the land that is very far off"—or, in the language of the old-time Sunday school song, to the "happy land, far, far away." Of course, all is speculation on this point. We have been left without information, and we search even our Scriptures in vain for definite instruction. But opinion more and more tends today toward the view so beautifully voiced:

"It lies around us like a dream,
The land we cannot see;
But the sweet closing of an eye
May take us there to be."

Obsolete also has become the aforetime conception of a "sleep of death," the soul being unconscious, inactive, for thousands or millions of years, until the identical body, lying in its six

feet of earth, shall emerge, flesh and bone, and be reanimated with its former breath and intelligence. Such an outlook was naturally dismaying, and it is not surprising that humanity reacted from it in favor of some theory more rational and truly Christian. Too long, in Christian eschatology, have paganish notions prevailed. The "vale, vale, atque vale!" sounds in our ears like a hopeless dirge, as indeed it was. Those forlorn shadowy ghosts in Homer's narrative, flitting about so unsubstantially in the unreal, tenuous regions beyond the Styx, how pitiful and miserable do they seem! And how grand but gloomy is that description of Sheol located down through some awful earth-fissure, which we find in Job:

"Are not my days few? Cease then,
And let me alone, that I may take comfort a little
Before I go whence I shall not return,
Even to the land of darkness and of the shadow of death—
The land dark as midnight,
The land of the shadow of death, without any order,
And where the light is as midnight."

Thanks be unto God and to his Son, Jesus, the Christ, that heavy pall has been lifted, and our hearts are no longer smothered beneath its heavy folds! By his death Christ delivered all "them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage."

Fiercely does Poe demand of the Raven:

"Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if within the distant Aidenn
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore;
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore!
Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore!'"

And with what terrible passion does the poet hurl back his curse:

"'Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend,' I cried, upstarting;
'Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! Quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!'
Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore!'"

Well said Poe's biographer that this is the "extreme note of sadness," "caused by the tragedy of life and our powerlessness to grasp its meaning or avail against it." We have here the strain of irreparableness—a dirge of "hopelessness, and brooding regret"—"a vocal dead march":

"And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!"

If one's mind comes under the weight of such an overwhelming somberness as that, it is no wonder that the thought about the death passage should be tragic beyond description. And never in the annals of the world's writings has the "dread of something after death" been more distinctly and pathetically depicted than in Hamlet's familiar but none-too-famous soliloquy:

"To die—to sleep;

To sleep! perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause!"

Obsessed with this misgiving, it is no wonder that men shudder at the very thought and mention of death.

And again not all the haunting rhythm of Omar Khayyam can redeem his verse from desolation which crushes the heart as between the upper and nether millstones. Hear him sing with unmatched melodiousness, but like the tolling of a funeral bell for all our hopes and accentuating the shrinking from the act of dying with annihilation in view:

"Alike for those who for *To-Day* prepare,
And those that after some *To-Morrow* stare,
A Muezzin from the Tower of Darkness cries,
'Fools, your Reward is neither Here nor There.'

"Why, all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd
Of the Two Worlds so learnedly are thrust
Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to Scorn
Are scatter'd, and their Mouths are stopt with Dust.

"Then to the Lip of this poor earthen Urn
I lean'd, the Secret of my Life to learn;
And Lip to Lip it murmur'd—'While you live,
Drink!—for, once dead, you never shall return.'

"A Moment's Halt—a momentary taste
Of Being from the Well amid the Waste—
And Lo! the phantom Caravan has reach'd
The Nothing it set out from—Oh, make haste!

"O threats of Hell and hopes of Paradise!
One thing at least is certain,—*this* Life flies;
One thing is certain, and the rest is Lies:
The Flower that once has blown forever dies."

And Whitman does not, with all his singular vocabulary, surging like the surf of the sea, roll the stone away from human hearts while men are gazing inquiringly toward the "bound of life," when they shall lay their burdens down. Hear him as he writes of that "Twilight":

"The soft voluptuous opiate shades,
The sun just gone, the eager light dispell'd—(I too will soon be gone,
dispell'd)—
A haze—nirwana—rest and night—oblivion!"

Alas! if that be the end and climax of life's fitful dream-story, what, by contrast, were any amount of physical anguish compared to the dull, sodden feeling of wretchedness settling down upon those "having no hope and without God in the world"! For them, as they look toward the "Finis," Death may indeed seem, as so often styled, "the King of Terrors."

But is it not astonishing to find, but a few months ago, in a popular American journal, supposedly Christian, these lines—"Foretaste"—describing the doleful expected finality for the author in metaphor drawn from nightly bed-time preparation:

"I have turned off the light;
Turned off the world;
And laid aside my life and thought and motion,
And laid myself in my strait grave,
Resigned to darkness and nonentity"?

"Darkness and nonentity"—ah, if that were your "foretaste" and mine, we could not repress, as we felt our hearts beating like muffled drums their funeral marches to the grave, outcries of fright, and acute anticipatory mental and physical torture!

Out from every Hymnal and every Christian song let us

hope for the ultimate elimination of all such misleading phrases as still remain there: "Death's cold flood"; "Jordan's stormy banks"; "the fearful breakers roar"; "the pains, the groans, the dying strife"; "land of deepest shade"; "the waves of that silent sea that roll darkly before my sight."

Only in poetry, with its pardonable hyperboles of speech, but not representing any actuality, should we tolerate any representation like this, however lofty and pathetic, of our departure from these "warm precincts of the cheerful day":

"When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form."

We should not admit for a moment the reality of "the black minute," "the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave." For us all positively let us be convinced there shall be no "moaning of the bar"—no fearsome bodily or mental suffering as we come in "sight of that immortal sea which brought us hither," and we "hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

Like Whittier, let us each hope to "find himself by hands familiar beckoned" unto his fitting place.

"The Valley of the Shadow," let us hold, is more general in significance than what is expressed in the translation of the Shepherd Psalm found in the biblical text, and represents not specifically "death" alone, but any period of transition, symbolized by the movement of the shepherd with his sheep, leaving the exhausted pasture lands on one slope, descending to the shaded vale below, but only to pass through it to where new and lush grazing fields lie on some sunny hillside beyond. It indicates no experience of anguish, but only some natural disquietude and speculation that may welcome reassurance and comfort.

Let us love to think of Jesus during the preparatory years he spent in the Nazareth home; of him wandering out—it may be on star-lit nights when the canopy in that Oriental sky was ablaze with brilliant constellations—questioning, wondering, until the grand consoling thought took possession of his mind: "This uni-

verse is my Father's house. I shall be at home with him wherever I am—whithersoever I go. He permeates and fills the vastness. This earth is not the only inhabited or inhabitable spot in all the limitless realms of space. Those wandering planets yonder may be other 'mansions' or 'abiding places.' When I shall return to the Father, from whose presence I came out, leaving then the glory I had with him, I will select and prepare some suitable home-like place, secluded amidst the stupendous distances, where I can be with all who shall believe in me and accept my Teaching, my Mastership, my Atonement."

Ah, possessed by such a precious looked-for greeting and home-coming as that, shall we not still any perturbations as we approach the door into the Other Room?

And bating no jot of heart or hope as we fare on, shall we not join with James Martineau in his glorious confession of faith: "The profoundest feeling which possesses me at the end of life is, that I stand but little removed from its beginning, schooled only in the mere alphabet of its attainable lessons. . . . That other life we take to be a scene for the mind's ampler and ampler developments apart from those animal and selfish elements which now deform and degrade it by their excess"?

He, with his profound, clear-sighted intellect, believed that beyond the close of life, in the farther distance, there rises "the glorious vision of a purified, redeemed, and progressive universe of souls." For him there was this deep satisfaction that it is our rich privilege to make our own: "Death under the Christian aspect is God's method of colonizing; the transition from this mother colony of our race to the fairer and newer world of our emigration. . . . There is a domesticity that cannot be absorbed by the interval between two spheres of being—a love that cannot be lost amid the immensity, but finds the surest track across the Void—a home affinity that penetrates the skies and enters as the morning or the evening guest. . . . And since the grave can bury no affections, but only the mortal and familiar shape of their object, death has changed its whole aspect and relation to us; and we may regard it, not with passionate hate, but with quiet reverence. It is a divine message from above, not an invasion from

the abyss beneath; not the fiendish hand of darkness thrust up to clutch our gladness enviously awry, but a rainbow gleam that descends through tears without which we should not know the various beauties that are woven into the pure light of life."

So, with reverent curiosity, but not with any morbid, poignant emotionalism, let us "greet the Unseen with a cheer."

And, in this faith, may we not cry triumphantly, "O death, where is thy sting?" Can we not pray with rapturous faith: "O Lord Jesus Christ, who by thy death didst take away the sting of death, grant unto us, thy servants, so to follow in faith where thou hast led the way, that we may at length fall asleep peacefully in thee, and awake up after thy likeness"?

Therefore let us not think of Death under the semblance of a leering skeleton with a scythe, or as figured by an empty skull with crossed bones beneath; or as a hooded and draped figure, frightening us by darkened countenance and woeful beckonings of doom, but rather as God's fairest Angel of Light, standing at the portals of the Other Life to swing them wide open for our entrance into the regions of glory and eternal blessedness.

O brother-o'-mine, rejoice! "We're marching through Immanuel's land to fairer worlds on high!" "There'll be no dark valley!" As our joyous brethren of the African race repeat their strain with such unfearing whole-heartedness and exuberance: "We're going to sing all over God's heaven!"

"Why should we start and fear to die?

What timorous worms we mortals are!

Death is the gate to endless joy,

And yet we dread to enter there."

Levi Gilbert

ERASMUS AND LUTHER: THEIR RELATIONS DURING THE EARLY YEARS OF THE REFORMATION¹

SADLY enough, perhaps, but with little hesitation in view of all the evidence, the historian defends the separation of Luther and Erasmus on the ground of incompatibility of temperament. Erasmus died in 1536. So early as October, 1516, Luther, who was then lecturing at Wittenberg, was bold enough to criticize the great humanist's interpretation of Paul's teaching on the righteousness of the law. The incident may appear trivial: it was really prophetic of the relations of the two men during the next twenty years.¹ On the one hand the great scholar, with his passion for learning and the quiet life; on the other hand the great reformer, at times almost a doctrinaire, yet nothing if not a man of action. In the nature of the case they could not work together. As we shall see, the attempts of friends to bring them to a common ground always ended in failure. Indeed, by a curious irony, Erasmus never spoke so favorably of Luther as he did when he was being urged to speak against him. But the point to begin with is the fact that in his earliest references to Erasmus Luther is plainly suspicious. In March, 1517, he told Lang that although he still read Erasmus (he calls him "*Erasmum nostrum*") he believed that he was a man who knew very little of the grace of God, and that he put things human above things divine. A few days after the publication of the Ninety-five Theses he wrote to Spalatin of one of Erasmus's dialogues that it was clever enough, but it evoked unwilling laughter at the calamities of the church, which demanded a threnody rather than a jest. For all this Luther could not quite escape the humanist's influ-

¹ The sources for this article are as follows: *Erasmii Epistolæ* (London, 1642), an edition which includes the letters of Melancthon, More, and Vives; and the De Wette edition of the *Briefe of Luther* (Berlin, 1825). The edition of Erasmus, the only one accessible, being so early, is deficient, and for a few of the letters referred to dependence has been placed on the literature; e. g., Drummond, Froude, Emerton, Faulkner, Jortin, Nisard, Feugère. Use has also been made of *Étude Critique sur les Relations d'Erasmus et de Luther*, André Meyer (Paris, 1909); *Die Stellung des Erasmus zu Luther und zur Reformation in den Jahren 1516-1524*, Richter (Leipzig, 1900); *Der Streit zwischen Erasmus und Luther über die Willensfreiheit*, Zickendraht (Leipzig, 1909); the *Luther of Kostlin* and of Preserved Smith; and the *Melancthon* of Schmidt and of Ellinger. The number of letters involved is very large. All that could be attempted was to select salient portions, and indicate their drift by *précis* writing. The method does not make for literary finish, but it allows an objective statement of much evidence to be presented within reasonable limits.

ence. Early in the next year he told Spalatin that there was no more helpful guide in the study of the Scriptures than Erasmus, and a month later he requested Lang to secure for him the new edition of the already famous "Adages."

Meanwhile Erasmus was having trouble with the "theologasters" at Louvain, where he lived. They were demanding that he enter the lists against Luther, and this he refused to do. He wanted to be neutral. Such an attitude, he knew, was likely to arouse suspicion, and the fear of this plainly inspired the letter to Cardinal Wolsey. The date is disputed, but our sources give it as May 17, 1518. The writer declares that he had done his best to avoid even the appearance of sympathy with the Reformers, and that, so far from having helped—as some charged—in the composition of Luther's books, he had not even read them, and had, indeed, tried to prevent their publication. Later in the year Erasmus expressed to the rector of the university at Erfurt his conviction that a work of correction was necessary, but that Luther's way of carrying it on was to be deplored. Greater moderation would bring greater support. To an unnamed "detractor" Erasmus declared that he neither accused Luther nor defended him. He desired to have nothing whatever to do with the man. Any charge of collusion he regarded as a personal injury. This attempt to evade a direct utterance characterizes Erasmus's correspondence throughout 1519. In March Luther addressed to him a frank appeal for help. He suggested that there was a certain similarity in their work which justified this. Though his own attainments were infinitely less than those of Erasmus, he yet in all sincerity asked his cooperation. Such an appeal must have been embarrassing, and the humanist delayed his answer. He told the Elector Frederick that Luther was an upright man whom the elector should defend against unjust attacks. A letter to Melancthon, however, was ominous. The young scholar, who had conveyed Luther's greetings to Erasmus, is bidden to confine himself to his studies. Erasmus knew nothing of Luther's books, except that there was some good in them which was spoiled by its violence of expression. This plea that he had not read Luther's books became Erasmus's line of defense for several years. He

offered it to Campeggio as a sufficient answer to the charge that he was actually their author. Although Luther must have known that Erasmus was taking this position, he entertained—so he intimated to Spalatin—the hope of a favorable reply to his appeal. The reply was dispatched at the end of May. It opened auspiciously: "*Frater in Christo charissime, epistola tua mihi fuit gratissima.*" But superlatives are cheap. The letter told of tumults and detractions. Luther's writings were causing much trouble to Erasmus, who was accused of their authorship. As a man of letters, he had no interest in quarrels about dogmas. He must not divide his attention. Luther, too, would be well-advised to use a little more restraint. "A good reply," thinks Froude. "Cold comfort," says Emerton, with more truth. "What Luther wanted in the spring of 1519 was not pious exhortation to keep his temper, but a grip of the hand and a frank word of approval." A long letter to the Archbishop of Mayence reveals very clearly the uncertainty of Erasmus's mind at this period. He had no connection whatever, he said, with Luther's cause, and had barely glanced at a few pages of his books; much less had he written them. But there was good in the man, and he should be dealt with gently; a dangerous thing to say, as it would be construed as a sign of sympathy. Certainly Luther was right in his charges against the friars. His devotion to the gospel was plain. His real heresy, in the eyes of his enemies, was in his denunciation of indulgences, his contempt for the Mendicants, and his scorn of the Scholastics. "Whatever the monks do not like or understand is a heresy." But the archbishop must understand that his correspondent was not interested in Luther's cause as such, but only in the general church situation of which it was a part. This letter was given to Ulrich von Hutten to be delivered. Instead of delivering it he published it, after he had affixed "our" to the first mention of Luther's name. Erasmus, of course, was deeply chagrined. Luther himself saw the letter, and in the following January described it to Lang as an "extraordinary document." The publication of this and other letters alarmed Erasmus's friends, and one of them, Aloisius Marlianus, a Galician bishop, cautioned him against becoming entangled with Luther. Erasmus

emphatically denied that he had any desire to enter the Reformer's party. He was determined to support the Papal See. He had no interest in Luther, and would not care if his enemies devoured him. Only, it were better to answer him than to crush him. He himself had been asked to defend Luther, but he had replied that the only creed he knew was that of Rome. On the other hand, he had abstained from actively opposing the man, lest he should find himself fighting against the Spirit of Christ ("ne forte imprudens repugnarem spiritui Christi"). The reader thinks of Gamaliel, and believes he has found another clue to the elusive character of Erasmus.

On June 15 of this year, 1520, Leo signed the Bull against Luther—a document so vicious that Erasmus declared it must be a forgery. The newly elected emperor, Charles, was to be crowned in October. Rome made every effort to add to her own ban on Luther the ban of the empire. But the Reformer had a stanch friend in his elector, who refused either to punish or to surrender his subject. Perhaps the elector took courage from Erasmus's remark to him that the points in which Luther mainly erred were that he had touched the pope's crown and the monks' bellies. On the tenth of December Luther burned the Bull and his excommunication followed. Bearing these facts in mind we are impressed by a certain courage in Erasmus's letters of the period. In July he wrote to Spalatin that he hoped the work of Luther would turn out to the furtherance of the gospel, although his contentiousness was to be regretted. To the same effect he wrote to Pirckheimer in September. Luther's ability was undoubted, he said, but his ravings would spoil everything. Pope Leo was told that Erasmus had no connection with either Luther or his works. He had not actively opposed him, however, for the reason that he lacked time and ability, nor did he wish to provoke the hostility of Luther's powerful friends. Those who were attacking the Reformer were doing it so clumsily as to hurt their own cause more than his. To Chirigatus (Chisigat) at Rome he expressed his grief at the Luther commotion. He would fain settle it if he could. The stupid preachers were actually accusing him of being a Lutheran. His one desire was for the peace of

the church. Before long he would make an outspoken declaration of loyalty to the Roman See, even although it may not need the support of such a "little worm" as he. One of Erasmus's most persistent critics was a Carmelite preacher at Louvain, Nicholas Egmond. In October the humanist complained about him to Gottschalk, moderator of the University of Louvain. Egmond had, he said, in a recent sermon, he himself being present, flatly charged him with being Luther's ally. Was it to be a man's ally to demand that he be fairly judged? There were wise men who believed that Luther was right in many respects, and if this were so, Erasmus was not the man to deprive him of the opportunity of being heard. To Reuchlin he wrote that he would rather be a spectator of the present drama than an actor in it. Luther's cause was regarded by many as one with the cause of learning, and because Erasmus was known as a friend of learning he was unjustly attacked as a Lutheran. The same complaint was made to Conrad Peutinger, to whom Erasmus declared his great eagerness to compose the Lutheran "tragedy" (a common Erasmian expression). Christianity was in danger of extermination. The attack on Luther was really an attack on learning. The man was immoderate, but so also were his enemies. The spirit of the recent Bull was regrettable. Erasmus was in favor of the suggestion that the whole Luther difficulty should be referred to a tribunal of irreproachable men. This suggestion probably meant that the humanist was favorable to the proposal to hold a Diet at Worms in 1521. Perhaps with this in mind, Campeggio, the papal agent, appealed to him for his help. Erasmus replied that the present commotion was really a veiled excuse for attacking learning. He had read little of Luther. What was good in the man he approved, but certainly it was a mistake to answer his errors by a dreadful Bull ("*Bulla terrifica*"). Still, he had no intention of criticizing the pope: that would be too impudent. Martyrdom was a lot he did not covet. Four days later Luther burned the "*Bulla terrifica*," thereby, he wrote to Spalatin, registering his protest against his own books being burned instead of answered. This defiance served to increase the pressure on Erasmus to attack Luther. The knowledge of this may have inspired

Luther's letter to Spengler, which is so remarkable that its relevant parts should be translated: "I have never had the desire to quarrel with Erasmus, or to hold a dislike against him. I have heard that he does not want me to mention his name. I have written him a promise not to burden him with my friendship. . . . Erasmus and I will always, please God, be at one. It is true that I have sometimes secretly disputed with Philipp as to how near Erasmus was to the true way. To do that in a friendly spirit is any man's right. I will never begin an attack: it is enough that I defend myself from an attack already begun."

The correspondence of 1521 reveals a decidedly sharper tone in Erasmus's references to Luther. A certain N—— appealed to him to announce himself the Reformer's champion. In his reply Erasmus admitted the shortsightedness of the method of the attack on Luther. It was not arguing with a man to call him an ass, or a heretic, or a general nuisance. Neither was a Bull an argument. His own name was unjustly connected with Luther's. Would he defend Luther? Yes, if the man be proved a true Catholic. He himself meant to take care to stand on the solid rock of Peter. In the same spirit he told Nicholas Berald that, serious as the disease of the church was, the disease was preferable to the Lutheran remedies. To Jodocus Jonas he confessed that he once had some hope of Luther, but the fellow's insane ravings had at last become intolerable. Like the Scholastics, he had become a bigoted dogmatician. What he would like to see would be Luther freed from his extravagances, and working with the leaders of the church. The Reformer was acting a good part very badly, wrote Erasmus to Louis Berus. His immoderation was incredible. He rushed into danger without the least regard for consequences. This fear as to Luther's life was again expressed to Everaard, governor of Holland. It was poor policy, he said, to fight the reform cause with edicts. The allusion, of course, is to the edict against the Reformer which followed the Diet of Worms. The Diet had by this time broken up and Luther was safe at Wartburg. Erasmus, in common with most people, thought he was dead, and on May 24, three weeks after the disappearance, he wrote Archbishop Warham that Scylla had been

avoided only at the cost of being thrown on Charybdis. A letter to Richard Pace in July contains a complaint of false charges of Lutheranism made against him by the legate Alexander. He was anything but Luther's ally. A martyr's crown was not among the things he desired. "When the popes and the emperors decree what is right, I obey; when they command what is wrong, I submit for safety's sake. This is justifiable." It is expressions like these which give color to the charge that Erasmus was cowardly and insincere. He appears in a little better light in a letter to Peter Barbirius the following August. It was bad, he said, to be neutral, it was worse to be a rebel. To speak to an excited world about matters of faith was useless. He had himself tried it, with the result that he was regarded as an enemy by both sides. "I would give my life," he declared, "if I could compose this tempest." In the same month he again intimated—this time to Warham—the possibility that he might attack Luther. The fellow had devastated the whole earth. As for himself, he was a lover of peace, but he was strongly minded to take steps to write against such a disturber. How the resolve was at last carried out we shall see. About this time Luther sent to Spalatin a shrewd estimate of the humanist. Erasmus, he wrote, thought more of peace than of the cross. He pleaded for moderation, but the times demanded stern measures. If he thought less of personal glory he could do more for Christ. Future events tended to confirm this estimate. Thus the long letter to Paul Bombasius. "What do I hear?" it begins. "Pope Leo has read the friendly and careless letters I have sent you. And even discusses them with learned men? And has read letters to others of my little friends?" and so on. He goes on to assure Bombasius that he has always supported Leo's cause. He had not engaged in controversy with Luther, chiefly for lack of time. Then he had small faith in controversy to achieve anything. Still, if the Pope would give him written permission to read Luther's books, he would see what he could do. Suddenly the news spread that Luther was not dead after all, and Erasmus, who was making his long itinerary from Louvain to Basle, knew that vague promises would do no longer. He wrote to the Prince of Nassau's secretary that Luther's fate

was a matter of complete indifference to him, but it could not be denied that he had innumerable followers, and no one had yet answered him. Lord Mountjoy urged Erasmus to definite action. He replied that it would be no easy matter to answer Luther. To call him a fungoid was not to argue. Perhaps, however, a strong answer was possible, and when he had settled at Basle he would take the matter up. But after his settlement and just before the close of this year, 1521, he wrote to Pirkheimer: "I myself see nothing better in this Luther affair than for one to speak about it under one's breath." Early the next year Erasmus told the archbishop of Palermo that dogmatic definition had been the bane of the church, and Luther was falling into the same trap. The church could have peace only as there was some freedom of opinion. To Pirkheimer again the harassed humanist wrote that he was between the devil and the deep sea. Papal Bulls, for all their gravity, accomplished little. Why was not the difficulty referred to the counsel of prudent men properly chosen? At one time he had resolved to write something in the interests of concord, but both parties raged so that he decided to say nothing. One can hardly dispute Luther's opinion to Spalatin that Erasmus was continually saying one thing and meaning another.

But the significant thing about the letter to Pirkheimer just referred to is its closing word: "Learned theologians say that there is nothing wrong about my paraphrase of Romans 9 unless it is that I have allowed a little to the freedom of the will." This should be compared with Luther's letter to Caspar Börner a few weeks later. Luther said that he knew that he and Erasmus differed on the subject of predestination. If this should cause an open breach between them he would not fear his antagonist. He would not be the first to begin the strife, but, if it should come, let Erasmus beware! De Wette, in an introductory note, surmises that this letter was written with a view to keep Erasmus quiet on the question of the will—the question on which they at last broke. But the humanist's hesitation continued, and is strikingly illustrated by two letters later in this year, one to the President of the Senate at Mechlin, the other to Duke George of Saxony. Nothing had injured Luther's cause more, he told the

former, than Erasmus's disapproving utterances. Some tried to force him to write in defense of the Reformer: they were more likely to hasten the opposite action. They wanted a definite statement: before long he might surprise them with one. On the other hand, Erasmus told Duke George that Luther was doing a necessary work, although he himself had no intention of becoming entangled in it. His health and his age forbade his entering the lists against the Reformer. Others had done it to no purpose. Luther could most quickly be silenced by being ignored. The Pope's Bull—a mad bull indeed (*"sœvissima"*)—what had it accomplished?

Meanwhile Leo X had died, and Adrian VI, a former friend of Erasmus, had become pope. In December, 1522, Adrian appealed frankly for Erasmus's help, and promised many things on the implied condition that he would try to win back those whom Luther had led astray. Erasmus's reply was almost naïvely non-committal. The times were troublous, he wrote, and one could not be too careful. But he would, if the pope so commanded, draw up and send by a secret letter a workable plan for dealing with the emergency. While waiting for Adrian's answer, he addressed a letter to Marcus Laurinus, dean at Bruges. It is a long letter of twenty closely printed quarto columns. Erasmus affirms his loyalty to Rome. The one reason why he did not attend the Diet of Worms was to avoid the appearance of undue interest in Luther. His intimate associations with many leading Romanists ought to show where he stood. Of course he had friends in the other camp as well, but he did not subscribe to all their opinions. He could even wish Luther well without approving his course. Their disagreement on the question of the will was of long standing. He himself was temperamentally a lover of peace. He would fain see Christ triumph, not through violence, but through the truth and reason of his followers, and with followers who displayed these virtues he would be glad to work. Soon followed the word from Adrian. In God's name, he commanded, let Erasmus disclose his plan instantly, and do that much to save the church from the threatening destruction. The humanist responded quickly. He denied all association with

Luther, but he urged the use of gentle measures in dealing with him. The prison and the scaffold were useless. Erasmus would therefore suggest four things: first, the offer of the papal pardon to all heretics; second, the suppression of uprisings by the proper authorities; third, a censorship of the press; and fourth, consultation with the wisest men of all countries. Thus the much-trumpeted "plan." It must have seemed almost a joke to Adrian. Death soon relieved him of his cares, and Clement VII, an Italian pope of the old school, became his successor. The accession of Clement was ominous for Erasmus's *via media* policy, but it was the conduct of Hutten which more immediately drove him to increased hostility to the Reformers. Hutten, for all his faults, had the heroic instincts of the soldier, and Erasmus's continual evasion aroused his contempt. At last, in June, 1523, he issued his *Expostulatio*, a passionate appeal to Erasmus to renounce his shifting policy, and to come out as a brave man for what he knew was right. The pamphlet has been described as a great Reformation apologetic. Erasmus replied promptly with the *Spongia* ("a sponge for drying Hutten's spatterings"), although Hutten died before it was published. The book, which contained a good deal of unconvincing dialectic, made one thing very clear: Erasmus, angered though he was by men like Hutten, would not make as yet an unequivocal statement of his position. He was as unwilling as ever to be out-and-out associated with either party. There was too much danger to reputation, and even to life. He would make no disturbance, and he would espouse no cause which he did not absolutely approve. Luther found consolation by writing to Ecolampadius that perhaps God had chosen Erasmus to work for learning and to stop short of the full gospel truth, just as Moses died in the fields of Moab. The increasing pressure on Erasmus is indicated by a letter in July from Cuthbert Tunstall of London, who said that the friends of Erasmus were waiting for him to come to grips with that atheist, Luther, whose teaching on the enslaved will made God the author of all human sin. Melancthon appears to have sensed the coming storm, and he told Spalatin that the *Expostulatio* was a regrettable and inexcusable attack upon a venerable scholar. What Luther thought of

the controversy is seen in a letter to Nicholas Hausmann in October. He wrote that he could wish both that Hutten had not "expostulated" and that Erasmus had not "mopped." Erasmus thought his book was an *Apologia*: it was really a self-indictment. The opprobrium of such a man was not hard to bear; indeed, it was even a cause of rejoicing. But he added: "I have no bitterness toward him, but only compassion. If he despises my compassion, and prefers to go on in his own way, well and good. I shall esteem it a pleasure to have prayed for him, even although the prayer be vain." The letter, which contained a personal greeting to Erasmus, was probably another attempt by Luther to delay an expected attack. That attack was urged on Erasmus again at this time by Sylvester Priras, to whom he replied that his quiet methods had so far done more to crush Lutheranism than all the active hostility of men like Aleander. In February of the next year, 1524, Erasmus sent his congratulations to the new pope, declared himself a faithful son of the church, hoped Clement would not believe anything to the contrary, and said that even if he were declared a heretic he would not fight back. Clement sent a gift of two hundred florins, with the promise of more.

We have mentioned various attempts by Luther to induce Erasmus to keep silence. He was to make yet one more. In September of 1523 the humanist had told Henry VIII that he might enter the lists against Luther on the question of the will. Luther heard of it, and he now made the boldest possible appeal for peace. He wrote, he said, out of charity. He had no criticism to offer of Erasmus's hostility. He had the deepest respect for his services to letters. But he hoped he would not write against the reform cause. He himself would not write against Erasmus unless he were compelled to. Why could they not agree to be silent respecting each other? Luther would gladly observe such an agreement. Let them not devour one another. There was need in the world for each. Erasmus replied that he was deeply interested in the gospel, and anxious to avoid further disaster. He did not know that he needed to accept Luther's agreement, as the best thing that could happen to Erasmus would be an attack by Luther. Enemies would at once be silenced. Luther could

have found little encouragement here. The thing he feared soon happened. In September, 1524, Erasmus threw down the gauntlet with his diatribe on free will, in which he opposed a very moderate freedomism to Luther's extreme determinism. It has been suggested that Erasmus selected a speculative rather than a practical question for his point of attack because he really wished to harm the reform cause as little as possible. He overlooked the fact that to Luther the doctrine of absolute predestination was the indispensable philosophic ground for free grace and justification by faith. That is to say, the attack was aimed at a vital spot. Erasmus thus states his conclusion: "I incline to the opinion of those who allow something to free will, but much more to grace. Both the Scylla of pride—in claiming too much liberty—and the Charybdis of sloth and despair—in denying all liberty—are equally to be avoided." Erasmus followed the publication of the Diatribe with a flood of letters to such men as Wolsey, Melancthon, Henry VIII, George of Saxony, John Fisher, Tunstall, and Theodore Hezius. Most of them bear the date of September 4, 1524. In general they are a statement and defense of his earlier restraint and a portrayal of the reasons that at last led him to write the Diatribe. The letter sent to Duke George may be selected as typical of the group. Erasmus says that he had not written against Luther before because of his age, his lack of qualifications, his natural distaste for controversy, and his conviction that after all the Reformer was doing a necessary work. He had at last entered the arena for three main reasons: first, because his silence was construed as evidence of a collusion with Luther; second, because of the action of certain impudent and intractable men who treated everybody with contempt; and, third, because something had to be done to save the cause of the gospel. Additional reasons as stated to Melancthon and Fisher were his long-standing promise to write something, his fear that if he did not he would disappoint his friends and encourage his enemies, and the general knowledge that Luther had promised his own silence in return for that of Erasmus. Cardinal Wolsey was assured that, in view of conditions in Germany, the publication of the Diatribe was a bold deed.

There are four more important letters in the correspondence of Erasmus for this year. Melanchthon replied with characteristic gentleness to the letter about the *Diatrobe*. The young theologian offered a notable defense of the Reformer. Luther, he said, regretted the abuse with which many had repaid Erasmus's great services to learning. The *Diatrobe* had been very favorably received at Wittenberg, notwithstanding its sprinkling of black salt ("nigrum salem"). Luther had promised that his reply would be moderately expressed. He could endure more than some people thought. Erasmus sent a long and careful answer. He said that he had at last broken silence only because he did not wish to seem to be wanting in devotion to the gospel. Much that Luther taught was offensive. By his extravagance he originated as many evils as he cured. It was not necessary to tell all the people all the truth. As to Luther's kindly feeling for him, he was indifferent, but he doubted it. He himself, unlike Melanchthon, hoped that Luther's reply to the *Diatrobe* would not be moderate. The more vicious it was the better for Erasmus's reputation. The letter to Duke George bears a striking resemblance to the letters of earlier years. It reviews his relations to the Reformer prior to the *Diatrobe*—his attempt to restrain him, his belief that he might be God's instrument to purify the church, his fruitless suggestion of compromise, his moderate utterances against him and the trouble they made, and at last of necessity the *Diatrobe*, a book well received at Wittenberg, where Luther lived, but unsparingly denounced at Basle, the home of the author. To John Cæsarius, Erasmus complained in this wise: "I have laid the egg which Luther hatched! Indeed! A strange saying enough, fit for the limbo. There is a vast difference between the innocent hen I started, and the vicious cock that Luther brought out." He goes on to say that the ever-increasing ills of the church had at last compelled him to break his silence. As a lover of peace he had long tried, but in vain, to please both factions. Jove himself could not do it. By writing as he did he simply chose the less of two evils. He would rather be stoned than lead a faction, but in the cause of the gospel he would never be found wanting.

Luther allowed over a year to elapse before he replied. He

was occupied, he said, with more important matters. Certainly 1525 was an eventful year for him. His hands were full with the vagaries of Carlstadt and Münzer, the heavenly prophets; in June he took the momentous step of marrying the nun Catherine von Bora; and during this year the widespread economic unrest culminated in the dreadful Peasants' War. But his letters during the early part of the year show that he was keeping the free-will controversy in mind. "You would not believe," he wrote to Spalatin, "how the Diatribe disgusts me. It is distressing to me to have to reply to so unlearned [reading *ineruditio* for *eruditio*] a book by so learned a man." A few days later he assured Nicholas Hausmann that he would reply to Erasmus's book. To Nicholas Amsdorf he wrote that the reply would not appear until Carlstadt had been attended to. Other letters of the period—for example, to Johannes Brismann—were to the same effect. Erasmus must have heard of this intention. Luther was going to reply to the Diatribe, he wrote to Calcagninus in May. Doubtless it would be violent enough. The letter brought a reply from Calcagninus, which is remarkable for its bitterness toward Luther. The Diatribe pleased him, he told Erasmus, on the general principle that anything pleased him which was directed against the Lutheran insolence. He was especially pleased that the humanist had vindicated his orthodoxy. Albert, Prince of Carpi—really an enemy of Erasmus—wrote that the Diatribe did not go far enough. Erasmus sent him a spirited self-defense. He had resisted, he said, the strongest inducements to become a Lutheran. But rather than lift a finger against Rome he preferred to receive naked and defenseless the attacks of both parties. He kept silence as long as he did because he believed Luther was sent to do a necessary work of correction, and there were many princes, bishops, and even some cardinals who had the same thought. Meanwhile Luther was preparing his reply. He so wrote to both Hausmann and Spalatin during September. Spalatin was asked to pray that God assist in the writing for the promotion of the divine glory. The book finally appeared in December under the title of *The Enslaved Will* (*De Servo Arbitrio*). It is in a far greater degree than the Diatribe a polemical writing with a

definite direction, says Ziekendraht. In it Luther defended the most pronounced Augustinian form of predestination. God's foreknowledge absolutely predetermined everything—evil as much as good. It was the supreme act of faith to believe that the God who thus arbitrarily saved or damned was merciful and just. This was the teaching of the inspired and infallible Scriptures. The bitterness of Luther was astounding, wrote Erasmus to the elector of Saxony, referring to the book. John de Laski was told that in its petty extravagance Luther had surpassed himself, and on the same day Erasmus wrote to Reginald Pole that Luther had replied to the courteous ("modestissima") Diatribe as one would not to a Turk. "He forgot," says Schmidt, "his own 'black salt,' and his hope that Luther's reply would not be moderate." Erasmus made a rapid counter-attack in the *Hyperaspistes*, Part I, in which he considered not only the question of the will, but the Lutheran movement and its doctrinal foundation generally, the whole of which was arraigned. Even the Peasants' War was attributed to the influence of the Reformer. A few days after its publication Luther wrote to Spalatin that that enraged viper Erasmus (a word-play on the Greek title *Hyperaspistes*, *ἀσπίς* being Greek for both "shield" and "asp," or "snake") had broken loose again—an utterly inconsequential creature ("animal vanissimum") who would slay a man by his tongue. Both the letters and the table-talk show that Luther made no change in the opinion of Erasmus indicated by these expressions. On the eleventh of April, 1526, shortly after the publication of the *Hyperaspistes*, Erasmus wrote to Luther for what appears to be the last time. The letter is decidedly bitter. Luther, he said, had raged ferociously against the courteous Diatribe. What did it help the argument to call Erasmus an atheist, an epicurean, a skeptic, and a blasphemer? Such an attack only exposed him who made it. Plainly Luther did not desire peace. He would rather agitate the storm. The personal injury Erasmus did not mind so much—although he deserved something better; but public calamity was torture to him, the more so when it was unnecessarily brought about by one man's intractability. It would seem to be Luther's duty to lay the powers of darkness he had raised rather than to

rush upon a temperate controversialist. It was to be hoped that he would soon come to a better mind.

There were still ten years of life left to Erasmus, and his correspondence continued as voluminous as ever. But concerning Luther and his cause it contains no features essentially new. In our study we have reached the period of the open breach between the two men, and the breach was never healed. A review of the findings does not leave on the mind the best possible impression of the great humanist. The reason for this is that we have had to deal necessarily with that side of him which he presented toward Luther and his cause, and it is manifestly unjust to judge the brilliant scholar—"le chef du parti modéré en religion et de tous les lettrés de l'Europe," as Nisard says—by what was undeniably his least attractive side. For this reason it is only fair to let Erasmus speak once more in his own behalf. The letter selected for this is dated April 1, 1529, and is addressed to Ludwig Berus. André Meyer calls it a "profession de foi." Let it be remembered that a few days before this Luther had told Wenzel Link that he left that atheistic Lucianite, Erasmus, to the judgment of Christ, and that shortly after the letter to Berus he wrote to Jacob Montanus that such a rancorous and frivolous fellow as Erasmus was deserved nothing but contempt. Bearing in mind these censures, one reads the letter to Ludwig Berus with a feeling akin to wonder. Erasmus says much as to his troubles, but he declares that they have not quite overwhelmed him. This was due, not to his own power, but to the help of the Highest, which he had learned to trust, and which he believed would not fail him in the end. It was bad to afflict the innocent, it was worse to return evil for positive good, but who could describe the wounds cruelly inflicted by a friend? Erasmus had been attacked by those whose teeth were arrows, whose tongue held the venom of asps, and whose words were sharp swords. Some said that he dealt with false teachings too leniently, others that he dealt with them too sharply, and yet others that he sought to foster them! He desired a quiet old age, but he would not purchase it at the expense of being a sectary. Indeed, he would rather fight against sects to the number of seventy times seven than forsake the fellow-

ship of the church catholic. No one could perish who stood firmly on the true Rock. Without question the church suffered by comparison with its early days, but no power could drag him from his association with it. Human malice might destroy his property, his reputation, even life itself; it could not, without his consent, destroy his piety. The potter knew what he was doing as he shaped the clay this way or that, and God was the great Potter, who would not cast aside what his hands had wrought. Or again, he was like a physician who, for all his methods seemed sometimes cruel, sought only the recovery of his patient. Erasmus had occasionally felt the very human desire of seeking revenge on his foes, but he let it pass. They had tried to wound him, but they did not even draw blood. He said to himself: What matters their wicked design? Would you, for vengeance' sake, lay hands on the church, who at the font made you Christ's child, who fed you on the Word of God, who brought you up on the Sacraments—a mother indeed? For the sake of a moment's revenge would you endure the irrecoverable loss of your soul? Thus cogitating, he overcame his temptation, but the experience taught him to understand how such men as Arius, Tertullian, and Wycliffe were driven to schism by envious clerics. But he himself would cling to the church, come what may, for to promote its well-being had been the one aim of all the work of his life. He supported the Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist because he did not believe that Christ, who was Truth and Love, would suffer his church to retain serious error. (*"De Eucharista nullum video argumentandi finem, tamen mihi numquam persuaderi potuit neque poterit, Christum qui veritas est, qui charitas est, tamdiu passurum fuisse delectam sponsam suam hære in errore tam abominando, ut crustulum farinaceum pro ipso adoret."*) He may have had scruples as to the words used at consecration, but in this also he submitted to the judgment of the church. He certainly did not believe with some that any Christian could consecrate, or grant absolution, or ordain. Because some unworthy men might profess true doctrines was no good reason why he also should not profess them. He would continue to bear as lightly as possible his private woes: it would not be for much longer. The

Day was at hand for him. What he could not bear easily was the ruin of the church. If the ruin involved only those who were responsible it would not matter, but innocent men and women also must suffer. Yet for the sake of the pious few the threatened deluge might be averted: who could tell? In that hope let the afflicted heart trust. After this fashion does Erasmus confess his faith. There is a dignity about the letter which is very impressive. What has been written is only a bare indication of a part of the contents, but it is perhaps sufficient to show the great humanist's capacity for lofty sentiment, and to provide the ground for a strong plea for the essential sincerity of his attitude to both the original church and the Lutheran party. The evidence is abundant that Erasmus believed that the church needed reforming, and that he was eager to help. Where he differed from Luther was on the question of the method. Luther was a gunner with a howitzer; Erasmus was an ambassador with a white flag. Each was profoundly convinced that the method of the other was wrong. The fundamental difficulty therefore between them was in the fact that they were two temperamental incompatibles.

Edwin Lewis.

THE REV. FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON

IN 1886 I spent a day in Brighton, England. That fashionable watering place was experiencing an unusual excitement: the Derby was on. The sporting element from all parts of the kingdom was there to bet their money on the horse they hoped would win. I, too, had been attracted thither by the fame of a racer which had reached the finish and had won the Derby. The dust of his race yet hung in the air. The speed and brilliancy of his career and the finish of his course still hold the admiration of the spectator, for the racer was the Rev. Frederick W. Robertson. I entered a bookstore and asked the young woman in charge who was the successor of that distinguished ambassador. She gave me an appraising glance as she answered, "The Rev. Frederick W. Robertson had no successor." I visited the modest Trinity Church, where the throngs had hung enchanted upon the lips of the gifted preacher, and wondered at its smallness; for I thought surely it should have been a cathedral that would seat thousands to be in proportion to the measure of the man "whose praise was in all the churches." I went to the cemetery, and stood uncovered by the monument erected to his memory by the workingmen of Brighton. I had stood by the Burns monument, and the Wallace shaft, and the Wellington memorial, and at salute by the equestrian monument to "William the Silent," but none of them meant more to me in the way of genius, of courage, and of championship of human rights, than did this knightly soldier of the Cross. It is a striking commentary upon his unique and brilliant career that, although it is over sixty years since he went to his crown, so thoroughly have his life and labors been viewed and reviewed by panegyrists and critics of every variety of talent that one can scarcely write anything new concerning him. But who is restrained from writing about spring or the ocean, or love, because he can say nothing new of them? It must needs be that we should have our say.

He was born in London, February 3, 1816, at the home of

his grandfather, Colonel Robertson. His father also was a captain in the army. Hence it is not surprising that in after years he wrote, "I was rocked and cradled to the roar of artillery, and the very name of such things sounds to me like home. A review, suggesting the conception of a real battle, impresses me to tears; I cannot see a regiment maneuver, nor artillery in motion, without a choking sensation." There was a military fervor that always ran molten in his veins. In this spirit he says, "Could I have chosen my own period of the world to have lived in, and my own type of life, it should be the feudal ages, and the life of a Cid, the redresser of wrongs." In temperament he was like Loyola, who, first a page at the court of King Ferdinand and then a brave and chivalrous soldier, was wounded at the siege of Pampeluna, and then and there, during a slow convalescence, the reading of the *Lives of the Saints* so fired his imagination and kindled his religious zeal that he forsook the army for the church. So we can see that, with this temperament, if Mr. Robertson had been permitted to use at some fateful Pampeluna his commission in the Horse Guards he too must have reached the crisis at which he would have turned from a military to a ministerial career. But, though all his plans were laid for entering the army, by a seemingly trivial event his entire future was changed. The soldier idea of our hero was defeated by the barking of a dog. In a neighboring house to Captain Robertson's a young woman lay very ill, who was unable to sleep because of the barking of the captain's dog. In reply to a note of protest her mother received such a courteous letter of compliance with her request that she went in person to thank the captain. She was accompanied by a Mr. Davies, a very spiritual man, who there met young Mr. Robertson and in the course of their ripening acquaintance exerted such a winning influence upon him that he was prevailed upon to abandon his plan for a military life, and to become instead a captain in the army of the Lord. He himself ascribes the turn in his life to this incident, but he said he was glad he had his commission first, for now it could not be said that he entered the church because he failed of an appointment in the army. Though he thus struck his colors to a superior flag he was governed by the same

motive, but toward a wider humanity, which was moving him to enter the army. The object of his life was not changed, but simply the scope and direction of his service. When making his plea for entering the army he said to Mr. Davies defensively, "I do not become a soldier to win laurels, but to do good." He simply transferred to the mighty conflict for the winning of souls the same spirit of courage and self-sacrifice which would have led him to die for an ideal in battle. After the die was cast, passing a soldier on the street, he pressed tightly the arm of a friend, and exclaimed, "Well, so I am to have nothing to do with them. Poor fellows! they are but little thought of. Few care for their souls." Then with marked emphasis and energetic manner he quoted from Coleridge's *Sibylline Leaves* the lines:

"As if the soldier died without a wound;
As if the fibers of his godlike frame
Were gored without a pang; as if the wretch
Who fell in battle doing bloody deeds
Passed off to heaven translated, and not killed;
As though he had no wife to pine for him,
No God to judge him."

This martial spirit pervaded all his career. In seeking admission to the army he was impelled by the hope that in fellowship with the soldiers he might be able in his own life to reveal to them the life of the Christ. In a study of the life and labors of this remarkable man we would, if possible, learn the secret of his success; what it was which gave him his unusual power over men. "What meat did this our Cæsar feed upon that made him great?"

To what extent did his natural disposition, his native traits, contribute to his triumphs? He had the bulldog traits of the Englishman—an asset of importance, contributing to his self-reliance. There is scarcely a time after he appears in public life when, if he had been challenged as to what he stood for, or on, he could not have answered, as did Disraeli when so interrogated, "I stand on my head." In the whole of his career one is led to exclaim, "I smell the blood of an Englishman!" This is manifest in his stubborn opposition to what he regarded as the dangerous tendencies of the Tractarian movement. It is apparent in his

interview with his bishop when he offered him the rectorship of Saint Ebbe's, at Oxford, a forlorn hope. He hesitated, not because of the undesirable character of the charge, but because of his known disagreement with the bishop's views. In the final interview as to the appointment the prelate said to him: "I give my clergy a large circle to work in, and if they do not step beyond that I do not interfere. I shall be glad, however, to hear your views on the subject"—Mr. Robertson's views as to baptismal regeneration being under consideration. He had no sympathy with the evangelical view, which left it doubtful whether the baptized child was or was not a child of God, but because the Tractarian view declared that all baptized persons were children of God he could so far sympathize with it; on all other points his difference was radical, starting as he did from the basis that baptism declared, and did not create, the *fact* of sonship. At the end of an hour's conference his lordship said, "Well, Mr. Robertson, you have well maintained your position, and I renew my offer." Since, however, all his countrymen were endowed with the birthmark which contributed to his success we must seek for added reasons to explain him. Not alone the Welsh blood in Lloyd George makes him what he is, but it helps. So with Mr. Robertson. We must go after the other things.

There was an unusual amount of the heroic native to him. He says of himself, "There is something of combativeness in me which prevents the whole vigor being drawn out except when I have an antagonist to deal with." He had little difficulty in finding antagonists in the doings, traditions, and conditions for which he did not stand, against which his nature and convictions arose in revolt. In this regard he was a veritable Saint George transmuted from fiction into action. He was as a Knight Templar, with his motto "Non Nobis." We have it from his own pen that from his childhood up he was another Timothy who kept himself "pure." He was a Paul who "kept his body under." He was a Joseph who would not "do this great wickedness and sin against God." His exalted idea of the sacredness of woman *per se*, co-operating with his infantile justification, served as an anchor to hold him from going adrift during the stormy period of his

passions. In one of his letters he writes: "The beings that floated before me, robed in vestures more delicate than mine, were beings of another order. At seven years old woman was a sacred dream of which I would not talk. I remember being quite angry on hearing it said of a lovely Swede—the loveliest being I ever saw—that she was likely to get married in England. I worshiped her only as I should have done a living rainbow, with no other feeling. Yet I was then eighteen, and she was to me for years nothing more than a calm, clear, untroubled fiord of beauty, glassing heaven, deep, deep, below, so deep that I never dreamed of an attempt to reach the heaven. So I lived. . . . It is feelings such as these, call them romantic if you will, which I know, from personal experience, can keep a man all his youth through, before a higher faith is called into being, from every species of vicious and low indulgence in every shape and every form." It was this high ideal which led him later to declare that capital punishment should be retained only for seduction. It can be inferred with what vigorous scorn he would denounce those who apologize for the "social evil" as a human weakness which must be pandered to—those physicians who claim for men a certain amount of indulgence as essential to health. Having such an experience and convictions, one would expect him to do what a friend reports of him: "I have seen him," he says, "grind his teeth and clench his fist when passing a man who he knew was bent on destroying an innocent girl." Heroism seems to be an attribute of genius. Bunyan revealed it in his seventeen months in the army, in his scorn of imprisonment, and in his immortal achievements while a prisoner, especially his Holy War. Robert Louis Stevenson says of himself, substantially, that he seemed to have rising within him an aspiration to lead an army at a charge. Cervantes must have had it in large measure as, with one arm contributed to the army, in an off-hand sort of venture in prison he gave to the world his windmill-charger, his heroic Don Quixote. It seems to find expression for itself however hampered—just as the beaver will build his dam when imprisoned. So the subject of our paper had the heroic spirit astir within him and, whatever his vocation, it was certain to manifest itself. It was this trait asserting itself

when in 1840 he wrote: "Somehow or other I still seem to feel the Queen's broad arrow stamped upon me, and that to the men whom in my vanity I imagined I wished to benefit in a red coat I might come with a better-founded hope of usefulness in the more somber garb of an accredited ambassador of Christ. In short, if it were practicable, I feel a strong desire for a military chaplaincy." He was fearless and courageous. On one occasion, when his little son evinced a spirit of fear and shrinking where bravery was required, he said, "There must be none of that. I cannot permit a son of mine to be a coward."

His experimental knowledge of saving truth seems to have been developed within him gradually. In his *Life and Letters* one searches in vain for any specific account of his conversion. Apparently he never lost or forfeited the heirship in Christ with which he was born. William James, in his *Varieties of Religious Experience*, seems to hold to the theory that there are "once born and twice born" children of God; the former consisting of those who are temperamentally inclined to choose the right way, who take the spiritual capital with which they are born and put it out to usury day by day, the latter consisting of those who by a second birth suddenly experienced enter into saving relations with God. In this class are found those having such marvelous revelations of the divine love as are reported by Saint Augustine, and Alleine, and Jonathan Edwards, and John Bunyan, and David Brainard, and Luther, and Tolstoi. It is the difference between crisis and lysis. I have given the composite of what I understand to be Mr. Wells's theory, which he adapts from another. Now, without accepting or rejecting it, I simply wish to say that Mr. Robertson does not disclose any crisis experience in the various accounts which he gives of his religious life. You come upon it as you do upon Elijah the Tishbite. At Oxford, and afterward as an Oxford man, you face him as a John the Baptist crying, "The kingdom of God is at hand," evincing always as his objective the disinterested love of Christ, the possession of God which evinces itself in love for others, the real preaching of Christ to the poor—Christ, the human, yet how divine; the laboring, the loving, the exalting Saviour of the people. In 1840 he wrote:

"Every day convinces me more and more that there is one thing, and but one, on earth worth living for, and that is to do God's work and gradually grow in conformity to his image by mortification and self-denial and prayer. When that is accomplished the sooner we leave this weary struggle the better, so far as we are ourselves concerned. Till then, welcome battle, conflict, victory." Again he says, "I believe earnestly in God's personality—by which I mean consciousness, character, and will." Again: "I could not say that to aim at the heart's excellences without seeking the Spirit's agency is a deep delusion and a dangerous dream. Surely Cornelius and men like him did so; and the earnestness of their aim brought that very conviction of a void which opened their souls for the reception of the Spirit." And yet his life's motto was, "Walk in the Spirit and ye shall not fulfill the lusts of the flesh." Bishop Edward Thomson, when president of the Ohio Wesleyan University, once said in chapel: "Young gentlemen, if you could take this round world in your hand as an orange, and express from it every possible pleasure which it contains into a cup, and drink it, that could not satisfy you; God alone can satisfy the longings, aspirations, and needs of the soul." Mr. Robertson utters a kindred thought when he writes, "I think there is something implanted in man's heart, fallen creature as he is, which defies him to be content with anything but God alone." In harmony with this he writes: "I have become distinctly conscious of one thing—that my motto for life, my whole heart's expression is, 'None but Christ'; not in the (so called) evangelical sense, which I take to be the sickliest cant that has appeared since the Pharisees bare record to the gracious words which he spake and then tried to cast him headlong from the hill of Nazareth; but in a deeper, real sense—the mind of Christ; to feel as he felt; to judge the world and to estimate the world's maxims as he judged and estimated: that is the one thing worth living for. To realize that is to feel 'none but Christ.' To my own heart that marvellous fact of God enduing himself with a human soul of sympathy is the most precious and the one I could least afford to part with of all the invigorating doctrines which everlasting truth contains. That Christ feels *now* what we feel—our risen, ascended

Lord—and that he can impart to us in our fearful wrestlings all the blessedness of his sympathy, is a truth which, to my soul, stands almost without a second.”

Slowly he developed the habit of following his intuitions. Nothing was authoritative with him which did not meet an inward response. By this he “proved all things and held fast to that which was good.” He followed the Truth wherever it led him. An *ex-cathedra* utterance was not worth the paper it was written upon unless it coincided with his own views. He says, “A man must struggle alone. His own view of truth, or rather his own way of viewing it, and that alone, will give him rest.” In 1850 he writes, “I have almost done with dogmatic divinity, except to lovingly endeavor to make out the truth which lies beneath this or that poor dogma. . . . I am gathering fresh accretions round the nucleus of truth. I hold surer every day that my soul and God seek each other, and am utterly fearless of the issue. I am but an infant crying in the dark, and with no language but a cry, nevertheless I am not afraid of the dark. It is the grand awful mystery, but God is in it, the light of the darkest night.” His was the Baconian philosophy which compelled everything which he accepted to yield to the experimental test, and it led him to take issue with the radicals, Chartists and Tractarians, and the Newman movement, and they cast him out of their synagogue. Thus he came to know more and more the meaning of the “lonely bivouac.” This led him often to say, “The woof of life is dark, but it is shot through with a warp of gold.” A verse of Wordsworth, his favorite poet, influenced him greatly,

“One self-approving hour whole worlds outweighs
Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas,
And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.”

As he followed farther and farther into the great ocean of Truth which more and more separated him from creeds and customs and parties and persons that had been a traditional inheritance, he writes, “I remember that half-painful half-sublime sensation in the first voyage I took out of sight of land, when I was a boy; when the old landmarks and horizons were gone, and I felt as if

I had no home. It was a pain to find the world so large. By degrees the mind got familiarized to that feeling and a joyful sense of freedom came. So I think it is with spiritual truth. It is a strangely desolate feeling to perceive that the 'Truth' and the 'Gospel' that we have known were but a small home farm in the great universe, but at last I think we begin to see sun, moon, and stars as before, and to discover that we are not lost, but free, with a latitude and longitude as certain and far greater than before." But he recognized that truth, to have power, must be in the concrete. He says: "It is a great thing when we learn that to understand and appreciate, and even feel, truth, is not one atom of power given to the will to be true. The discipline of habits and acting does this, as old, wise Aristotle long ago saw; we become good by doing good. Not by moral treatises, for goodness is the habit of the will; not perceptions nor aspirations. . . . Sin resides in the will, not in the natural affections. . . . What they call means of grace are like the means of traveling—very good for getting fast over the ground without exertion, with the assistance of others, but not so good for developing inward muscular energy." Means of grace assist a man "in knowing all about God and the spiritual life; but in respect of thinking for himself, getting power to stand alone and lead a John Baptist life in the wilderness, with no means of grace, sermons, gifted ministers to commune with—why, I think he had much better go to Juan Fernandez at once and try to find out how much he has in him of his own; of what stuff he's made, and how alone he can face the everlasting Fact and feel at home in it. . . . Rely upon it, the spiritual life is not knowing, nor hearing, but doing. We only know so far as we can do; we learn by doing, and we learn to know by doing; what we do truly, rightly, in the way of duty, that, and only that, we are." He had long felt that Christianity was too much preached as theology, too little as the religion of daily life; too much as religion of feeling, too little as a religion of principles; too much as religion for individuals, too little as a religion for nations and the world. He determined to make it bear upon all classes as to the questions which agitated society, and upon the great movements of the world at large.

He regarded his whole life as a prayer. He regarded every aspiration after God and the salvation of men as a prayer. He writes, "Is not prayer spiritual life, whether it be in words or aspirations?" His biographer says, "Prayer, always customary with him, had become the habit of his life at Oxford. It was while there, to fend against the perils of the Newman movement, that he wrote and used the prayer, "The enemy has come in like a flood. We look for thy promise. Do thou lift up a standard against him. O Lord! here in Oxford we believe he is poisoning the streams which are to water thy church at their source. . . . Light our darkness in the university with the pure and glorious light of the gospel of Christ. . . . Hear me, my Lord and Master." As to the value of specific petitions he bears this testimony: "I can always see, in uncertainty, the leading of God's hand after prayer, when everything seems to be made clear and plain before the eyes. In two or three instances I have had evidences of this which I cannot doubt."

He had a profound sense of the responsibility of the ministry. In 1840 he writes: "The ministry is not to be entered lightly, nor without much and constant prayer for direction; but if a man's heart be set to glorify his Lord with the best service his feeble mind and body can offer there can be nothing comparable to the ministry. . . . I cannot conceive of a more exalted joy than the being permitted to see the fruit of our toil in the conversion of the thoughtless to our dear Master." At Oxford, 1839, he writes, "I wish to have some solitude to calm myself to a contemplation of the rapidly approaching time when, if ever, I must declare myself to be moved by the Spirit of God to be his ambassador. To do this with all the whirl and throbbing of the unbridled imagination and worldly feeling rife in my breast is a thing too horrible to be thought of steadily. . . . I do believe the station of a popular preacher is one of the greatest trials on earth: a man in that position does not stop to consider how immense is the difference between deeply affecting the feelings and permanently changing the heart. The preacher who causes a great sensation and excited feelings is not necessarily the one who will receive the reward of shining as the stars for ever and ever because he

has turned many to righteousness. . . . Prosperity makes earth a home, and popularity exalts self and invites compliance to the world. It is the old story of one winter in Capua effecting the ruin of Hannibal, which neither the snow of the Alps nor the sun of Italy, the treachery of the Gauls nor the prowess of the Romans could achieve." Again he writes: "I have been much engaged in preparing candidates for confirmation. What a solemn charge the ministry is! I feel it more day by day, and my own unfitness for it. Surely a man would almost give it up if he dared." As the awful burden of souls grew upon him he thought he had mistaken his profession, and said, "I would rather lead a forlorn hope than mount the pulpit stairs." But later he writes: "It seems to me a pitiful thing for any man to aspire to be true, and to speak truth, and then to complain in astonishment that truth has not crowns to give, but thorns."

He was strangely gifted with the ability to discern the signs of the times and of coming events. In 1840 he writes as to the outlook: "The prospect we have, as far as human eye can judge, is a stormy one, and predicts more controversy than edification. It is impossible to look round on the strange aspects of all things—the church reeling to her center with conflicting opinions; in all circles, whether political or religious, minds unsettled and anticipating a crisis; men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking for those things coming upon the earth—without feeling that our path will be a rugged one, and that the hour of trial is at hand." His estimate of the distinctive characteristics of the French and English is peculiarly suggestive at this time. He writes: "The distinction between the French spirit in war and ours is—theirs is, 'La Gloire!' Ours is, 'Duty.' And this was the real source of England's sublime battle cry at Trafalgar, and the reason, too, why English troops can stand to be mowed down as well as to rush to the charge. It is the latter only for which the French are remarkable. 'Hard pounding, gentlemen,' said the Duke at Waterloo, coming to a regiment which had lost, as some did, six hundred men before they drew a trigger. 'We shall see who will pound the longest.'" "La Gloire!" against "Duty." Surely in our world-conflict it is matter for profound

thanksgiving that "La Gloire" and "Duty" are shoulder to shoulder. I quote but one other example of our right to classify him as a "seer." It was in 1852 that he wrote: "How devoutly it is to be hoped that in the coming conflict of the nations America and England will stand side by side instead of opposite, for, if not, it will be all over with the cause of liberty for some centuries at least. The conqueror in the strife will be then a military power and must, perforce, crush the peoples under a tyranny. And as to a universal war, that is inevitable, and in every direction men's minds are forboding it—a very strange symptom of the times to be so prevalent long before a single *casus belli* has made its appearance. It is one of those mysterious phenomena which plunge you into the deep question of prophecy—what it is in our human nature, and how and why it works. At present this anticipation resembles the inexplicable awe and sense of coming danger which makes the dumb unreasoning cattle restless at the approach of a thunderstorm. . . . I am told that the ministry are full of apprehensions, and that even the late Cabinet would have taken much more decisive measures but for their fear of that infatuated Manchester peace school. . . . Strange, that people with so much more to lose in case of war should be so blindly unwilling to pay in the present price of peace!"

In this analysis of his life, teachings, and character, we have endeavored to bring before us the messenger of God who for six years was to Trinity Church, Brighton, what Mr. Beecher was to the Plymouth pulpit in Brooklyn. As all of Webster's life was a preparation for his masterful play to Hayne, so all that had gone before, in his nearly seven years of curacy work in "leading strings" and his Oxford training, was but a preparation for Mr. Robertson's famous pastorate. His ardent temperament, his devout character, his giant intellect, his scholarly attainments, his breadth of vision, his catholicity, his original and independent way of dealing with his themes and his remarkable humility, which kept pace with his growing fame, were assets of his power. So endowed, it would have been like reversing the law of gravitation if his preaching and labors had failed to make a profound impression. From the beginning to the close of his pastorate his sermons

created an intellectual and spiritual ferment which leavened the entire city. They aroused a sense of the immanence of Jesus Christ in relation to all classes and conditions of society, but they did more than this: they quickened the intellectual and spiritual life of the whole church, high and low, which was honored by his abiding adherence to it. While all his sympathies and services were enlisted on behalf of what the low church stood for, he had many ardent admirers and warm friends among high churchmen, but his courageous exploration of new fields of thought, his daring departure from the staid, stolid, and accepted moribund condition of the church, very soon arrayed against him all the reactionaries in pulpit and pew. He disturbed their slumbers and compelled them to see that if they accepted his teachings their antiquated machinery must be relegated to the scrap heap. His advent in Brighton created much the same kind of sensation as that aroused by Garrick when he first appeared upon the stage. His acting was so sprightly and inspiring, in contrast with the slow and formal movements which had obtained before his appearance, that Quinn, the leader on the stage before the new star arose, gathered a group of actors about him and said, "Gentlemen, if this young man is right then we have all been wrong." So the fight was on. The preacher trained his guns upon the works of the enemy with such accuracy of aim that everybody in town felt he was hit—that is, sooner or later. Sunday after Sunday and year after year he so preached the gospel of the Son of man that what was called society had its mask of respectability torn off and was made to see its own grossness. As the glowworm shines like a diamond in the dark but is shown to be nothing but a worm when exposed to the sunlight, so did the light of the truth make apparent the hideousness of their sins. And when, as rotten logs are turned over in the springtime the invading light causes the creatures of darkness concealed beneath to seek to escape, so now, as various classes of sinners were exposed, they sought to escape the inevitable conclusions concerning them by betaking themselves to their refuges of lies. After they had recovered from their first stupefaction they fired back. They made him and his utterances the subjects of their attacks in their aid societies, their clubs, their secret

orders, their open meetings, their newspapers. They assailed him in signed and unsigned letters. And then, as of old, "the hail swept away the refuge of lies." To them we are indebted in large measure for the series of his letters which reveal his life and character. He spoke much of truth and was crowned with its thorns. A Pharisaical woman whose beloved dogmas were made to appear worthless as life preservers sought him out and protested that that kind of preaching would unsettle the faith of the people. He replied, "I don't care." Horrified, she exclaimed, "Do you know what they did to Don't Care?" "Yes, madam; they crucified him," he replied. No wonder he writes, as he views the resistance to the truth, "I believe there is at this time a determined attack made by Satan and his instruments to subvert that cardinal doctrine of our best hopes, justification by faith alone; and how far he has succeeded let many a college in Oxford testify. It is the doctrine more than any other which we find our hearts turning aside from and surrendering. Anything but Christ. The Virgin, the church, the sacraments, a new set of our own resolutions, any and all of these will the heart embrace as a means to holiness or acceptance rather than God's way. You may even persuade men to give up their sins if they may do it without Christ; as teetotalism may witness." No wonder that during these days of conflict he should write, "The ludicrous now rarely troubles me, all is awful. . . . I have too much of . . . hell rampant to grapple with to give much time to reading or church questions; indeed, even the Tractarian heresy has banished from my mind amid the sterner conflict with worldly passions and open atheism; for we have some of these madmen here." The truth is ever divisive, and so it was then. As many had left his Lord when he uttered truths which, if accepted, must separate them from their false lives, so many dropped away from his services—only to make room for other rallying throngs attracted by the truth and the burning eloquence with which he declared it. It was the courageous denunciation of wrongs and injustice, as manifested in the daily dealings of men with one another, which somehow drew to him the laboring classes. They felt that here was a man who preached to them a Christ who sympathized with them and

was one of them. His whole life was a reproach to the selfishness and self-indulgence of many who posed as the elite of the Kingdom.

He spoke much about self-sacrifice, and he gave up his own pleasures and pursuits to almost anyone. He grudged a sixpence spent on personal gratification, and retrenched in what was even needful that he might give to the necessities of others. A friend on one occasion was expressing his enjoyment of the freshness and thoughtfulness of the sermon of the preceding Sunday, and telling him of the slow and silent results of his teaching in revolutionizing long habits of thought, life, etc. Mr. Robertson remarked that what surprised him most was that he had been left so long unmolested, in spite of great grumbling, dissatisfaction, and almost personal hatred. The friend said, "I can tell you the reason. You preach positively instead of negatively; you state truths which they cannot deny; they can only talk of tendencies, consequences, etc.; they can only say it is dangerous, they dare not say it is false; if you were once to preach defensively or controversially it would be all over with you, and it would do your heart and mind harm besides. But everyone sees that you have a truth and a message to establish; you set up your truth and they're dismayed to find that, if that be true, their view is knocked down—but you did not knock it down."

His humility was coextensive with his greatness in other respects. In the last year of his life, at the height of his amazing and increasing influence, he writes: "I cannot say how humiliated I feel at degenerating into the popular preacher of a fashionable watering place. . . . Another Sunday done. Crowded congregations, pulpit steps even full, anteroom nearly so. . . . I sat in church thinking: Now how this crowd would give many men pleasure, flatter their hearts with vanity, or fill them with honest joy. How strange it is given to one who cannot enjoy it, who would gladly give all up, and feels himself, in the midst of all, a homeless and heartless stranger." He never was a leader or the servant of any party in the church. He stood alone. He fought out his principles alone. One was his Captain, even Christ; and he did not care, provided he fought under him the good fight, what regiment he belonged to. All were his brethren in arms who

were loyal to his Master's cause. The brilliant Edward Irving—who rallied to himself admiring throngs by his great gifts of oratory, and but for the strange fanaticism which wrecked his spectacular career might have left behind a constituency as mighty as did Beecher and Spurgeon to carry on his work—was the contemporary of Mr. Robertson. It may be that the deplorable mistake of the great London preacher warned him away from any tendency to fanaticism. James Anthony Froude says, "Inventive genius tamed by skepticism is like a bird with a broken wing." Mr. Robertson had no broken wing. His spiritual wing and his intellectual wing lifted him into the alluring ether of truth. He appealed to the conscience and the intellect of his hearers and so they flew with him. But "the zeal of the Lord's house" ate him up. For months he struggled against a physical breakdown. A tumor involving the gastric ganglia brought on the fatal crisis in which, breathing out his soul in the resigned utterance, "Let God do his work," he went home to the "still country" and rested from his labors.

Thus tracing his independent career we have discerned in him the astonishing adventurousness of a Savonarola, the daring challenge to the dead formalism of his day of a John the Baptist, the seraphic and faraway vision of an Isaiah; but more than all, and over all, we have seen in him a reincarnation of Christ the Lord.

H. A. Robinson.

THE STRUGGLE FOR BREAD AND FOR HUMANITY

BREAD is the staff of life upon which man leans from the cradle to the grave. Never did so many people lean upon this staff so heavily and anxiously as now. The day of cheap bread has passed; the day of dear bread is with us; the day of scarce bread, and even of famine will surely come, according to Mr. Hoover, unless the most careful economy and provision be practiced. The cry of outraged hunger has already been heard. Bread riots have overthrown many a government in the past and may again.

Nations are only as strong as their food supply. Some persons contend that the compelling cause of this war, and most wars, was the pressure of population upon food supply and the consequent determination to get possession of more territory and strategic trade routes. Wars will never cease until economic harmony and commercial integration become more securely established.

"But man does not live by bread alone." Economic forces are mighty, but they are not almighty. The economic man is not the whole man. His ideals and beliefs are the larger part of him. These certainly glorify him as nothing else does. Take out of human progress the spiritual and moral factors and nothing but barbarism would be left. Food and environment do much for man, but they do not make him wise, happy, or good. It has been well said that "When Adam fell, it was not in a slum, but in the Garden of Paradise. It was not with poison in his veins, amid vicious surroundings; it was in conditions as perfect as the fashioning hand of the Almighty could make them." The man who said this was "sent into a factory before he was in his 'teens to make one of a gang of lads under an overseer who used physical violence to get the most possible out of them." But that factory lad, in spite of dwarfing labor and forbidding conditions, rose to be a leader in society.

Our industrial system, which is so much railed against, has much that is depressing and destructive. Drastic changes have been made and others must follow. Industrialism, as now or-

ganized, and democracy are in many respects incompatible. But the assertion that this system inevitably condemns the masses to poverty and crushes out all ability to rise overlooks the fact that three fourths of those who have a competency and wealth have climbed up its iron rounds. And where success has not been achieved in the terms that the world recognizes, many a humble worker is heroically doing the painful right and has bread to eat that the world knows not of. The unleavened bread of sincerity and truth is far more nourishing than the cake and confectionery of luxury. There is something in every man which is superior to all conditions. What men believe and love has more to do with their real welfare than any material goods.

Man's greatest need, the one which is common to all races, and cries out in all conditions, especially in such a crisis as this through which the world is now passing, is his need of God. Hall Caine, in describing that memorable service in Westminster Abbey, when the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes hung for the first time in the chancel, said: "In hours of peace and prosperity our philosophies seem to eliminate the Almighty. But how the mighty facts of life strike us down to our knees before the altar of Him who is eternal righteousness. When the great trials come, the great perils, the great adventures, we want a God who knows, a God who cares, a God who judges between right and wrong, and is ready to listen to our cry." The great writers and the people generally are becoming more religious. This renaissance of religion to meet the awful irruption of barbarism is the most significant and hopeful sign of these tragic times.

In that "maddening maze of things" into which Belgium and France were plunged, everything that was visible spelled disaster. It was faith in certain invisible realities that stemmed the tide of battle and gave civilization another chance for its life. One of the sublimest sentiments of this war was written in those dark days by King Albert of Belgium. "Do you know," he wrote; "do you know what I marvel at most in the world? It is the powerlessness of material forces. Sooner or later the world is conquered by the Idea."

What does he mean by "the Idea"? He means much the same thing that Bertrand Russell does, who, though a free lance in religion, has been constrained by the awful experience of this war to look for solace into the Unseen. "If life is to be fully human," he says, "it must serve some end which is above mankind, such as God or truth or beauty. There must be a breezing into our human existence of something eternal, something that appears to imagination to live in a heaven remote from strife and failure and the devouring jaws of time."

The most impressive picture of "something eternal amid all the destructions of time," something that interprets the tragic struggles of past civilizations and our own, is in John's enraptured vision in the Book of Revelation. John saw the Beast warring against the Lamb. He singled out Babylon as a great world empire dominated by the Beast. The idolatry of materialistic force and the prostitution of religion and the nobler forces of civilization were there exemplified on a colossal scale. John describes that ancient imperialism as "a beast with seven heads and ten horns." Each head had a virtuous face, and each horn promised some material gain. This Beast "drew the third part of the stars of heaven and cast them upon the earth." Wherever absolutism has power it assumes to rule by divine right; it drags the livery of heaven down into the dust of worldly expediency. Religion and philosophy are subsidized to bless monstrous aggression and enthrone might over right.

John says: "The Beast wars against the Lamb." The Lamb is the symbol of God's redemptive power bodying forth to save humanity lying under the dominion of the Beast. "The wrath of the Lamb" is outraged Divine justice and love, the most terrible power in heaven or in earth. Its "eyes are as a flame of fire, its vesture is dipped with blood, and out of his mouth goeth a sharp sword with which to smite the nations." The Lamb is no friend of peace when wrongs are strangling mankind. John saw the Beast and the kings of the earth and their armies making war against the Lamb and his armies. And the Beast was taken, and the false prophet that wrought miracles before him, with which he deceived them that had received the mark of the Beast and

them that worshiped his image. These both were cast alive into a lake of fire." This is lurid language, but not so lurid or terrible as the judgments that have been and are still being visited upon the Beast of besotted power from Babylon down to the present day.

Every nation has forgotten God and bowed down to base masteries. Overwhelming disaster now threatens them. "The earth has become the tomb of brave men" more than ever before. All human means of protection against war have been swept away. Military preparedness has not been a sufficient defense for any nation; neither has militarism on the most colossal scale. Militarism always breeds war, and war, when it has brought forth its horrid fruit, scatters the seeds of death and more wars. It is a vicious circle around which humanity has swung for centuries, without learning its palpable lesson. Many of the safeguards of civilization, which have been so painfully built up by prayers and blood, have broken down. Many of the forces which make for human progress have become discredited. Even the church, the best friend of humanity and the most successful organizing force for good, has been rent into warring factions. Catholics are fighting Catholics, and Protestants are fighting Protestants. Patriotism has become strangely perverted. As Edith Cavel said just before she was led away to be shot, "Something more than patriotism is needed." Many arms of human strength have been turned to base purposes. Philosophy has been bribed to lend a flattering unction to unscrupulous aggression; science has been dragooned into making engines of destruction; treaties have become "scraps of paper." President Wilson's noble utterance, "The world must be made safe for democracy," has become a powerful rallying cry. But will the world be safe under democracy? Is democracy strong, wise, and good enough to rule? Certainly not without much political and industrial and spiritual rehabilitation.

I have never been so proud of my country as I am now, when, without even a suspicion of national aggrandizement, facing the awful hazards and enormous costs of this most gigantic of all wars, she is enlisted in defense of a common civilization.

I shall be as glad of victory as any one, but I fear that even peace with victory will not be an unmixed blessing. Germany's victory in 1870 demoralized her and made her money mad and war mad. The older Germany, which scholars loved—the Germany of Goethe and Beethoven, which the world admired—has receded into the background; and a militaristic, mechanistic Germany, which has made the most damnable war of all time, has dominated her people and seeks to dominate the world.

As nations become rich the lusts of gain and power gather together like vultures for carrion. Americans are already notorious for their worship of the almighty dollar, and they will be as keen for trade advantages in the markets of the world as other peoples. National rivalries and jealousies will beset us on every side and may strain our relations with those who are now our friends, and have been fighting our battles. Have we sufficient wisdom and goodness to walk uprightly amid the machinations and temptations incident to world politics and economics? Are we exercising an abiding faith in those eternal verities and divine forces which have safeguarded society in the past and can alone save us and the nations from the lusts that always prey upon power?

Nearly thirty years ago Pasteur, in France, who waged war so bravely and successfully against parasitic diseases, uttered these noble and inspiring words: "Two contrary laws seem to be wrestling with each other nowadays; the one a law of blood and of death, ever imagining new means of destruction, and forcing nations to be constantly ready for the battlefield; the other a law of peace, work, and health, ever evolving new means and delivering man from the scourges which beset him. The one seeks violent conquests, the other the relief of humanity. The latter places one human life above any victory, while the former would sacrifice hundreds of thousands of lives to the ambition of one. . . . Which of those two laws will ultimately prevail God alone knows."

This prophetic utterance of Pasteur has been most dramatically fulfilled. These two forces, the monstrous aggression to exploit humanity and the sacrificing uprising to defend and establish

its essential interests, are struggling for supremacy. Both profess to be struggling for existence, and both invoke the sanction of that old cosmic law of the survival of the fittest which has dominated life in all its forms. But altruism is as primordial as egoism. But for mothering and the will to cooperate life would have ceased. Amid the wild welter of animal struggle were gleams of finer instincts, and amid the furious shock of tribal and national wars have gleamed the spiritual ideals which have lighted man to higher and holier attainments.

The will to power and the will to survive are essential to nations and individuals, but these vital motives, when not restrained by religion and morality, and exercised without regard to the rights of others, are destructive alike to conquerors and conquered. The spirit of nationality has helped human progress mightily; without it mankind could never have thrown off the crushing despotism of the Middle Ages. Every people, however small, must be free to live its own life and in its own way, or it can never attain a true development and fulfill its appointed destiny. But the very growth of nationality means expansion, and expansion, when unrestrained by some higher, holier power, leads to aggression, which makes war. Will humanity ever overcome the lusts which breed war?

Tennyson, face to face with "the godless fury of peoples and the Christless frolic of kings," longed for "some diviner force in the changes that he should not see"; "something kindlier, higher, holier . . . when all should be for each, and each for all." He looked forward to the time when "all the full-brain, half-brain races should be led to Justice, Love, and Truth—

"Earth at last a warless world, a single tongue,
Every tiger madness muzzled, every serpent passion killed,
Every grim ravine a garden, every blazing desert tilled."

It was a glorious ideal. He said that "it was far away." It still is. Even an international mind, an international conscience, and an international police are not yet realized. But man must obey something "kindlier, higher, and holier" in church, state, and society. "All must be for each, and each for all," or war and

want will continue their ravages. The sublime passion which under the drastic discipline of war pours out blood and treasure for country and civilization, must be "filtered and fibered" by Christ love into all the social body of which he is the real living Head. The forces that renovate and save must conquer those that break down and destroy. Even war, which when waged for exploitation is destructive alone, must be made to serve the higher interests of humanity. The great cataclysms of human history, notably the dissolution of the Roman Empire; the rending asunder of the Papal power in the time of Luther; the French Revolution; and our Civil War, accelerated the redemption of the world. Humanity groaned and travailed together in pain, but the pain was the birth pangs of a better social order, which had been growing under the very ribs of death.

Such will be the outcome of this, the greatest of all wars. The Lamb that saves will surely overcome the Beast that slays. "The Son of God goes forth to war," destroying that he may save, and saving that he may destroy. The Bible is no scrap of paper, but the Bread of life; the glorious army of the apostles and martyrs in every country and in every century have not died in vain. The kingdom of God is no mere dream; it is the inner, organizing force in society and is becoming increasingly recognized as the only safe and salutary rule for mankind.

Daniel Dorchester

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

WHEN this REVIEW was publishing its fifty-third volume, a young man graduated from Wesleyan University. He was born in the next room to a library and had been kept at his books as a student steadily since he was thirteen. In the houses where he grew up he received the impression that the supreme use of books, from the Bible down, was to help a man preach the everlasting gospel. He still holds that opinion. In childhood he had tumbled over piles of the Methodist Quarterly Review in his father's study, as did Daniel A. Goodsell, who had thereby one memorable adventure. Somebody gave little nine-year-old Daniel a box of paints and brushes; wherefore it became necessary to paint something. He hied him to the parsonage study, found a copy of the Quarterly Review containing at the front a steel engraving of one of the saintly leaders of the church. The youthful artist conceived the happy idea of transforming the saint into a soldier. So he painted a cocked hat on his head and epaulettes on his shoulders, and decorated the clerical gentleman's smooth face with a fierce moustache and military goatee. "At this point in the proceedings," Bishop Goodsell used to say in relating the touching incident to Annual Conferences, "my father appeared upon the scene with consequences too painful to relate." Without any such pathetic memories of his father's study the boy who was in college in the middle sixties, used in vacation time to lie on his back on the floor with a half-dozen copies of the Quarterly under his head for a pillow and grapple with the great articles, while his father was out making pastoral calls.

After two years' teaching to get the hang of himself and his resources, he entered upon his lifework as a minister. The bookish young fellow knew little of human nature, but, aware of his lack, was anxious to learn. Pastoral work soon taught him that the two classes who were most easily accessible were the children and the sick, suffering, and afflicted. He had sense enough to move up close to them. With them there were fewer formalities, conventional barriers were

down, they were natural. There he found real access to real human nature. With them he could do most in spiritual ways. They gave him his best opportunity. From them he learned much and their society did more to humanize him than anything else. In the course of time the man whose boyhood and youth had been spent in contact with the old Quarterly was placed by the church in the editorial office of the *METHODIST REVIEW*. In editorial years, looking back over his pastoral life, he realized that the children and the sufferers had been not only his best opportunity but also a boundless blessing to him. More and more a feeling of indebtedness grew in him, and a desire to pay some tribute to both those classes. Gradually his mind, guided by his heart, saw a way. He decided to use the pages of the *REVIEW* for such a tribute, and in four numbers of the volume now closing the editor has offered his affectionate homage, to the charming children in May and July, to the brave, patient sufferers in September and November. That is the genesis of those editorial tributes.

A man who has debts he can never pay should at least acknowledge them. To do so is meet, right, and his bounden duty.

A SALUTE TO THE VALIANT—II

George Meredith spoke of "the thrill of the worship of valiancy." That thrill a certain boy, deep in his books, felt in reading of Shakespeare's young soldier Claudio, who "in the figure of a lamb did the feats of a lion"; felt it over the Ballad of Chevy Chase and the verse,

"For Witherington I needs must wail
As one in doleful dumps;
For when his legs were battered off
He fought upon the stumps:"

felt it over the old battle-ballad in which Sir Andrew Barton, when he was pierced, said quietly,

"I'll but lie down and bleed a while
And then I'll rise and fight again:"

felt it in later years over William Vaughan Moody's wounded knight who, though facing dire defeat, yet "blew his battle-horn across the vales of overthrow," and upon a dark disastrous morn made the echoes ring with rallying and laughter; and felt it still later over the story of Charley Edwards, of Texas, one of the "characters" who made Washington picturesque with his broad black sombrero, flowing mane, and

far-sweeping moustache, and such a voice that when he whispered to the man sitting next him an attendant of the House came down the aisle and said, "Shouting not allowed in the gallery." When a fatal and frightful malady struck him down, Charley faced it with a smile and through five years of agony dauntlessly died daily, punctuating the long grim months with laughter, and going to the Dark Tower like Childe Harold. Did we not all feel Meredith's "thrill of the worship of valiancy" over that gallant young French officer who rode away on an errand so deadly-dangerous that Marshal Joffre could not help kissing the beautiful boy good-by, as he sent him off to his rendezvous with Death?

Valiancy is not monopolized by soldiers. A crutch may be as fit an emblem of valor as a sword. Glaze, the African explorer, was not a soldier, but H. M. Stanley wrote of him, "He relished a task in proportion to its hardness, and welcomed danger with a fierce joy." Browning, in *The Grammarian's Funeral*, as William Lyon Phelps points out, makes of a plodding pedant exactly the same kind of hero as a dashing cavalry officer leading a forlorn hope; and that pedant's example has inspired many kinds of men to stick tight to their task, even the man now writing. The first Valor Medal conferred by the National Arts Club is not given to a man in uniform, but to Elihu Root, a patriot who never smelled the smoke of battle. Tennyson's story of the siege of Lucknow, after singing of Havelock and his Highlanders, sings also of the "valor of delicate women," and praises their fortitude in the hardships and terror of the assault for eighty-seven days, while "ever upon the topmost towers the old banner of England blew." Those British women were scarcely more valorous than Ida Gracey, enduring through many years a siege far more relentless with capitulation inevitable at the end after much suffering, while ever above her beleaguered citadel she kept the flag of her courage afloat. When you read of England's great soldier Lord Wolseley, "In that slight shattered body dwelt an invincible force, a happy temperament, and a power of endurance no trial ever shook nor any stress of circumstances impaired," you may notice that the description fits our fragile little heroine almost as well as it fits the famous Field Marshal. So far as we know she spoke of herself as a soldier only once, and that was near the end to her friend Mrs. J. M. Cornell—"I'm a homesick soldier." But she did even better than some soldiers, as, for example, Colonel Francis Younghusband, the fine British officer who led the "Mission to Lhasa," beyond the Himalayas to the capital

of Tibet. Seasoned and hardy soldier though he was, his fortitude broke under suffering when, having been run over by a motor car, he lay broken and helpless half-a-year on a bed of pain. His courage oozed away, and through the long hard months his faith let go; he concluded in his weakness that the presence of pain in the world rules out belief in any wise and beneficent Ruler. He could conduct hard campaigns and fight battles, but could not endure such tests as Ida Gracey bore for years. And she did better thinking even in the fiery furnace than Benjamin Jowett, the famous Greek professor, and other comfortable closet-thinkers did in the peaceful shades of Oxford. They lost courage, faith in life, and in the value of existence, as did also Oxford University for a time in Jowett's day. This she never did; she reached that chastened and purified love of life which is the noblest result of suffering and the supreme attainment of wisdom. That much-commemorated tragic girl, Rahel Varnhagen, tells us that, although, in all her afflictions, she never was at variance with existence and always refused to regard pain as the ultimate purpose of life, yet, when harsh treatment from a cruel father was added to painful illness, she "lost the courage to be happy." Ida Gracey never lost the courage to be happy, partly, perhaps, because she never knew harshness or lack of love. Affection was lavished on her all her days. In her home she was the center of solicitude and tenderness and sweet ministering; and as for friends, one said to her one day, "You were made to be loved and a lot of people were evidently made to love you. I think you must belong to the royal family." When she asked, "Why?" the reply was, "Because you have such a big retinue"; and the next day she received roses with this card: "To her little Majesty, from a member of her large retinue."

Dr. Richard C. Cabot speaks of "a shiver of admiration" which persons of sensibility experience in contact with fine characters or in witnessing difficult feats well done. E. V. Lucas confesses to feeling a quiver of ecstasy over Paul Cinquevalli, juggler and acrobat, whenever he saw him doing unparalleled feats with almost miraculous dexterity and ease, suppleness and grace, until Lucas would exclaim with tears of joy, "You Beauty! O, you Beauty!" while another observer said, "Cinquevalli always makes me cry." But suppose the juggler had had to keep tossing hot iron balls, that burnt him every time they came down, up in the air for hours—what would Lucas say then? And would the other man shed *scalding* tears? The audience at the Gilder Memorial meeting in Carnegie Hall felt a

shiver of admiration and a quiver of ecstasy when Forbes Robertson read in his matchless way Gilder's poem, "Music in Darkness," the deep, vibrant masculine voice rendering with perfect elocution and exquisite modulation the lines so perfectly suited to the psychological moment—a golden voice filling the house with rich melody—the whole performance being by every token high on the list of perfect things, making one man whisper to his seatmate, "Simply perfect!" "You seem to think I'm perfect, just as papa did," Ida said to a friend who after her father's death was trying to cheer her in the fierce endurance-tests of her last tortured weeks. "Yes, dear child, I do think you are about perfect," was the reply.

Beware of superlatives and italics is a good-enough caution. But is there nothing superlative in life? Why is the word "perfect" in the dictionary unless there is use for it on some corresponding reality? Now and then that risky word may be applied without fear of arrest or molestation. Jane Austen feared she had made the heroine in one of her novels too good, and wrote a friend about it, saying: "Pictures of perfection, as you know, made me sick and wicked." Excessive eulogy is nauseating. But did the author of *Sense and Sensibility* and *Pride and Prejudice* never find any touch of perfection in human character and achievement? Some have even thought they saw something perfect in her works. What put the note of joy and calm into Wordsworth was his recognition of the fact that human life is bosomed in the life of an eternal Spirit of Perfection. The Master's command "Be ye perfect" is guarantee and assurance that we may be perfect in something, possibly in love which is absolutely the greatest thing in this world or any other. The joy we have in glimpses of perfection is a lure to aspiration and a bribe to all our strivings. For the Christian as for the artist, orator, musician, or writer perfection must be the aim. To Ida Gracey's friends it seemed that in character and conduct she approached perfection.

The Lady of the Decoration who knows a good fighter when she sees one, being one herself, felt Dr. Cabot's shiver of admiration when on Saint Valentine's Day she sent to Ida Gracey (whose distinction was in being a decoration rather than wearing one) a token of affection with this inscription, "To a bully fightin' Valentine, whose brave example will brace me for many a gray day of strife." We have heard of a cowboy, who had he known our brave little heroine and overheard this greeting, might have shouted, "Right you are, Mrs. Macaulay. 'Bully fighter' is the word": the cowboy who galloped gaily into

town joyously firing his revolver into the air, filled with the frolic gladness of his own high spirits if with nothing more intoxicating, and who, after making the circuit of the settlement, rode up to a convenient board fence, and, standing up in his stirrups, shot into it this sentiment: "Life ain't in holdin' a good hand, but in plain' a pore hand well." He didn't learn his spelling in school nor his figure of speech in Sunday school, but his doctrine was "dead right," and his bullet-in on the board fence indicates that he would have shouted for a glorious sick girl who all her life "plaid a pore hand well."

William Winter wrote, "All human life has for its ultimate object a spiritual victory." Aspiration toward that victory is evidence of normality. Ida Gracey was normal in every part except her sick body. Once in the semi-twilight of her shaded room in her last year she was seen radiant with gladness, sitting bolt upright in bed, a slender, dainty figure, erect, elate, with translucent face and burning eyes—like a white wax-candle topped with flame, such as is seen in a golden candlestick upon an altar—telling exultantly of the almost assured success of her plans for the Cripples' Home at Kiukiang, about which she had prayed fourteen years. The radiance of her countenance made her friend decide then and there to dedicate to her his book, *The Illumined Face*; "To one who through years of suffering bears an illumined face." So triumphant was she that the friend said, "I would name you Victoria if I had not already called you something else." "That would be something to live up to," answered the spirited girl, who, in very truth, was always "living up to" something above her—up to the admonitions of her mother's pictured face looking down from the wall above the bed, with whom her eyes often seemed communing and consulting—up to Christian standards of character and life—climbing toward "those high table-lands to which the Lord, our God, is moon and sun."

Here for a moment we pause and turn aside, to ask whether, in always *living up*, she was not a normal part of the natural universe, in every layer and level of which we see finger-boards pointing upward and hints of what looks like aspiration—up from inorganic to organic, from mineral to vegetable and animal and human and *beyond*. Mysterious and suggestive is that dreaming of something higher; that semblance to aspiration of which we catch faint momentary glimpses along the cosmic trend in certain strange and curious movements of elements and creatures, one range of things seeming to glance wistfully toward the next above. Deep in the rock's dark

bosom the shapeless minerals are taking on fronded shapes, as if dreaming of leaves and aspiring to enter the vegetable realm. On the winter window-pane the frost is sketching ferns and thickets with exquisite artistry, as if dreaming of the next realm above and aspiring to it. In the boggy acre the pitcher-plant is rehearsing rudimentally the process of digestion by feeding on insects it captures in its trap, apparently striving to enter a higher order, the order of carnivora. Parrots and magpies are trying to talk like humans, as if aspiring. From crustacean to man is a far cry, yet that queer little creature, the Faira crab, of Japan, seems to see across the gulf, for he makes a mimicking face at man and wears a frontispiece startling, ridiculously, bewilderingly human, as if aspiring. The monkeys in the jungle seem aspiring to become by slow stages anthropoidal. And the scientist exhibits a picture of Mr. Pithecanthropus sauntering up the slopes of the ages to apply for his naturalization papers in the State of Manhood. Infinite effrontery! But it seems to be customary in this universe. And this upward look and urge which we notice and which science declares, from protoplasm up to personality, from mineral to man, does not stop on the natural human level. The scientist is the one person who can least consistently hesitate to believe in a higher development for the natural man into spiritual realms. Why should man be the first "quitter" in the ascent, the first to halt the progress of the universe when the finger-boards along the cosmic trend still point upward? And why is it not as natural to find the supernatural above the natural, spiritual above carnal, as to find animal above vegetable and vegetable above mineral? Science is logically bound to insist that for the human being born into man's estate "The Climb to God" is naturally the next thing in order. In the light of all that science and religion teach, whoever is not "living up" to higher and better things is an abortion or a degenerate, or a case of arrested development, a kind of monstrosity in nature. When children and grandchildren of slaves stand in a Christian Church and roll the anthem over and over in the abysmal depths of their bass and contralto and on the far heights of their treble and tenor: "Beloved, now are we the sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is"; those aspiring black people have nothing less, but something more, than cosmic warrant for their aspiration and their exultant certitude. William Winter and Ida Gracey, aspiring to "spiritual victory" as the supreme object for a soul to "live up

to," were loyal to the System of Things and obedient to the voice which calls down through the universe, "Come up higher."

At her bedside one would be impressed with the solitariness of intense physical suffering, the isolation being indicated sometimes by a look of withdrawal and remoteness, such as was noted in Louis Stevenson by Mrs. Wyatt Eaton, who was on the Jersey coast at Point Pleasant on the Manasquan, one memorable summer afternoon in 1887, when the Sanborn Cottage entertained Stevenson, who was visiting at Brielle across the bay. She describes him as tall and emaciated, frail and ethereal-looking; but gay, blithe, boyish, and contagious. Rejoicing in having seen the author of *Treasure Island* and *The Merry Men* at his best, surrounded by his friends and with the light of his best emotions on his face—lit with the glow, the verve, the vital spark—this woman writes: "Even in his playful mood, responding to the banter and merriment around him, a look now and then would creep into his eyes, like a beatitude; a look that gave me the feeling that he was already beyond our mortal ken." That "look like a beatitude," which gave us the feeling that she was in a world beyond our ken, came at times into Ida Gracey's face, a strange look of remoteness, as of a soul withdrawing to some far height, a look, too, of ineffable dignity, which made one almost stand in awe of her and ask mentally, "Into what region have you risen now?" To one who spoke of that look, a girlhood friend replies: "Yes, I know that look of dignity on Ida's face, but it did not awe me as did her withdrawal into regions of intense pain, leaving me with a sense of exclusion, as if even my love could not reach her and it seemed impossible for me to be anything to her. Such moments were the awfulest of all." When someone was praising Patti's singing to Sainte Beuve, and using Shakespeare's words, "Her voice is like the lark, which at heaven's gate sings," the French critic responded, "Yes, but Nilsson's is like a voice from the *other side* of the gate." There were times when Ida Gracey sounded from beyond, from a region above our experience and beyond our sight. Once when I was praying at her bedside, the feeling came over me strangely that she was nearer to God than I and that I would better stop and ask her to pray for me.

Arthur Benson, noting the unanimity of the tributes paid Arthur Hallam as proving how he was admired by his contemporaries, says that nothing but the presence of an overmastering charm can explain such a conspiracy of praise. A similar consentaneity concerning Ida Gracey indicates the presence in her of a similar personal charm

about which Benson says that it is beyond analysis or description, ineffable, makes no effort to exert its power, indeed is unconscious of itself, yet fills us with desire to understand it, to win its favor or to serve it. That charm in her, sickness only served to enhance, until she seemed different from ordinary humanity, somewhat as a pearl is different from a pebble. A mystery it seemed that suffering, instead of spoiling the attractiveness of her face, rather refined it, made it more delicate and spirituelle. Years of pain did not take away the sweet girlishness, what Browning calls "the darlingness." At the Gracey Memorial Meeting of the Interdenominational Missionary Union a vivid, vibrant, and responsive woman said quiveringly and yearningly, "Ida was like my own flesh and blood. She was ineffably beautiful to me. Her eyes and the tender lines about her mouth drew out my whole heart. I keep her picture on my desk." One friend of her father wrote him thus: "I saw your daughter only once and for only a few minutes. She seemed like a frail being from some other world whose wings had been caught and tangled in the thorns of our rough world—a prisoner of hope, evidently attended by the angels who are God's ministering spirits." One who spent many hours at Dr. Gracey's bedside in the years of his helplessness, said to him one day, "If she were my child, I should be one of two things, either as proud as Lucifer or so grateful to God that I could not find words to express myself. Now, which are you?" And the venerable minister answered tenderly, "Thankful, thankful!" The devoted physician to whose care her mother had committed her and who watched over her faithfully for years and saw her in all conditions, under all circumstances, said, "She is an angel of light." The young woman who served as her last day attendant, says, "She sure was an angel." Soon after learning of her departure the pastor of a large church in Detroit, who had known her in her father's house in Rochester, wrote: "Her pure and Christlike life will follow me as long as I live. Last Sunday morning I took for my Communion talk 2 Corinthians 3. 18, and then I told the story of her life. I know of no one who more perfectly illustrates those words of Paul than she." The words are these: "But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the spirit of the Lord." "You little white angel," said one who saw her enduring acute suffering with a patient heroic smile. "I'm not an angel," she protested, but her face was angelic at the moment she was protesting. A girl-friend

of her early years writes: "She was a dear marvel—such deep affection and wide helpfulness, so many lovely ways and unexpected turns, such humanness, with none of the subdued saintlinesses that sick folk, if they are good as she was, are apt to drop into, but just a natural healthy human soul, such as we all love—a difficult thing to maintain in a sick body. Her charming innocent naughtinesses were the delight of my heart." Several months after her translation two men, on the Pennsylvania Limited running east out of Chicago, fell to talking of her. One of them had known her in earlier years flitting about on crutches at the Thousand Islands, and the other only her bedridden final years in the darkened room. Their conversation about her closed with the man from Pittsburgh saying, "She was superman, something superior in human quality"; and the New Yorker saying, "She was the fairest flower I have ever seen blooming in a chamber of suffering—and fairer in her fading than others in the bloom of health."

Toward death she bore herself becomingly. No man can foreknow how he will feel at death's approach, but big Sam Johnson blubbering beforehand in fear of death is scarcely a worthy or inspiring figure. We hear Stopford A. Brooke saying in his quiet London study, "I expect the day of my death to be the most romantic day of my life." We see George F. Watts, when his final days seemed only looking in on him one by one just to say "Goodbye," tranquilly expecting the coming of the white-robed angel he had once painted as Death, saying calmly to his wife, "I often catch sight of that white figure behind my shoulder, and it seems to say to me, 'I am not far off.'" We find Lewis Carroll, nearing the end, feeling it would be nice to have it over with, writing his sister: "I sometimes think what a grand thing it will be to be able to say to oneself, 'Death is over now and there is not that experience to be faced again.'" We read in Edwin Booth's letter to an afflicted friend, "I cannot grieve at death. It seems to me the greatest boon the Almighty has granted us. Why do you not look at this little life with all its ups and downs as I do? At the very worst, 'tis but a scratch, a temporary ill, to be soon cured by that dear old doctor, Death, who gives us life more healthful and enduring than all the physicians can give." George Washington has told us that when facing death in battle he found something strangely fascinating and exhilarating in the sound of whistling bullets that meant death. Charles Frohman, on the slanting deck of the sinking *Lusitania*, said to those who with him

would all be drowned together in a few minutes, "Why fear death? It is life's most beautiful adventure." Sir James Paget, the eminent English surgeon, is even of opinion that there is often a certain physical pleasure in dying. All the poised composure seen in these calm spirits was in Ida Gracey, and something more. Death was an old familiar friend; the two had been neighbors and comrades for years. They had played tag along the border. She often said, "Why, I'm no more afraid to die than I am to put my head on my pillow." She dreaded intense suffering, but she no more dreaded death than she dreaded her father's kiss.

When the end drew near, and especially in her very last hours, she was her own sweet self, perfectly natural, cool, composed, fearless, glad. She calmly noticed advancing symptoms and understood all that the signs meant, and when the inhalation of oxygen was begun she knew it was the physician's *viaticum*, the last thing done for the dying. In a quiet moment of the final night she said to her sister, "Don't you think I've had all my pains and can go to heaven now? Would it be cowardly for me to ask to go to-night?" In hours when her room was an outpost of eternity, she was not only cool and serene but playful. Her sister needing to go out in the rain, asked, "May I take your umbrella?" "Why, yes": and then a flash of humor, "I think I can spare you my rubbers, too." She knew she might be in heaven any minute. Umbrellas and rubbers are not needed on the streets of the City of Gold. That blithe spirit, done forever with umbrellas and overshoes, was hovering merrily and unabashed on life's outer rim, and that gay touch of gentle play with her sister was like a last caress reached out to the playmate of all her years. O, Beauty! O, Sweetness! That was just like you.

After physicians had given Amiel his death-warrant, he was dying by inches and knew it through seven long years. The following record in his journal in his last weeks is precisely descriptive of her last weeks: "A terrible night. For four hours I struggled against suffocation and looked death in the face. It is clear that what awaits me is suffocation. I shall die by choking. I should not have chosen such a death, but when there is no option one must simply resign oneself. 'Thy will, not mine, be done.'" Ida's last suffering was like Amiel's. "It's terrible," she said appealingly as she strangled in agony; and then, lest she be misunderstood, "I don't mean to complain."

Her last word and Bishop McIntyre's were the same. In the Chicago Hospital Mrs. McIntyre bent over her husband in the quiet

hull which looks like improvement but precedes dissolution, and said, to cheer him, "We'll soon be going home, Robert." "Lovely!" he answered—his last word ere his heavenly "going home." On Ida Gracey's last night, her sister, bending over her, spoke of a small sum of money left by their mother and asked, "Don't you think it would be nice to put it into your cripples' fund, as mother's contribution?" (The first gift she received toward this had been from her father, and now the last while she is alive is from her mother.) "Why, yes! Lovely!" Then the final silence, and a little later she was gone. This lifelong cripple and the famous bishop ended on the same high note, the note of joy, he thinking of the return to the comfort of his own home, she full of the joy of giving a Home to poor friendless little cripples by the thousand in the long years to come. It was lovely to go home; lovelier to give a home.

Emily Dickinson wrote of her dearest: "There was no earthly parting. She slipped from our fingers like a snow flake gathered by the wind." Robert Browning wrote of his Elizabeth: "God took her to himself as you would lift a sleeping child from a dark uneasy bed into your arms and the light." So was it with Ida Gracey. Without shiver or quiver or sound she slipped away. One thinks of Emily Dickinson's childlike verses:

She went; this was the way she went:
When her task was done,
She took up her simple wardrobe
And started for the sun.

Her little figure at the gate
The angels must have spied,
For we could never find her
Upon the earthward side.

A startling accompaniment attended her midnight departure. Lightnings were flashing and thunders crashing at the moment of her going. Jean Ingelow would say, "God Almighty's guns were going off and the land trembled." The artillery of the skies seemed firing a Salute to the Valiant, as if heaven thought fit to honor with a soldier's music and the roaring rites of war the passing of this intrepid and unconquerable soul, who went up past the great guns of the thunder unafraid. Her soul well-knit and all her battles won, she mounted surely to eternal life, more than conqueror through Him who loved her and gave himself for her. And thus was brought to pass the saying which was written, "Death is swallowed up in victory."

Of George Meredith's face in the coffin it was written, "The dead lips smiling at life as in life they had smiled at death." Not so hers. A weary look was on the sweet marmoreal face in the pearl-gray casket, wearied by long and wearing pain. Standing beside that casket and looking on the tired but lovely face, the minister read with inward surge of exultation from the book of Revelation the words of the great voice out of heaven, in this accentuating repetend fashion, "Behold, God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death—and *there shall be no more death*; neither sorrow nor crying—*neither sorrow nor crying*; neither shall there be any more pain—NEITHER SHALL THERE BE ANY MORE PAIN." At the cemetery on the hill this thanksgiving rose on the still air of a balmy springlike February afternoon: "Almighty God, with whom the souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity, we give thee hearty thanks for the good example of this dear child of thine, who, having finished her course in faith, now rests with thee." And upon the sorrowing group was pronounced this benediction: "Now the God of peace who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory forever and ever. Amen." Thus, in the stately Christian fashion, with supernal pomp of lofty language was laid away that light little body, a "scrap," she said, a remnant of skin and bones, sealed eyes and lips, and long dark hair; like the burial of a dead bird, or withered lily or crumpled leaf. The grave is filled and the flowers piled upon it, a red cross surmounted by a white crown standing highest. The procession winds silently down the slope, out the gate and back to the duties of life. And "thus endeth." No, not quite. Rather, "here beginneth." Behold, I show you a miracle.

The curtain rises now on one of the most pregnant and meaningful tableaux ever set; one of God's own romances woven of actual events in which all the elements are mixed to give the world assurance of the presence of a superhuman artistry that makes theater plays seem wooden, mechanical, clumsy, and infantile.

After the burial, the monument. Her monument is not here but a world's-width away, at Kiukiang, a walled city of 40,000, on the south bank of the Yangtze, situated between river, lakes, and hills. There

is the oldest mission of our church in Central China. During fifty years an influential Christian community has been established there by the building of Rulon Fish High School, William Nast College for boys, Danforth Memorial Hospital for Women, Knowles Bible Training School for girls; and, now, a Home for Cripples (attached to Dr. Mary Stone's hospital, as its orthopedic department), and soon Dr. Edward C. Perkins' Water-of-Life Hospital for Men.

We pause to note that the Cripples' Home is one of the by-products of suffering, and came by one of God's rough main-traveled roads along which he often sends his caravans of relief and blessing. Thackeray wrote: "Most likely the Good Samaritan was a man who had been robbed and beaten on life's road and knew what it was to lie stripped and bruised by the wayside." The superintendent of a large hospital reports that most of the gifts for buildings or endowments come from bereaved or otherwise afflicted people. It is said that most of the improvements in artificial limbs have been invented by the first man who lost a limb on the Confederate side in our Civil War. Out of his crippled condition benefits have emerged for thousands of maimed. Out of Senator Leland Stanford's loss of his only child came limitless benefit to endless generations of boys by the building of Leland Stanford, Jr., University. Out of A. R. Crittenton's loss of a loved daughter came his impulse to father thousands of friendless girls by the establishment of Florence Crittenton Homes in near a hundred cities for a class most in need of true friends and least likely to have them. Out of George Matheson's bitterest hour of anguish comes one of the great hymns of the ages to comfort the anguish of countless souls with the "Love that wilt not let me go." Joyce Kilmer says, "Lips that have not kissed the rod breathe only light and perishable breath; they only *sing* who are struck dumb by God." It was because Miss Sullivan had suffered an attack of blindness lasting several years that she was moved with sympathy toward a little blind deaf-mute child in Tuscumbia, Alabama; whereby Helen Keller got a teacher who brought her out of darkness into the marvelous light of a wonderful life. And to-day, amid the horrors of the most hideous, atrocious, and diabolical of wars, it was inevitable that blind Helen Keller's relief-money should go to those soldiers whose eyesight has been destroyed; her gifts accompanied by words like these: "From the mist which surrounds me—dark, endless, and immeasurable—I stretch my hand to those brave young men whose light has been put out by shells. I cannot rest until I have done all I can in

order to help them from misery and desperation." Robertson Nicoll says, "In order to understand Louis Stevenson one needs to spit a little blood." It was because Ida Gracey knew all her life what it is to be lame that her pity went out to cripples, and to China, the land that is fullest of cripples, so that this empty-handed girl cherished for fourteen years a wild dream of building a home and hospital for the most friendless of her own afflicted class. When finally she dared announce to her friends her plans, and that the practical women at the head of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society had approved them as practicable, if only money enough was forthcoming, gifts began to come in. Wealthy women, guests in the sanitarium, gave some of their jewelry for her project. The medical superintendent brought his baby girl with a big gold piece clutched in its tiny fist to drop it on the invalid's pillow. It became fashionable to do something by contributions or sales for this lame girl's angelic enterprise. Her pretty Peabody ducks, with rainbows round their necks, in the duck-pond in West Park, laid eggs and hatched their broods for it. Like David, she had it in her heart to build a house unto the Lord—a House of Mercy. Like David, she died without seeing its completion, but not without the joy of assurance in her heart. A friend said to her, "If you go before the money is raised and the building erected, and I survive you, I will watch over your project and see it through." Not very long after this little lame soldier "went west," her brave enterprise "went over the top" to victory. By the cooperation of many friends the building now stands complete, paid for, and full of little cripples, for whom it is a home, a hospital, and a school. It needs only endowment to carry current expenses. There is plenty of ground for enlargement when needed. The plot of ground Ida coveted most for a site was desired for two reasons; because it was adjacent to Dr. Mary Stone's hospital, and because it belonged to a Chinaman and on it was a pond or pool used by the Chinese for drowning babies. Infanticide is frightfully common in parts of China. A Chinese woman recently told one of our missionary workers, with entire *sang froid*, that she had drowned seven of her own girl babies. That lot was purchased, that horrid pond filled up, and on the lot stands to-day a solid and convenient edifice on the front of which friends have placed a tablet of enduring brass, "The Ida Gracey Home for Cripples." When Miss Jennie V. Hughes, head of the Knowles Training School for Girls, cried joyfully to us from the antipodes, "The Gracey Home for Cripples is completed. How

radiantly happy Ida must be in heaven," this was the message sent up by spirit wireless:

"While well you fare in God's good care
Somewhere within the blue,
You know to-day, your dearest dream
Came true—is true—all true."

As a rule the members of the heroic invalid class suffer unnoticed, and slip unobserved out of life's backdoor into oblivion. We have thought fit to set her and her class for a moment where they belong, in full public view, among the valiant. In that tremendous masterpiece of portraiture, the Ring and the Book, the Pope offers A Salute to the Valiant in his declaration that Pompilia through all her tragic sufferings is a greater victor than Michael the Archangel with his sword and shield and spear, and that all the valor of the world's warriors cannot match the marvel of a soul like Pompilia's.

We have also classed Ida Gracey with notable benefactors. When a railroad magnate, having helped to loot a railway system, puts some of his millions into a Home for Cripples, the newspapers head-line him as a noble benefactor; but this simple, unpretending girl, whom no newspaper head-lines, is far more noble and more beneficent. And the Home for Cripples at Kiukiang is more wonderfully beautiful than the Robin's Nest at Irvington-on-the-Hudson, supported by Vanderbilts and Rockefellers. A beautiful little Christian philanthropist was she, in comparison with whom the "Richest woman in the world," gloating greedily over her hundred millions, was a scaly, sordid, and gluttonish creature crawling crookedly in the muck; the memories of the two differing as a fragrance from a stench. So the human race would vote.

We have not exaggerated. Ruskin twitted G. F. Watts, painter of portraits, with turning his sitters into angels though they were mere humans. But Lady Holland said to Watts, "I never really know my friends till you have painted them." We are apt to be sceptical about the greatness of our contemporaries. George William Curtis said, in his eloquent lament over Theodore Winthrop, "Heroes in history seem the more heroic because they are far off, haloed by distance. But if we should tell the plain truth about some of our every-day neighbors, equally heroic, it would sound like high-colored fiction." Age and experience should not wither one's enthusiasm for humanity. Professor Seelye, in his "Ecce Homo" forty years ago, affirmed and endeavored to show that the crowning distinction, the most fascinat-

ing trait, of the Man of Galilee was his enthusiasm for humanity. Breathes there a man with soul so dead as never to himself hath said:

"How beauteous mankind is!
O brave, good world that hath
Such people in it"?

In W. L. Watkinson's *Gates of Dawn*, the passage for March 21 (Ida Gracey's birthday) is: "He was transfigured before them," with this exclamation following, "What possibilities of glory there are in human nature!"

We have not over-labored our theme. Our meanest and dingiest danger is that we may be too dull to appreciate those with whom we live, the only ones to whom appreciation is of any value. This brave girl is far more worthy of this, our modest *In Memoriam*, than Arthur Henry Hallam was of the thousand verses from England's greatest laureate in the longest, most elaborate, and most labored threnody ever composed, on which Tennyson labored seventeen years in eulogy of one in whose portrait A. C. Benson sees "a heavy-featured young man with a flushed face, who looks more like a country bumpkin on the opera-bouffe stage than like an intellectual archangel."

What was it this prostrate, helpless, suffering sick girl really achieved? We will paint the thing as we see it, for the God of Things as they Are. Not much imagination is needed to visualize and dramatize what essentially happened there at Kiukiang. The tableau is like this: Pagan mothers throwing their babies into a loathsome pond to drown and float, to swell and rot and stew stenchfully in the sun; the demons of cruelty which devour both bodies and souls almost visibly squatting around the margin, their jaws dripping with the putrid hell-broth. Above this fetid feast of fiends, hovering in the sky on wings of Christian pity, the spirit of a seraphic girl, friend of the friendless, helper of the helpless, who with one wave of her white hands frightens away the fiends; and, as if by miracle, up from that grisly ground there rises red the divine fulfillment of a sick girl's dream, to be a shelter of mercy and love for poor little hated and devil-hunted cripples through many generations. Secretary F. M. North, of the Foreign Missions Office, looking upon that noble Christian settlement at Kiukiang, wrote: "The grouping of Christ-like service in and about the Danforth Hospital is one of the finest expressions of missionary beneficence and devotion I have ever seen." The cluster of buildings which house that humane settlement is

among the solidest of Christian evidences. The work done in and the influence radiating from that great center of beneficent activity constitute an enormous, far-reaching, and convincing evangelizing force. "What think ye of Christ, who brings you such great gifts of mercy and love, health and knowledge, enlightenment and peace?" is the question that flies abroad on every wind that blows over that whole region. As a result of an operation on a crippled boy patient in one of the Chinese Mission hospitals, ninety people of his village came seeking the "Jesus-religion."

Browning gives a thrilling and ennobling poem to commemorating the simple deed of a poor young coasting pilot, who, happening to know the channels and being of the crew, took the flagship's helm and steered the French fleet, chased by enemies, safe to port; and who, when asked by the admiral to name his own reward, only requested a whole holiday, leave to go and see his wife whom he calls the Belle Aurore. Not finding that humble hero's name carved upon the Louvre or any public place, the poet decides to put that name upon his pages, saying:

"So, for better or for worse,
Hervé Riel, accept my verse;
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honor France,
Love thy wife, the Belle Aurore."

The name of the valiant little invalid of Clifton Springs is not numbered in "the thin red line of 'eroes when the drums begin to roll"; it is not even in the foolish pages of "Who's Who?"; but it is stenciled in these pages of the *METHODIST REVIEW*.

And it has its place in the sun on the front of the Ida Gracey Home For Cripples in the city beside China's great river at Kiukiang where grace, mercy, and healing will soon be flowing from the Water-of-Life Hospital, as already for many years from the other noble institutions grouped in that shining center of Christian beneficence.

And yonder in "the land which is very far off," where her eyes "see the King in his beauty," in the City of God by the River of Life, one page in the Lamb's Book of Life shines with the pearly luster of the name of Frances Ida Gracey. The angels love the very letters of that name.

THE ARENA

THE PERSONALITY OF THE PREACHER

It was Emerson who said, "It makes a great difference with the force of any sentence whether there be a man behind it or no." If that is true of any ordinary utterance, it is tremendously so of the message which comes from the pulpit. The truth which is wrapped up in the sermon may be vitally important; but its practical efficiency in the accomplishment of its purpose is mightily enhanced by the personality of the preacher. Phillips Brooks says "there cannot really be a sermon in a stone, whatever lessons the stone may teach." It is only when a living man has seized the truth which the stone suggests to him and brought it home to the understanding of living men that its message becomes a sermon.

There is no life work in which the personality of the worker counts so largely as the ministry of the gospel of Jesus Christ. "Why do you ministers work so hard all the week," asked a layman, "and then come up to Sunday with two sermons that you know to be poorer than thousands which can be had in printed form? Why not bring to the people the best that can be found in all the sermonic literatures of the world?" Why? Simply because the preacher must be himself; and no man can be really himself in the use of the thoughts and words of others. His effort becomes that of the impersonator whose whole endeavor is to be for the time not himself but another. The effectiveness of preaching depends not so much upon the message as upon the messenger. If it were not so, then the sermon might often be omitted altogether from the service of worship that the worshiper might have time at home for the reading of a sermon or book which presents the truth in more logical, or instructive, or convincing form than the oral message of the preacher of the day is likely to do.

But who that has listened to the impassioned words of a great preacher and then, after the passing of years, has read from the printed page the identical words which on the other day he heard as they fell hot from the lips and heart of the speaker, has not felt that the preacher himself was a large part of the sermon? During my student days in Boston it was my great privilege to hear many times in the pulpit of Trinity Church that prince of preachers who swayed his city as few men have done. When the time came to gather a few books as the nucleus of a personal library, I selected among the first some volumes of the sermons of Phillips Brooks, thinking thus to bring back, as I sat in my study, the inspiration and uplift of which I had been conscious as I sat in the audience and looked into the face of the preacher. But my expectation was doomed to disappointment. The sermons were works of art, based upon truths which were fundamental. The literary quality was above criticism, bearing evidence of the utmost care in the minutest parts. If

the books had come into my possession as the work of an unknown author, I doubt not that I would have found in them both edification and inspiration. But somehow I could not forget the man who was not there, his magnificent physique, his flashing eye, his torrent of words, his tremendous earnestness which made him a veritable dynamo in the pulpit. I could not bear to read the sermons which had been committed in cold type to the printed page. It was the unspeakable personality of the man, body, heart, and soul, which, more than the words which he uttered, had made the sermons to which I had listened and which seemed to me to be lacking in those which I tried to read.

It is a gospel of experience with which the preacher has to do. Hence the preaching which accomplishes the purpose for which men are called partakes of the nature of testimony. That does not mean that in verbal form the sermon must always be like the statements made from the witness stand in the courts. But the preacher must somehow let it be known to his hearers that he deals with experience and not with theory, if he would exert a molding influence upon the thoughts and lives of those to whom he preaches. There must be a certain definiteness and assurance in the quality of his preaching which impresses upon his hearers the fact that here is one who knows God, that here is one who is able to think God's thoughts after him, that here is one who walks amid the great mysteries of life, death, and the hereafter unafraid, that here is one who has trodden somewhat in advance of the multitude the path that leads to God, that here is one who is called to be an interpreter of God to his fellow men.

But preaching is something more than testimony. It is life. The preacher must identify himself with his message. He must give himself as he preaches his sermon and as he lives his life. Dr. Cuyler tells of a Scotch woman who was asked her opinion of her preacher. "What do I think of him? I would rather see him walk from the door to the pulpit than to hear any other man preach." David Starr Jordan once said of two men of rare spirit, though frail in body, that it would pay the university to retain them on the faculty and continue their salary in full if they were only able once in a while to walk across the campus. The true minister of Christ not only proclaims the gospel message, in a sense he is the message. He cannot withhold himself without jeopardy to the cause which he represents. As men will inevitably interpret his words by his life, the two must correspond; and all the power of his life must be devoted to the enforcement of his message.

With what perfect abandon the great Teacher threw himself into his ministry! His words as they have been brought to us through the centuries have a power of life beyond those of any contemporary. His deeds of helpful service have never been approached by any others. But when words and doings were backed by all the power of his matchless personality it is no wonder that men were amazed and that some who were jealous of their position as leaders were even afraid. When they listened to his words they said, "Never man spake like this man." When they touched him in the midst of the throng, virtue went out of him for their

healing. He stood one day and cried, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life"; and when men looked at him, they saw the way to God.

So the true preacher to-day, by his very presence if not by the words that he speaks, is ever saying, "I have learned the way to God. I have seen the Christ. Come with me and I will show you the way that leads to life." He, by reaching out his hand to those who know not God, becomes the living link which completes the chain of man's connection with God.

JAMES FREEMAN JENNESS.

Downers Grove, Ill.

IN BEHALF OF BOYS AND GIRLS

IN behalf of the boys and girls who are coming into membership in the Methodist Episcopal Church, I beg to raise my voice for a revision of the ritual for baptism. Within the month I have administered the holy sacrament of baptism at the altar of my church to above forty persons. Of these thirty were lads and lasses of from ten to fifteen years of age. They had professed conversion in our revival meetings, had been admitted to preparatory membership, and on my invitation stood at the chancel to take the covenant and to receive holy baptism. They were a lusty group, alert, bright-faced, clear-eyed, happy. The great congregation looked on sympathetically and prayerfully. In discharging my solemn duty on the occasion I addressed to them those awful words of our ritual, "The Baptismal Covenant": "Dost thou renounce the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world, with all covetous desires of the same, and the carnal desires of the flesh, so that thou wilt not follow nor be led by them." And I required these same helpless lads and lasses to answer, "I renounce them all."

They were not an untaught group. They were from our good families. They had been in our Sunday school and Junior League since early childhood. They were as well informed as any average group anywhere. But what did they know about "the works of the devil"; "the vain pomp and glory of the world"; "covetous desires of the same"; "carnal desires of the flesh"? The reading of the Covenant fairly choked me. I felt like apologizing to these youngsters for inflicting upon them, in the church of God and at a moment so happy and glorious, words so archaic, so musty, so meaningless, so inexcusable.

Rightly—and more—emphasis is being placed upon the matter of bringing children into the church. If any child of our glorious Methodism fails of being brought into the church at a tender age, then the church has been recreant in its duty toward that child. Many families, very many, do not present their children for baptism in infancy. I state the fact without comment. In our revival meetings the children are the first to yield to the invitation. They fairly rush into the arms of a loving Saviour when invited so to do. Their conversion is always happy. Their hearts rejoice as do the hearts of older folks and more so. They

receive Christ with a faith that is simple and wonderful. They come into membership in the church with the least possible urging upon the part of the minister. It is truly wonderful, and the sweetest part of our religion, the way children respond and accept their Saviour. Uniformly their joy and delight in Jesus is most striking and beautiful. Their past is the simple life of childhood. Their sins are not many nor specially grievous. The good God receives them gladly, and they receive the good God's redeeming Son gladly, and all in all it is the gladdest part of a modern revival. And then to freeze the marrow in their bones by addressing to them those terrifying words!

Please hear me. There ought to be a revision of this Covenant. Our good big dictionary of to-day contains words in abundance that will express all the thought covered up in these mystic symbols, words that have a present-day meaning and appropriateness. I will not at this moment attempt to frame such a covenant. I am a busy pastor, with scores of young Americans waiting upon my ministry and many hundreds in my Sunday school. It is my joy to have led many hundreds of children to the Saviour and into the church. I plead for them. I plead for a ritual that will sweeten and enrich as well as inform and inspire a worshiping congregation of young people. It can be done, it ought to be done. Do you not think so?

JAMES G. TUCKER.

Mount Carmel, Illinois.

"I WILL ADVERTISE THEE"

THIS is the slogan of one of the prophets in the Bible who was successful in his work. The Bible itself is a textbook on advertising. It is a sacred advertisement. The Bible shows the success of sacred advertising and is itself the most perfect form and style of a paid advertisement, because the book itself is a paid advertisement in that it was purchased by money, brain, and the blood of the martyrs.

There runs through the entire Bible the announcement or the advertisement of the coming of a King, which raised intense expectation. The coming of that King was to be spectacular. He was to be a God, an everlasting Prince. There has never been more effective advertising than that of the announcement of the coming of the Christ by the prophets and seers. His birth as told in the New Testament is the finest piece of descriptive advertising that the world has ever seen or read.

The writers of the Bible intended that Exodus should advertise the departure of the chosen people from Egypt, that Joshua is the Doomsday Book of the Israelites; and the priests certainly ritualism and the Jewish religion in Leviticus, and the advantages of worshiping God in the tabernacle and temple. The lovers of law advertised in Deuteronomy the second law, and the priestly writers continued to advertise or advocate the growth of laws, forms, ceremonies, and religious forms, and the prerogatives of the priests.

Did not Moses advertise the divine mission? It was a spectacular way of advertising when he killed the Egyptian, and even his enemies recall it later. The historic books of the Bible are proof of specific advertising. What can be more spectacular than the story of the sun standing still for Joshua?

The fall of Adam, the temptation of Eve, the flaming sword, the mark on Cain, the tower of Babel, Moses's rod that budded, the miracles, the story of Cain and Abel, and of the Red Sea—surely these were used by the writers and priests most effectively in advertising their religion and their God. Was not the temple an objective advertisement? The holy fire and the holy of holies, the priestly garments and everything connected with the holy worship of the temple—all these were to advertise the presence of God. The wings of the Cherubim, the garments of the priests, the lights that shone on the breasts of the priests, telling of the presence of Jehovah, and the story of the Scapegoat in Leviticus, are all told to advertise certain priestly principles and religious ideas. They were facts, but they were used to advertise their religion and to increase the attendance at church and to instill in the minds of the people a greater regard for God. It was pure and undefiled advertising that brought results.

We preach to a hundred people when by judicious advertising we might bring the people outside the churches into the churches.

There are more people not present at church than are present. Church advertising is to reach the men who most need the gospel. If ever the unsaved are to be saved, and the unchurched are ever to become members of the Church, it must be by advertising. The church has the biggest and most beautiful thing on sale. The good news of the gospel makes everybody happy and everybody needs it and it will do everybody good.

If they do not come for it, we should take it to them and we should take it to them through the medium that reaches their eye, their desks, and their homes, which is the newspaper.

I heartily believe that advertising reacts most favorably upon present members, greatly increases the attendance at the services, and far more than returns its cost in increased income. It gives the church a better standing throughout the neighborhood, steadily increases the membership, stimulates all the activities, and will give the church the attention of the whole people. In advertising we "deliver the goods." "We reclaim lost trade." We get new customers to fill "His House" with people.

Every church should have a fund for advertising, and pay for advertising just as it pays for preaching and for the janitor.

It would pay to keep a fund separate for advertising purposes in every church. Every pastor should be taught how to advertise.

Among the advantages of advertising are: (1) The church has the most important message. (2) The world needs this inspiration. (3) The only way to give it universality is by advertising. Advertising attracts attention, intensifies interest, and produces results.

J. T. B. SMITH.

Chicago, Ill.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB**THE SEARCH FOR THE FUNDAMENTALS—ROM. 8. 1-9**

THE necessity of religion to satisfy the needs and aspirations of mankind is felt in all races and ages, even among those whose perceptions are distorted and very imperfect. However low their conceptions of the mysterious powers from which they seek relief, they feel that they need the help of some power beyond themselves. They see through a glass, darkly, but they see that there is a realm where God rules and where suffering souls must seek refuge from the sorrows that encompass them.

There probably never was a time when the deep problems of human life and destiny were so much in the minds and hearts of men as in the great crisis through which the world is now passing. Humanity bleeding and in agony is crying out for God, for the living God, who hears prayer and is near in every time of trial. The literary critical problems concerning the Scriptures have given place to the deeper problems of the inner life of which they are the sacred depository.

Much has been written concerning the fundamentals of Christianity on which all Christians should unite in a universal brotherhood which knows no clime, no race, no external conditions; a brotherhood which will be cemented by love. Men are seeking for the fundamentals. How may we ascertain what the fundamentals are and where they may be found?

It seems to the writer that this can best be done by asking, What are the needs of humanity that are universally felt in the present great crisis in human history?

The fundamentals of Christianity may be regarded as the truths which Christ has provided to meet the needs of the human soul. A great teacher wrote in the album of his student a sentiment in six words well worth keeping in remembrance: "Nothing in ourselves. All in Christ." Paul in his letter to the Colossians wonderfully asserts the fullness of Christ to supply all the needs of humanity: "Where there cannot be Greek and Jew, circumcision and uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bondman, freeman: but Christ is all, and in all." These needs may not be fully realized nor verbally expressed, but they are in human nature, and are revealed in the great crises of every human life. The first thing that arrests attention is the universal feeling that man is not what he ought to be; that he has not measured up to the lowest ideals which thoughtful men feel to be the true life, much less to the sublime teachings of Christianity. Things are awry, the world has gone wrong, it needs to be made right. In Scripture language, men are sinners. They are under sin's power and they feel the oppression.

We are not discussing a dogma of religion, but a question of daily experience. The great problem of this modern age is how men who have gone wrong shall be made right. This is the problem of all religions. It is the problem which humanity, consciously or unconsciously, is trying to solve to-day. The question has been answered by the greatest teacher

that has appeared, save the Master himself, the apostle Paul. He states the problem and presents the remedy in his Epistle to the Romans. In the previous discussion he has shown the universal sinfulness of man. There is no exception, "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." He has shown that the remedies that have been provided apart from divine revelation are inadequate to reach the depths of human need. He has shown that the moral law given on Sinai, although it was spiritual, and the "commandment holy and just and good," has not brought man to perfection.

It has revealed his disease, but has not provided an adequate remedy. In the seventh chapter—so full of human experience—Paul has shown the conflict of the awakened soul struggling for the higher life which his mind approves, but which in his own strength he cannot attain.

In the eighth chapter Paul shows that the life in Christ Jesus satisfies the needs of humanity under all conditions. The cry of despair at the close of the seventh chapter, "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" is answered by the joyous cry of deliverance, "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord."

The union of the believer with Jesus Christ by faith, as shown in the sixth chapter, has brought the soul into the precious experience, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus. For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus made me free from the law of sin and death." Rom. 8, 1, 2.

With what does the causal particle "therefore" connect? It is probably an inference from the whole preceding discussion. Vaughan remarks, "Now the apostle is free to expatiate unchecked on a wide field which takes in both time and eternity, both grace and glory."

The last part of the fourth verse, "who walk not after the flesh but after the spirit," is not found in some important manuscripts, and is omitted in the Revised Version. It presents the fundamental proposition of the gospel. It is the fundamental truth of Christian liberty. Sanday says of the eighth chapter: "This chapter carries us into the inmost circle and heart of Christianity. It treats of that peculiar state of beatitude, of refined and chastened joy, for which no form of secularism is able to provide even the remotest equivalent." We are here taught that the bondage to sin has been broken and sinners, through faith in Christ, have entered into the freedom of the gospel.

It should be noted that in the conflict of the awakened soul in the seventh chapter there is no mention of the Spirit. In this chapter the Spirit becomes the dominant word, especially in the first seventeen verses. The "law of the Spirit" has become victor over the "law of sin and death." The life in Christ Jesus has filled the soul of the believer and he no longer "walks after the flesh but after the spirit." The reason for the failure of the law to rescue sinful humanity is given in the third verse: "For what the law could not do" (Greek, the inability of the law, or the impossible thing of the law), not through the imperfection of the law but the weakness of the flesh, the dominance of his lower nature, "God, sending his own Son," not an angel, not a messenger merely, but

a Son, "in the likeness of sinful flesh"—that is, "with a human body, which was so far like the physical organization of the rest of mankind but yet which was not in him, as in other men, the seat of sin." (Sanday.) Beet, on the word "likeness," says: "The material of Christ's body was like that of our bodies, which are controlled by sin. This proves that the sending refers to Christ's birth. God sent his own Son, though sinless, clothed in flesh like that in which sin dwells. This implies his existence before his birth as even then God's own Son." In this flesh he proclaimed the doom of sin and the enthronement of righteousness.

The apostle now describes the helpless and sinful state of those under dominion of the flesh and contrasts it with the freedom of those who have received the Spirit of God, who has given to believers the new life in Christ Jesus. Those who are of the flesh exercise their minds upon the things of the flesh. Their intellect and affections are centered upon ambition, pleasure, and that which concerns this life only. Their works are described by Paul in Rom. 1; Gal. 5. 19-21. What a fearful catalogue. On the other hand, those who are of the Spirit set their affections on things above. How beautiful is Paul's description of those whose lives have been illuminated and transformed into the life inwrought in the soul by the Holy Spirit. "But the fruit of the Spirit is love" and all its accompanying graces—which, if realized in the lives of mankind, would make this world a Paradise.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE TEXT OF THE OLD TESTAMENT

PROFESSOR EDWARD NAVILLE, of the University of Geneva, Switzerland, delivered December, 1915, a course of lectures before the British Academy in London, in which he discussed with great learning and candor the question of the language and script of the Old Testament (see Schweich Lectures for 1915). These have, at last, appeared in book form. They are both interesting and scholarly and as such have already attracted the attention of many Bible students, and, no doubt, they will continue to be read and criticized by scholars of all schools of biblical criticism; for just now much of the so-called "settled results" of criticism, when applied to the Old Testament, are found wanting, much more so than when the Graf-Wellhausen theory was accepted as scientific truth.

Professor Naville puts up a very strong argument to prove that the Massoretic text of the Hebrew Bible, on which almost all modern versions are based, is of much later origin than has been generally supposed. Indeed, he goes so far as to say that not a single book of the Old Testament was originally written in Hebrew, but that the entire collection is a translation from kindred languages.

Whatever the language in which these books may have been written, it will be readily admitted that the square letters in which they have come to us cannot be much older than the Christian era. This being so, no

one will care to maintain that any book of the Hebrew Scriptures was originally written in this script.

Writing goes back in many lands to gray antiquity. It was employed by the Semitic people at the very least four thousand years before our era. The earliest Semitic writing yet discovered is the cuneiform, which originated not with the Semites, but with the Sumerians, a non-Semitic people. At any rate, whether the Sumerians originated the cuneiform style of writing or not, they made use of it before the Semites did.

There is no general agreement as to the origin of Canaanite script, sometimes called Phœnician and Old Hebrew. Some have contended for a cuneiform derivation, others have maintained that it is a modification of the Egyptian hieroglyphs, while others still, like Sir Arthur Evans and Mosso, do not hesitate to seek for it a Cretan origin. Professor Naville accepts the Cretan derivation, and in support of this view, quotes Sir Arthur Evans:

"As for the Phœnician alphabet the attempts to trace it to an old Semitic source like the cuneiform or still more to Egyptian hieroglyphs ended in failure. . . . In view of the preponderating influence of the Ægean civilization on the coast of Canaan and the actual settlement there of the Philistine tribes, the derivation of the Phœnician letters has to be considered from a Minoan source."

But leaving the script, and to return to the language of the earlier Hebrew books, Professor Naville argues that these must have been written not only in the script but also in the language of Babylonia. He is, to be sure, not the first to entertain this view, for Conder, Sayce, Berger, and Jeremias as well as many others not so well known had already suggested it.

No one will doubt the *possibility* of the Babylonian cuneiform being used in this way. It was the common script for many, many centuries. The Code of Hammurabi, which dates back many ages before Israel was in Egypt, appears in it. This great ruler has been identified by some of the most distinguished scholars as the Amraphel of Genesis, and therefore a contemporary of Abraham, the founder of the Hebrew people. Abraham, it should be remembered, was not an ordinary emigrant, but rather a powerful sheik at the head of a large clan, of whom quite a goodly number were able to bear arms. Coming from Ur of the Chaldees, there can be no reasonable doubt that he spoke the Babylonian language and was familiar with the cuneiform script, current in his days, as well as for centuries afterwards. Genesis, indeed, mentions the fact that when he purchased a parcel of land at Macpelah from the Hittites, they gave him a formal deed for the property. Such deeds, written on clay tablets, have been discovered in large numbers. We know, too, that the Hittites of Boghaz Keni used the cuneiform script for their contract tablets. There is, therefore, no reason for thinking that the Hittite colony at Hebron could not have done the same.

Such a chieftain as Abraham would have some culture, some laws for the governing of his tribe; if these were reduced to writing they would most naturally be in cuneiform, the script prevailing from the

Euphrates and beyond to the Mediterranean and from Armenia to the Nile. If written at all, they would be on clay tablets, durable and easily carried along with the patriarch wherever he went. It may not be too bold a conjecture to think that material for the first portion of the book of Genesis may have been among these tablets. Of course, this is mere conjecture, but let us ask with Professor Naville if it is any more so than the 264 fragments patched together in the formation of Genesis with its J, E, JE, P, R, etc.?

Moses was born while the Israelites were in Egyptian bondage, and, according to the Hebrew Scriptures, was taken while a babe to the court of Pharaoh, and brought up and educated in all the wisdom of the Egyptians. The training of a courtier, then as now, would, no doubt, include instruction in languages, especially in the language and script most common in that day, the language understood by all the Semitic governors and rulers subject to Egypt. The Tell-el-Amarna tablets, correspondence from officials in Palestine, Syria, and other countries tributary to the Pharaohs, are sure testimony to the prevalence of the Babylonian cuneiform at a time somewhat earlier than that of Moses and the exodus.

Admitting that Egypt had its own system of writing, these tablets, nevertheless, prove that the Egyptians were familiar with cuneiform. What could have been more natural than that Moses, a Semite himself, should have been versed in that language and script, or that the Israelites, though they might have employed the literary language of Babylonia, spoke a dialect that was very similar to it? There was, as is well known, a great resemblance between the various Semitic dialects, and the farther back we go the greater the resemblance. There can therefore be no reason for supposing that the immediate descendants of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob did not speak the language of their distinguished founder.

Nor can there be any reason for believing that the Israelites in Egypt were unfamiliar with writing. Morally and religiously they were the peers of their neighbors, why not then intellectually? If they had any written records it would most probably be in the language and script current among the Semitic peoples of the period from the Euphrates to the Nile. Nor is there any reason for disputing the Hebrew tradition that Moses gave laws to his people, or that such laws and religious instruction were reduced to writing. If so, this would naturally be in cuneiform. For let us repeat, for emphasis, that this script was in very general use centuries before Moses as well as centuries after his time.

It is, however, not known that the Canaanite script, that is, the Phœnician or the so-called Hebrew alphabet, had been invented before Moses had left Egypt. Notwithstanding many explorations in Palestine, no writing in the Canaanite script of an early period has been unearthed. The few tablets discovered at Gezer and Taanach are in cuneiform. Professor Naville quotes the following from Professor Sellin, who found eight tablets at the latter site: "Between 1500 and 1350 B. C., Babylonian writing was the only one used at the courts of the princes of Palestine. . . . Even supposing that this writing was used only by the rulers and their officials, and that the people could not read and write, this fact is certain: in the

already extensive excavations which have been carried on in Palestine no document has ever been found in any except Babylonian writing. As for the Phœnician or Old Hebrew writing, it cannot be asserted with certainty that it existed before the ninth century."

Incidentally it might be noted here, though it has no immediate bearing upon the text of the Old Testament, that cuneiform writing was not limited to the Semitic people, for in the archives of the court at Boghaz Keni, the capital of the Hittites, a very large number of tablets in this script were brought to light; nor were all of them in the Babylonian language. There was also in cuneiform a treaty of Rameses II and Hattusil, a Hittite king. It is well known that this Egyptian ruler was a persecutor of the children of Israel, therefore reigned about Moses's time.

Now supposing that Moses is the author of the Pentateuch—Professor Naville maintains that he did write the bulk of it—and did write it in Babylonian cuneiform, the question naturally arises: How long did it remain in that form or when was it changed into Hebrew characters, in which we have it now? Let the Professor answer for himself: "Their present form was given them when the rabbis turned the books into the vernacular of Jerusalem, to which a new script, the square Hebrew, derived from Aramaic, was adopted. The Judaic dialect written with that alphabet is what is called Hebrew."

All schools of biblical criticism agree that the various books of the Old Testament cover a period of at least about one thousand years. In so long a period there must have been changes in both script and language. This would be true of any language and literature. Consequently a different script or dialect should be expected from writers separated by a period of nine or ten centuries. Looked at from this standpoint, the conclusion of Professor Naville that the Pentateuch has passed through at least two translations before assuming its present form will not appear strange.

The final revision or translation "into Hebrew, that is, Jewish, the spoken dialect of Jerusalem"—to use Professor Naville's own words—"was put into writing by the rabbis about the time of the Christian era."

This hypothesis, to say the least, is novel, if not startling; for it neither agrees with the advanced higher critic, who depresses the date of almost every book in the Old Testament, nor yet with the conservative, who, in the main, has accepted the rabbinical tradition that Ezra is the author of the canon, and that the Hebrew Bible as we have it to-day is practically the same as it came from him.

Speaking of the superseding of the Babylonian cuneiform by the Aramaic, Professor Naville says: "It happened in Palestine as in Mesopotamia that the people went over from Babylonian cuneiform to Aramaic by a kind of a literary evolution chiefly occasioned by the invention of the Aramaic alphabet, a far more practical script for common use than cuneiform, which could be written only on wet clay."

Let us now ask for some evidence that the Jews had adopted the Aramaic. We find traces of it in our Saviour's quotations from the Old Testament, notably in the phrase: *Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani*" (Mark 15. 34). But as in the case of the universal use of cuneiform we must turn

for proof to Egypt, where the Tell-el-Amarna tablets were dug up. For here, too, were discovered Aramaic papyri of great value at Elephantine, where there was a colony of Jews, the most important of which is the one addressed to Bagoas, the governor of Judah, asking that the temple which had been erected there by their fathers, and destroyed by the Egyptians, might be reconstructed." Though these papyri date from 494 B. C. to 405 B. C., it is known that large numbers of Jews had settled in Egypt at an earlier date, at least as early as the eighth century B. C. Isaiah speaks of five cities in the land of Egypt that "speak the language of Canaan" (Isaiah 19. 18). The papyri brought to light at Elephantine are all in Aramaic without a trace of Hebrew except in a few proper names. Professor Sachau, who has examined these papyri as carefully as any scholar, says: "I have searched with the keenest interest every bit, every fragment from Elephantine in the hope of finding something Hebrew, but in vain. The Jewish colony had Hebrew names, but everything written was in Aramaic."

No doubt these Jewish colonists at Elephantine carried with them not only their religious ideas and practices, for they had their own temple, but also their language. Thus, then, if they spoke Aramaic in Egypt it may be logically inferred that they spoke the same language in Palestine before coming to Egypt. This being true, the language of Canaan was not Hebrew but Aramaic. Let no one say that Aramaic was limited to diplomacy and official correspondence, for there is abundant evidence in the numberless *ostraca* found in the ruins of Elephantine that Aramaic was the language of the common people as well, for on these broken potsherds are jotted memoranda concerning all manner of trivial business affairs.

In conclusion, let us ask, if this hypothesis of the learned Swiss professor be correct, if no book of the Old Testament was originally written in Hebrew, but rather in Babylonian or Aramaic, and if the Pentateuch, especially, had undergone two translations before appearing in its present form, that is, Massoretic text, which cannot be much older than the Christian era, what becomes of the documentary theory, with its minute analysis, based very largely upon difference in vocabulary, linguistic peculiarities, and style?

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

SUBSTITUTES FOR CHRISTIANITY

THE recognition of the indispensableness of religion in human society is a marked characteristic of the thought of the present day. The older men of our generation can, however, look back upon a time when it was not so. In that earlier period an aggressive naturalism in philosophy and the socialists' materialistic interpretation of history represented religion as a damaging illusion and a hindrance to progress. To-day it would be difficult to name a significant movement of thought that is expressly anti-religious. This situation has awakened, at least in America, a very general optimism respecting the religious outlook. With few

exceptions the many books and essays that treat of the religious outlook strike the note of joy because of the general "drift toward religion." In this hopeful strain we are glad to bear a part. Only we must not suffer ourselves to be beguiled into the fancy that a revival of interest in the problem of religion is in itself equivalent to a return to Christ. Even in a nominally Christian society we dare not assume that every manifestation of religious life is a sign of essential Christianity. To be "for religion" is not always to be for Christ. Even Antichrist is not anti-religion. Yet doubtless the growing sense of the indispensableness of religion is a very hopeful sign. The recognition of the need of religion may be for many men a step toward the acknowledgment of Jesus as the Christ. But when our observation of the spirit and tendency of the modern religious movements reveals some of them as frankly opposing, some as radically perverting biblical and historical Christianity, our optimism cannot remain unqualified.

Proposed substitutes for Christianity are not exclusively of recent date. Yet they are in a marked degree characteristic products of the most modern intellectual and social development. Several of the most notable of these substitute religions are native American products. These are already tolerably familiar to us; and in any case they do not fall within the scope of a "foreign outlook." But we shall also exclude from our present survey some of the older movements of foreign origin, either because they are already familiar to us all or else have only historic significance. As leading phenomena of this group mention may be made of the cult of reason of the French Revolution, the cult of humanity in the positivism of Comte, and the theosophic system of Madame Blavatsky. Again, we do not find occasion in the present connection to take special notice of the Buddhist and the Hindu propaganda in Christian countries. We shall consider only such recently proposed alternatives to Jesus Christ as have had their origin within the cultural organism of Christendom. Babi-Behaism might perhaps fairly find a place here since this movement has of late so earnestly sought contact with certain elements of Christianity and has won an exceptional recognition from some Christian people; yet because it is really an extraneous movement we shall not include it.

Many different countries have presented phenomena belonging to the category of substitutes for Christianity. In the numbers of such phenomena, broadly and inclusively regarded, America undoubtedly stands first. With their various types we are only too familiar. Some of the European countries, however, show a type of religious movement which is but little in evidence among us. It is such a movement as grows out of the reflective thought of competent scholars and is openly offered as a substitute for Christianity. Only one movement of American origin falls under this description, namely, the Ethical Culture movement. But the founder of the Society for Ethical Culture, Dr. Felix Adler, is a Jew of foreign birth and education. Our more typically American substitutes for Christianity, such as Christian Science and New Thought, are notoriously deficient in speculative grasp and in a power of consistent self-criticism. One of these even fails to recognize that it is not Christian.

Within the last two decades the land which has put forth the most noteworthy "philosophers' religions" is Germany. The new substitutes for Christianity remind us of certain kindred movements of earlier times. Goethe had a religion, but he clearly recognized its difference from Christianity. "I am not a Christian. I am not, indeed, an anti-Christian, but I am a decided non-Christian." His religion was essentially a revival of the classical principles of self-realization. His philosophy of life shows many significant points of contact with Christianity. He would gladly make use of many elements of Christianity, while striving toward an ideal which he clearly knew was not of Jesus. Strauss also knew that the religion that he preached in his later period was not Christianity. Such a man as Lagarde did not go so far; he only proposed the "Germanization of Christianity." Nietzsche, on the other hand, was more radical than Strauss. He could not say with Goethe: "I am not anti-Christian." He was boldly and aggressively anti-Christian. The historical significance of Nietzsche rests upon the fact that it was not merely the dogmas but above all the morals of Christianity that he attacked. Much as we recoil from the spirit and tendency of the Nietzschean ethica, we gratefully recognize its absolute frankness in its opposition to Christianity. But even Nietzsche is too much written about to require our special attention at this time. Nor shall we pause to philosophize upon the tendency, so common in our time, to regard one's absorbing enthusiasm for some object or one's loyalty to some cause, as being one's "religion." Such enthusiasms are generally too individual, too private, to have a public significance. Those who entertain them seldom offer them as a program for others.

The conscious propaganda for this or that substitute religion assumes various forms or adopts various methods. Sometimes it openly attacks the church and calls for secession from it. Not infrequently, however, the institution and its traditions are left unmentioned. The result in the latter case is likely to be an inward substitution without an outward break with tradition.

It would be interesting to inquire into the causes that have made the intellectual soil of Germany more fruitful of seriously proposed substitutes for Christianity than that of other nations. It has not always been so. For a hundred years from the beginning of the French Revolution all the notable conscious rivals of Christianity that sprang up on the soil of Christendom were French: the cult of reason, the theophilanthropic movement, the positivistic religion of Comte. We cannot venture a complete answer to the inquiry. No doubt, however, the unfortunate aspects of the modern history of the relation of church and state have had something to do with it. Powerful as has been the religious thought in Germany in recent years, the church in its existing form could afford it but small opportunity for effectual expression. Along with the statement of the general situation we must mention also the fact that the modern German passion for organization has led the freethinkers, who in an earlier day would have confined their speculations to books and conversation, to seek to win the people to a practical adoption of their

principles. A significant aspect of these movements is the fact that their protagonists are animated by a national spirit, and appeal to the people as a whole. They have no mind for organizing some mere sect.

We may classify the new substitute religions according to their controlling motives. Some are æsthetic, some ethical, some scientific, and finally some are mystical.

The æsthetic substitute for religion is of course never a positive system, but only a ruling idea. This idea is that the satisfaction and ennobling of life is to be sought not in the worship of a postulated Deity, but by means of the beautiful in nature and art. Such a thought was dominant in the "religion" of Richard Wagner. But the most decided and consistent representative of this standpoint is Ernst Horneffer, originally a disciple of Nietzsche. Horneffer's watchword is: "Der Wille zur Form," as Nietzsche's had been: "Der Wille zur Macht." Of course Horneffer understands the term "form" in a very broad sense. It includes not only artistic appreciation and production in the stricter sense, but the whole range of personal life, individual and social.

Horneffer was born in 1871. His enthusiastic adherence to Nietzsche found expression in various activities, especially in his Lectures on Nietzsche (1900, eleventh edition, 1904). In 1905 Horneffer came forward with a series of lectures on The Future Religion, which he delivered in several cities. The lectures were accompanied by discussions which in some instances assumed a rather sensational form. It is significant and characteristic of the general tendency of the age that Horneffer strongly asserts that every great civilization rests upon a religious basis, and that the supreme need of the age is a genuine inward religious conviction. But he criticizes the church severely and passionately; nor does his criticism confine itself to the church. Christianity itself is assailed. In the "Will to Form" he gives a sketch of a new religion. "Form" means organization for cultural ends. Christianity is not wholly bad, but it should be done away, even before the new religion has been duly clarified and tested. Instead of the Christian love of one's neighbor, Horneffer sets "creative power" as the supreme virtue. Instead of the Christian idea of God, in which the notion of the divine perfection is emphasized—a notion which is only an "oppressive burden"—he would inculcate faith in an "unfinished" creative will, which is to be brought to its formation through us, and so find its "deliverance." Similar thoughts are found in the writings of E. von Hartmann and his disciple, Arthur Drews, of The Christ Myth fame. At one point even Mr. Britling's theology is much the same. Horneffer's ethical ideals are in certain important respects decidedly strict, even "heroic"—he insists upon the inviolability of monogamous marriage and chastity before marriage—and his whole theory of life is at least earnest and sincere. Nor has he been satisfied with mere words, but has sought to put his doctrine into practice by organization and a variety of activities. Numerically considered his following is as yet not very significant. His violent attacks upon the church are at least in part excusable in view of the abnormal and hampering relation of church to state in Germany.

The substitution of ethical endeavor and ethical culture for Christianity (and for all religion in the strict sense of the term) is represented in Germany and other countries by branches of the well-known "Society for Ethical Culture." A characteristic feature of ethical culture—within and without the "Society"—is the stress laid upon nationalism. We cannot (it is said) serve all mankind directly; we must strive first of all to serve our own people. The ideal of certain philosophers of this tendency is above all to inculcate loyalty in one's station and calling, and loyalty to other social ranks, higher and lower, and supreme loyalty to the supreme authority.

In connection with the subject of "Ethical Culture" in Germany we must say a special word concerning Professor F. W. Foerster. Born in Berlin in 1869 as son of Wilhelm Foerster, the astronomer, Friedrich Foerster early became, like his father, an ardent supporter of the Society for Ethical Culture. The German organ of the movement, "Ethische Kultur," was for some years edited by him. On account of an article on "The Kaiser and Social Democracy" he was condemned to a term of imprisonment. He afterward removed to Zurich, where, in addition to vigorous activities as secretary of the International Alliance for Ethical Culture, he labored as privatdozent in the university and organized free courses of ethical instruction for the boys and girls of the city. Out of this latter activity grew the most popular of his many admirable books—his *Jugendlehre* (1904 up to 1909 40,000 copies sold). His immense success in pedagogical lines led to his appointment to the chair of pedagogy at Munich. But we specially desired to mention two things concerning Foerster. One is that some years ago he forsook the narrower standpoint of ethical culture and became an evangelical Christian. The other thing is that he has written concerning the causes of the present war in such a way as to bring upon his head the wrath of many of his compatriots. For he criticized very frankly the militaristic party of Germany and refused to exculpate Germany from a pretty large share in the guilt of the beginning of the war. A goodly number of Foerster's colleagues in Munich published a declaration of hearty disapprobation of his views. Perhaps his early imprisonment for *lèse majesté* and his long residence in the republic of Switzerland had made Foerster's vision a little keener.

Movements to make science a substitute for all religion have appeared from time to time in various countries since the period of the French Encyclopædists. That which specially characterizes the more recent movements in relation to this matter is that they do not propose to do away with all religion, but only propose to substitute a "religion of science" for Christianity. There are still, of course, many philosophers and scientists who either deny the reality of the object of religious belief or at least are agnostic in relation to the matter. But there are very few to-day who do not recognize that "religion" at least has a valuable social function. Just what a man's criteria of truth may be who can acknowledge a real, constructive, and permanent good as resulting from no other ground or cause than a subjective illusion, we have never been able to

guess. But at all events our modern scientists and philosophers are almost unanimous in recognizing the necessity and rights of "religion," even though some of them find no necessity for a God. The most noteworthy attempt to create a religion on the basis of natural science is that represented by the Monistic Alliance. Under the earlier leadership of the (German) Monistic Alliance (Haeckel) the recognition of the religious interests of human nature was scant. Under the leadership of Ostwald this recognition has been enlarged. Ostwald has made it a part of his program to provide for the complete moral and religious training of the youth on the basis of natural science and a monistic philosophy. While we must deplore the spiritual poverty of such a movement, yet we cannot fail to recognize a certain significance in the fact that the monists of Germany, Switzerland, and France refuse to discard all religion.

The return of the tide of mysticism is one of the marked features of the recent development of Christian thought. The anti-mystical polemic of Ritschlianism was perhaps in the main wholesome. Nevertheless the revival of interest in mysticism in our day is a very impressive and significant phenomenon. The recognition of a mystical element—"eine gesunde Mystik"—in Christianity is, however, much less than the acceptance of a fundamental mysticism. There is in every land to-day a tendency to substitute some form of religiosity for positive, historical Christianity. Whether in the form of a Europeanized theosophy or in the form of any individual religious phantasy, positive Christianity is often displaced to make room for some pleasing form of religiosity—a vague sense of reverence for the great world-mystery instead of the worship of the God revealed in Christ.

This tendency to mysticism, especially in forms more or less alien to Christianity, has lately manifested itself very strongly in scientific circles in various countries. The old scientific skepticism respecting the biblical testimony seems to hold sway in the minds of many men of that class. For many of them the Bible is a closed passage—"no thoroughfare." Yet they long for religious comfort. Some form of theosophy, or some religion of the feeling, mingled perhaps with a strange credulousness as to "psychic phenomena," seems to them the only open way. It is our part to labor and to pray that the closed passage of the written Word be opened again to all men, even to those who are learned in the book of nature.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

The Christ We Forget. A Life of Our Lord for Men of To-day. By P. WHITEWELL WILSON. 8vo, pp. xvi+328. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, \$1.50 net.

The Jesus of History. By T. R. GLOVER. 12mo, pp. xiv+225. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, \$1 net.

THESE two books deal with the life and teachings of Jesus in a way out of the ordinary. Mr. Wilson is Parliamentary Correspondent of the London Daily News and has taken a conspicuous place among the ablest journalists of the British metropolis. The war sent him to the Bible for inspiration and guidance. He read the Book with perseverance and resolution and there made the discovery of Him who alone can help in trouble and crisis. "Over and over again, nations have revived by reading the forgotten Bible. . . . So did the Reformers, the Puritans, and the Methodists, and so do missionaries the wide world over. Don't worry about clergy and churches. Let them go their own way—at any rate, for the moment. Read and know the Bible, and all else, including public worship, will fall into its place." This is a layman's account of the impressions made on him by Christ as he read the story for himself. And so we have an unconventional volume about the unconventional Christ. For that reason alone this is a very refreshing book. It introduces us to aspects of the Unique One which have either been neglected or overlooked, but which make him ever so much more attractive. While scholarship is never intrusive, its presence is marked on every page and the style of writing is vivid and forceful. The opening sentences arrest the reader: "Here, in my room under the eaves, with my mother's Bible before me, and the clamor of history a mere murmur in the distance, I am to write for those who wish to read this outline of the life of Jesus, the Christ of God. I am to write as one who has, for himself, watched great men and great events, but can recall none so great as he, and what he did. What I here present is not a fifth biography of him, where incidents are set out in order of date, but a portrait, in which many aspects are blended, stroke by stroke and sentence by sentence, until his face, his form, his character are gradually revealed, as on a canvas. Yet he is more than any such picture—for he lives and moves amongst us, even to-day. And if this book teaches anything, it is that we must see him, if at all, each for himself." The author keeps his promise. The interest is sustained right through to the last page and one closes the book with renewed consecration to Jesus Christ. Concerning his irresistible claims we read: "The world is ever drawn back to a Personage who with effortless grandeur fills the stage of history; and even the most careless of us realizes, when he gives himself time to think, that if Christ's status be reduced, so is the status of all mankind. Slavery, sweating, injustice, vice—these and every degradation of our race are rebuked in Christ and cannot survive.

Once and for all, he challenged Rousseau's despairing dictum, that 'man is born free, but is everywhere in chains.' Mary, the Virgin Mother, is referred to as "a peasant-princess devoid of what is called genius." "She was no Esther, destined by her beauty to sway an Eastern court. Elizabeth of Hungary was a woman of sincere piety, but her saintliness turned to tragedy, and even Joan of Arc lived too much on visions. But Mary's temperament was normal. She was as orderly, as sensible, and as capable as Florence Nightingale. She did not prophesy. She did not preach. She suffered no martyrdom. In her home there was a steady discipline and every wholesome interest. Her vocation was housekeeping, and she adorned it." The Master's practice of precision and definiteness is described in quite an original manner, though not wholly free from excusable fancy. It is in the chapter on "The Education of Jesus." "His favorite subject was arithmetic, in which his accuracy, as of a skilled artisan, accustomed to the foot-rule, was unerring. He always liked to put a numeral into his teaching, and the numerals were always appropriate. There were five wise virgins and five foolish ones. The first servant had five talents, and the second two, while the third had only one. The laborers were engaged at one penny a day, and the last gang began work at the eleventh hour. The woman hid her leaven in three measures of meal—how often had our Saviour seen his mother do the same!—and what the other housewife lost was one piece of silver out of ten. He spoke not vaguely of sheep, but precisely of an hundred sheep, less one, which leaves ninety and nine. The price of sparrows was two to the farthing; the seed, if properly sown, would yield, some thirtyfold, some sixtyfold, and some an hundredfold, showing that even good ground varies in fertility. God forgives us ten thousand talents; all that we can forgive our neighbor is, by comparison, one hundred pence. . . . In him we see God as Craftsman, calculating the times and seasons by his solar system, yet numbering with equal care the very hairs of our head. In that divine audit, not one of us at any time can be 'missing.' Amid the abundance, not one soul and not one morsel of bread must be wasted. Here is a ledger in which all the figures are set out without concealment or chicanery, an example for stock exchange, banker, missionary society, merchant, company promoter, and cathedral chapter, of what is meant by honest finance." There is a very striking chapter on "Christ and Finance." Four chapters consider the fact and teachings of the Temptation. "The Judge on His Throne" discusses the Sermon on the Mount, "What His Truth Costs" has to do with the parables. There is a great deal of sensible writing on the miracles, which sets the subject in the right context. By the side of this exceptionally suggestive book, we place Glover on The Jesus of History. Those who have read his great chapter, "Jesus of Nazareth," in his important book, *The Conflict of Religions in the Early Roman Empire*, will be glad to read this extended exposition of the teaching and influence of our Lord. He uses illustrations quite extensively from the Latin classics and from the best literature. The chapter on "The Man and His Mind" gives with remarkable vividness the mental atmosphere in which the parables were spoken. Jesus's habits of

thought were marked by "a certain swiftness, a quick realization of a situation, a character, or the meaning of a word. . . . He saw things instantly and in a flash. The tone of the parables is due largely to this gift of visualizing, to use an ugly modern word, and of doing it with swiftness and precision." There are chapters on the relation of Jesus to his disciples, and his teaching on God, man, sin, and the choice of the cross. They are all marked by clear insight and lucid writing. The chapter on "The Christian Church in the Roman Empire" makes real the task of the disciples in the face of serious difficulties. Paganism was strong in the splendor of its art, architecture, and ceremony, and in its infinite adaptability. But it failed because it stood for the "unexamined life"; because it did not associate morals with religion; because, in common with all forms of polytheism, men were afraid of the gods; because it took from the grave none of its terrors and had no message of immortality. The Christian succeeded because he "out-lived" the pagan, "out-died" him, and "out-thought" him. "The old religion crumbled and fell, beaten in thought, in morals, in life, in death. And by and by the only name for it was paganism, the religion of the back-country village, of the out-of-the-way places. Christ had conquered." The argument from experience is impressively handled in the closing chapter, "Jesus in Christian Thought." Here is a timely word as to our present situation: "In the case of every great revival—the Wesleyan revival, and the smaller ones in the United States, in the north of Ireland, in Wales—in every one we find that, where anything is really achieved, it is done by a new and thorough-going emphasis on Jesus Christ." It is no small compliment to say of these books by Wilson and Glover that they both help to rediscover Jesus.

In the Day of the Ordeal. Sermons. By W. P. PATERSON, D.D., Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh. 8vo, pp. vii+262. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, \$2, net.

The Master's Comfort and Hope. Sermons on John XIII. 31—XIV. 31. By ALFRED E. GARVIE, D.D., Principal of New College, London. 8vo, pp. xiv+239. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, \$2 net.

The Sacrifice of Thankfulness. Sermons. By HENRY MELVILLE GWATKIN, D.D., late Dixie Professor of Ecclesiastical History, The University of Cambridge. 8vo, pp. xxiv+166. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, \$2 net.

THE preaching for these distracted times must deal with providence and faith, with redemption, sacrifice, and fortitude. It must make God real and Christ precious to us. It must guide the intellect, warm the heart, and quicken the will. The teaching function of the pulpit needs to be emphasized for the sake of direction which those in the pew are seeking. Scholarly preaching with the prophetic unction is the demand. This implies a combination of qualities. There must be vision, under-

standing, enthusiasm, energy, courage, patience, and ability to bring things to pass. It is surely a summons to versatility, but nothing less will do. "Many congregations would apparently rather have a business man's administration than to have a true prophet in their pulpit." All the more then is the need, as Bishop McDowell so well demonstrates in his Yale lectures, why the prophet should by his bearing and message make himself indispensable. The type of preaching which can effectually build up Christian character is illustrated by these three volumes of sermons. The first is by a Presbyterian, the second by a Congregationalist, and the third by an Anglican; but the fact of denominational differences does not obtrude itself. Dr. Paterson has a sermon on The Presbyterian Heritage, and Dr. Gwatkin refers to the Episcopal Church in his sermon on The Lord's Supper; but outside of this the sermons have the ring of a scholarly and spiritual catholicity. These preachers are speaking from the depths of personal sorrow and sympathy, after they have satisfied themselves that we are all "the objects of the knowledge, the protection, and the ministrations of an almighty, an all-wise, and a benevolent Deity." Dr. Paterson's volume is dedicated to his wife and to the memory of his two sons who nobly fell on the fields of war. In his first sermon, which gives the title to the book, he says: "The war has proved to be a dividing force in the realm of religion. A general effect of the upheaval has been to make us lose interest in things of minor importance—such as games, personal gossip, our bodily ailments, and the narrow issues of party politics—and to concentrate our attention on matters which are of vital moment for time or eternity. . . . While the faith of some has been shaken, the faith of more has been deepened and confirmed by the experiences through which we have recently passed." He does not regard this war as a divine retribution or a purification to make us better, but rather as a preparation that better things may be done. This preacher was sharing his comfort with others when he declared: "It may even be that many are sacrificed in soul as well as in body, to the end that a brighter day may be ushered in. . . . If the present struggle is to be the operation that is to remove the deadly disease which has afflicted the race from its infancy, it does not seem, from the point of view of general history, that the fee was too heavy for the cure. It is also to be expected that after the war a stronger faith will be cherished in the possibility of coping with other malignant evils." In another sermon he expresses himself optimistically as to the harvest of spiritual results: "The struggles of the past have often been followed by a remarkable stimulation of the higher life of humanity, and by the subsequent appearance of a generation of great men. We are probably justified in looking forward to a similar compensation and consolation. We already see the beginnings of a moral conversion. The mark of the children of the new age will surely be that self will be less central in their thinking than it was in ours." The sermon on The Social Mission of the Church shows a grasp not common in those who generally deal with this subject. Very few have done justice to the ethical value of a Christian congregation. "In many ways the congregation is a very remarkable social institution. We should realize

this vividly were it not that we are so prone to undervalue that which already exists, and to form extravagant expectations in regard to other schemes which have not yet been fully tested. From the social point of view, a congregation is a very remarkable creation, if only from the fact that it unites persons of every class and grade of culture, as well as of every period of life, in a society which is based on the principle of human brotherhood." Dr. Paterson soberly realizes the gravity of the issues that depend on the war and the serious responsibility of every individual at home and at the front; but he is equally confident that the outcome will advance the Kingdom of God. Happy are we if we share such a faith. Principal Garvie's volume ministers consolation. What he learned in suffering and loss he conveys through these heart-to-heart sermons, based on the greatest chapter of the Bible. Here is expository preaching of the finest kind, with its wealth of insight, knowledge and appeal. There are many quotable passages, but only a few can be given. "The highest calling can be fulfilled only at the greatest cost: and so in success and prosperity a man may fail to fulfill his manhood, while in struggle and grief he may become all that God means that he should be. . . . Failure in Christian living is in many cases due to inability for self-examination and self-estimate. While there is a morbid introspection, which not only brings misery, but even causes weakness, yet on the other hand there is a thoughtless assurance of an adequate faith claiming a sufficiency of grace, which results in disastrous defeat in any moral struggle of unusual and unexposed severity. . . . The Incarnation of God is *continued* in the Christian Church; not in its sacramental rites or sacerdotal orders, but in the witness, worship, and work of the whole company of believers, the one flock of Christ found now in many folds. . . . The cultivation of religious emotion without the development of Christian character is injurious to the soul. Emotion is good only as the motive to action. The satisfaction in Christ which does not issue in the service of Christ is a subtly dangerous form of self-indulgence. . . . Sanctity and sincerity are essential to the man who would be the organ of the Spirit; and in the long run it is the reason and conscience of the Christian community as a whole, and not any of its ecclesiastical organizations, which can test the claim of any man to speak by and for the Spirit of God." This golden passage in the Scriptures is worthily expounded and the reader of these twenty sermons will find much to edify and satisfy him. Professor Gwatkin emphasizes the thought of thankfulness in his sermons, which are short but illuminating. He wastes no words, but speaks to the point and carries the reader along by the sheer force of clear thinking and lucid expression. "The great house of God's building is the Church of Christ; and the Church of Christ is wider than the carnal factions which arrogate to themselves its glorious name, and circumscribe the infinite and boundless reach of mercy by shibboleths of their own invention." The sermon on Psalm 30. 5 has this pregnant thought: "There neither is nor can be joy without a touch of sorrow in it; and we miss the true joy if we try to take it alone. Take the joy of sense, of wealth, of ambition, even of knowledge. All these have their pains, and all are base and disap-

pointing unless they lead up to the true joy of life, the joy of human love and kindness." The sermons on Christian Motive, Immanence, Partisanship, Chance, Common Mercies, can be repeatedly read and with increasing profit. Faith, comfort, hope, and thankfulness are the subjects of these three preachers, and they speak to good effect.

Concerning Prayer. Its Nature, Its Difficulties, and Its Value. Edited by the Author of "Pro Christo et Ecclesia." 8vo, pp. xiii+502. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, \$3 net.

Why Men Pray. By CHARLES LEWIS SLATTERY, D.D. 12mo, pp. 118. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, 75 cents.

THE subject of prayer needs to be repeatedly considered in the light of ever-increasing demands. It is of such importance and the issues are so many-sided that a single individual cannot adequately deal with this burning topic. A symposium is a helpful way of discussing it, provided the several writers confine themselves to their particular assignment. Such is the case with the first volume. It consists of papers which were read, discussed, and revised at a series of fraternal conferences and then rewritten for publication. The authors are a lady, three laymen, two parish clergymen, two clerical dons—all Anglicans—a Wesleyan theological tutor, a Congregational minister, and an American professor belonging to the Society of Friends. The introduction makes a startling confession, which we quote because of its application to our own land: "In all the Churches of late there has resounded a call to prayer. It has met with singularly little response. The reason is not far to seek. The present generation is ready to respond to a call for high service—that has been demonstrated by the war—but the times do not allow men to put thought and effort into anything unless they are convinced that it is well worth while. And at the back of most men's minds there is the belief, more or less clearly defined, that prayer is an activity the value of which is open to question, that for the men and women who have to carry on the world's work it decidedly is not worth while; it may safely be left to ministers and monks and to pious ladies who have nothing else to do. By many even of the more religiously-minded to-day the whole conception of prayer is felt to be full of perplexing questions. Can we believe in Providence at all; or in what spirit can we pray to the Creator of a world so full of misery? Has prayer any meaning in a universe governed by universal law? If God wills our good and knows our needs, why tell him of them in prayer? What practical results ought we to expect from prayer? What ought we to think of God's relation to human sin and to the power of evil in the world? The mystics—have they anything to teach us? What are we to say of the Old Testament and its teaching in regard to God and man? What bearing on actual life have the rites and practices of Christian worship?" This lengthy quotation is here given because it is a clear summary of the contents of this surprisingly rich volume. The conclusions reached by the eleven writers not only open up new avenues for

the exercise of prayer, but also establish this spiritual art on a firm foundation. Those who desire to be ready for the moral and religious revival which is on its way should make a careful study of this discussion, which searchingly analyzes the present poignant situation and directs the way toward a solution of our perplexities. The first essay deals with the ever-recurring question of "God and the world's pain." It endeavors to understand the relation of evil to suffering and guards against any hasty inferences from insufficient data. Much of what is good is perishing, but it is for the sake of a larger good, and this fact has been repeatedly demonstrated by history. In A. D. 70 the Holy City—the headquarters of the highest religion the world had known—was made desolate, but at this crisis another religion, which was the consummation of the old, was at the beginning of its triumphant march. When Saint Augustine wrote the City of God, after the sack of Rome, to console men for the loss of all earthly things they loved, he did not realize, and no one at the time did, that a civilization far transcending the old in moral, material, and intellectual achievement would arise out of its ruins. Very few of the pious nuns of the Reformation era saw in that epoch of rebellion and havoc the beginning of a new religious life for Europe. When the French monarchy and aristocracy, so long the standard-bearers of European culture, perished in the Terror, it seemed as though the civilization of mankind would be permanently impoverished. In every one of these instances appearances were deceptive. So will it also be in the present world-crisis. We may not see the outcome, but we can *hope*, and unless we are guilty of unreason, we can *believe* that God intends to build up a better Europe on the ruins of the old. Suffering in the New Testament view is corrective, educative, and redemptive. For those who accept it in the right spirit it becomes both a means of moral development for the sufferer and a means of redemption to others. Canon B. H. Streeter, who has written this able essay, contributes another luminous discussion on "Worship," which takes fifty pages. He rightly emphasizes the place of fellowship for the development of the highest religious experience, and shows how the capacity for the deepest worship can never be cultivated by the isolated individual. The question of church-going is openly discussed without any pious evasions. Among the topics considered by him are the conserving of the instinct of spontaneity which is of the very essence of worship; the need for guiding and stimulating personality and individuality; the study of variety so as to hold the attention of the worshiper; the place of silence and symbolism and of forms of worship with and without fixed liturgies; the strength and weakness of extemporaneous worship; and the opportunity of preaching. One reason why the pulpit is a far less effective instrument than it might be for the edification of the pew is attributed to the haphazard and unsystematic way in which the subject of a sermon is usually selected. "Varied courses of sermons, on subjects previously announced, should be far commoner than at present. Apologetic, devotional, or exegetical series should alternate with series of a moral or evangelistic kind. Moreover, when a course on a given subject is announced beforehand, the congregation knows that the preacher is taking his duties seriously. The un-

charitable man can no longer surmise that the subject of his exhortation is determined by the text that happened to come into his head on Saturday morning while shaving." In the essay on "Prayer as Understanding," Mr. Harold Anson distinguishes between what he calls the "Sultanic" conception of prayer, which is induced by fear of the wrath of God, and the "scientific" conception of the man who does not seek to alter the mind of his God, nor to remind him of his duties, nor to flatter his wisdom, nor to deprecate his outbursts of wrath, but who adores with reverence, asks with confidence and waits with assurance. The answer to such a prayer does not come as a parcel is brought to our door, but by an enlightenment of the mind, which opens out to us the laws of the Kingdom of heaven. Here is a quotation worth careful thought: "We believe that spiritual resistance in the face of injustice or disease is the highest, the most radical, the most practicable form of resistance. It has the most assured results. The Church to-day is almost more timid and hesitant in believing this than the men of science who reject or ignore 'religion.' We are afraid to use the powers of the spirit to check an illness, to reform a drunkard, or to redress a great wrong. We are more at home with drugs, with explosive shells, with the methods of the police court." This same writer has a second essay on "Prayer and Bodily Health." Here he discusses with insight our Lord's miracles of healing, and while criticizing the onesidedness of Christian Science, particularly as regards its superficial view of evil, he shows what a great opportunity is available to the thoughtful pastor who would cooperate with psycho-therapeutic movements like the Emmanuel Plan, which is associated in this country with the names of Drs. Worcester, McComb, and Coriat. Many pastors can testify that they have often not been admitted into the sick-room lest perchance they disturb the patient. We cannot help feeling that under the influence of shortsighted physicians many Christian people are defrauding themselves of the inestimable privilege of prayer in the hour of sickness, when they need its sacramental efficacy most of all. Our space is exhausted, but we would like to call attention to Professor Rufus M. Jones's very helpful essay on "Prayer and the Mystic Vision"; to the searching study of sin in the chapter on "Repentance and Hope"; to the uplifting paper on "Intercession," which is, indeed, the highest act of prayer and inspired by the filial relationship and the mystic fellowship with God; to the thoroughly scientific discussion of Providence in the essay on "Faith, Prayer, and the World's Order." We can only mention in passing and recommend very warmly the brief and buoyant meditations by Dr. Slattery in his little volume. The titles of the chapters are "All Men Pray," "Prayer Discovers God," "Prayer Unites Men," "God Depends on Prayer," "Prayer Submits to the Best," "Prayer Receives God." These are worthy topics for consideration at the prayer meeting.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

The Psychology of Religion. By GEORGE ALBERT COE, Professor in the Union Theological Seminary, New York City. 12mo, pp. xvii+365. The University of Chicago Press. Price, cloth, \$1.50 net.

The Psychology of Religion. And Its Application in Preaching and Teaching. By JAMES H. SNOWDEN, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Theology in the Western Theological Seminary, Pittsburgh, Pa. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, \$1.50.

LARGE claims have been made by the science of the psychology of religion, and up to a point they are justified. It has offered the study of religion many new lines of approach, but some of its advocates are inclined to assume too much and to forget that it is only a method of study, and not a topic of inquiry. Professor Coe is one of the acknowledged leaders in this mode of investigation, and his previous volumes are greatly prized by all students of the religious life. He states the limitations of this science in the following words: "The psychology of religion may be expected, of course, to modify to some extent our religious practices and our theological notions, but it is not likely to fill with great success the role of prophet, or of pope, or even of business manager!" "Again, psychology does not discover for us the functions of mind, but rather records the steps in mind's self-discovery of its own functions." An English writer, Eric S. Waterhouse, a minister of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, in a very suggestive little volume on *The Psychology of the Christian Life*, utters a timely word: "It is not given to the psychologist with his human measuring-rod to mete out the forces by which the tides of God's Spirit draw the human soul. The heart to which God has spoken knows, and keeps its own secret." Professor Snowden also states the case with discernment: "Psychology has not given us any new forces in our religious life and work. It has only opened up the laws and workings of these things, and enabled us to understand them a little better." If these strictures are borne in mind, the psychologists of religion will be patient, sober, and humble, and not be hasty for quick results which are generally superficial and therefore unreliable results. Professor Coe places the center of gravity of religion in the moral will, and he views life as an ethical enterprise. It is, however, broadly interpreted and related to religion, which he rightly regards as "the most important undertaking in life." "The sphere of religion, as of ethics, is individual-social life. In this life religion refers to the same persons, the same purposes, the same conditioning facts, as ethics." This writer thinks of religion in functional and social terms as a phenomenon of consciousness which comes to its own in self-consciousness. This is opposed to the biological point of view which is atomic and materialistic and does not reckon with the soul of life. Chapter III reviews the methods of psychological investigation. The question list method, the scrutiny of literary and other records of the religious life, anthropological research, and experimental methods are the most common, and they all have their

excellences and defects. "A people's conception of its god grows and changes with the changing experiences of the people. Gods, like men, can take on new interests and occupations, or move from one realm to another." The chapter on "The Genesis of the Idea of God" indirectly throws light on the curious speculations and dogmatic assertions of H. G. Wells in his recent volume, *God the Invisible King*. This novelist writes as though he had made a discovery. In so far as it is a personal matter he is right, but to assume that it is absolutely new is to confess ignorance of the New Testament revelation of the Fatherhood of God, the Saviourhood of Jesus, and the Brotherhood of man. Important conclusions are reached by Professor Coe in the chapters on "Religion as Group Conduct," and "Religion as Individual Conduct." They are of particular value to the preacher, who should have a clear understanding of the various types, like the religious crowd which is won by the revival appeal, the sacerdotal group which is influenced by formulae and ceremonial, and the deliberative group which can be touched by the summons to reason. Equally important is the chapter on "Mental Traits of Religious Leaders." The shaman is the performer of magic whose modern type is represented by Joseph Smith, Dowie, and Mrs. Eddy. "Each of these leaders mixed shrewd calculation with what gave itself forth as inspiration, and none of them acknowledged the mixture, but claimed super-individual authority for the whole." The functions of the priest are to conserve by institutional means whatever has been attained. The prophet goes to the sources and speaks ethical and religious truth without compromise. There are three chapters which treat of religious values (xiii, xiv, xv). The worth of personality has received clearest emphasis in Christianity. "The reverse side of this valuation of persons is valuation of society, which is the organized regard of persons for one another." It was the failure of Buddhism and Brahmanism adequately to appreciate the individual which has caused their arrested development, and among their adherents "backwardness in practical matters that concern cooperation and social justice." In these and other chapters important information is furnished which cannot be easily obtained, at least not in the way lucid summaries are here given. Professor Coe not only states the problems, but he also suggests directions toward their solution. The volume further is a real aid in the study of comparative religion and comparative theology. The fact that it was prepared for textbook purposes may doubtless explain the reason for the distinctively technical and academic character of the discussions. The author seems to be suffering from a restraint and this has greatly weakened the chapters on Conversion, Mysticism, Prayer, and indeed, the whole book. It is lacking in the warmth of religious experience. It is true that the psychologist is only a reporter of data, but he cannot divest himself of what he has "felt and seen," that he may become exclusively absorbed in analytic processes. "Precisely as acquaintance between lovers is idealization, so a great love is the only conceivable mode of discovering the Christian God, or of being discovered by him." Such an experience surely has the fervor of deep emotion. Any discussion of it must therefore reveal this fact and it need not neces-

sarily consist of ejaculatory utterances. The chapter on "The Future Life" is disappointing. We cannot accept the conclusion that conversion experiences are the exception, not the rule, in Christianity, or that revivalistic methods interrupt religious education. This is not the testimony of evangelical Christianity. In truth, the revival releases powers which otherwise would continue dormant or wholly disappear. Conversion is an awakening into larger life relationships in the name of Christ. The fact of conversion need not, however, be confined to Christianity, although it affords the finest types. Readers of *Roman Society*, by Dr. Dill, especially the chapter on "The Philosophic Missionary," will find numerous illustrations of conversion, which has always been one of the greatest human incidents. Professor Snowden's chapter on this subject is highly satisfactory. It is really the best portion of his book, which would be far more valuable if it had been less diffuse. In spite of his disclaimer, he does not confine himself to discussions of the psychological aspects of religion, but also enters the realm of theology, and even goes into the pulpit. Compare the chapter on "The Psychology of Sin," which is more of a theological dissertation than a psychological analysis. The word "psychology" is moreover used with great elasticity. There are chapters on "The Psychology of the Soul," "The Psychology of the Christian Life," and the like, which are well enough; but a chapter on "The Psychology of the Sermon," for instance, is a straining of the word and placing on it more burdens than it should be allowed to bear. But there is much of value in both these volumes, and they supplement each other at many points. A careful and independent study of them will help the preacher to make his pulpit appeals more effective and his pastoral work more profitable.

The Pillars of Society. By A. G. GARDINER. 16mo, pp. 320. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Price, cloth, 40 cents.

A GALLERY of graphic pictures of real notables, mostly British, by a rapid-sketch artist and a raconteur of much skill, thirty-seven in all. An informing, entertaining, vivid, and various collection of persons of importance. It begins with King George V, and in ten pages makes us know for the first time what kind of a man England's constitutional ruler is, and that he is the antithesis of his father, and a better man. We are told that the governing fact about King George is that he is a sailor. He was trained not for a throne, but for the quarter-deck of a battleship. During those formative years, when most boys are playing cricket and conjugating *amo* ashore, he was tossing about the Seven Seas, swarming up the yard-arm or stoking the fire, calling at strange ports in far-off lands, learning the rough lessons of the sea, and sharing the wholesome comradeship of plain men. It was a hard school; but no king ever had a better. It brought him face to face with realities. He saw the meaning of duty and discipline, learned to respect those who labor with their hands, and entered into the life of the common people. He owes this advantage to the fact that he had the good fortune not to be born the heir to the throne. He

escaped the artificial training of monarchs in the making. King George's tastes are a comment on the more wholesome atmosphere which surrounded his children and youth. He is not the first English king to belong to the middle classes. George III was entirely middle class. But he is the first English king to belong to the working classes by the bond of a common experience. He moves among them not as a stranger from some starry social sphere, but as one to the manner born. He has reefed the sail and swabbed the deck and fed the fire. He has stood at the helm through the tempest and the night. He knows what it is to be grimy and perspiring, to have blistered hands and tired feet. In short, he knows what it is to be a workman. It is his unique merit as a king. When he goes down to Cornwall he dons the overalls of the miner, descends the pit, and explores the workings of the mine. When he is in Lancashire he goes through the mills and the foundries, looking at the machinery with the eye of a mechanic and rubbing shoulders with the operatives in the spirit of a fellow workman. When he wants a really enjoyable day he spends it among the people, at some place like the General Post Office, or the British Museum, or the Radium Institute, or the Garden Suburb. There is no affectation in this. His comradeship with the common people is not an elaborate pretense to gain an end. It springs from a genuine fellow-feeling. It is the heritage of his long apprenticeship to the sea. And it carries with it the thirst of the practical artificer to know "how it is done." He has the mechanic's interest in the machinery of things, and one learns without surprise that his presents to his children are largely mechanical toys. King George's tastes are simple and commonplace. His father was Sybaritic; he is almost Spartan. He is constitutionally a man of plain and moderate appetites, and his life at sea emphasized his constitutional tendency. He is physically as well as temperamentally inclined to asceticism. His father belonged to the *ancien régime*—to the tradition of the "good livers" and three-bottle men. King George in this, as in so many other respects, is more akin to the modern man who drinks Apollinaris. The king has the frankness of the sailor much more than the restraint of the monarch. His father was all diplomacy. People rarely spoke of him without using the word "tact"—that last refuge of verbal bankruptcy. Let us rejoice that it has now been decently buried. No one accuses King George of "tact." Like Mr. Biglow's candidate, he is naturally

"A plain-spoken kind o' creetur
Thet blurts right out wut's in his head."

One might even continue the parallel further, and say that

"Ef he's one peccoliar feetur
It is a nose that wunt be led."

For he is as firm in his opinions as he is emphatic in their expression. His father's temperament was that of the diplomatist rather than that of the politician. He was the smoother of differences, and sought to create an atmosphere in which all disagreements were reconciled, and black and white were merged in gray. King George has a simpler, less equivocal mind. He sees black and white in sharp contrast, and it is not easy for

him to conceal his views under the mask of neutrality. He feels keenly, and wears a mask with difficulty. But, like most frank natures, he is responsive to eager and forceful personalities, and Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Lloyd George have in turn made a deep impression upon him. He has the love of the direct mind for the man who is forging straight ahead for a definite port. He is disposed to think that the port must be right if the captain is driving there confidently under a full head of steam. There is, in short, no subtlety or cunning in his intellectual composition. It is the mind of the seaman, whose problems are the problems of facts and not of psychology or casuistry or compromise. And his tastes and pleasures are the seaman's too. He loves his home with an antiquated passion that would fill Mr. Bernard Shaw's soul with loathing. Royal courts are not commonly the scene of happy domesticities. Family life, which needs fresh air and freedom, struggles vainly in that hot-house atmosphere of ceremonies, formalities, and official friendships, where intrigues and back-stair influences flourish luxuriantly. King George has been singularly happy in his home life. The queen, like her husband, has the middle-class seriousness and sense of duty. She is almost the only woman in society who cannot be called "a society woman." Her manner is entirely free from the assertiveness which is the note of modern breeding. She speaks little, and without persiflage, irony, or any of the qualities most cultivated in drawing-rooms. She was trained in an old tradition of womanhood, and has the air and interests of the mid-Victorian time rather than those of to-day. She gives a clear impression of a real woman, with a grave bearing and no false sentiment, who shares the common sympathies of humanity. The influence of her steady personality upon the king has been eminently good, and the happiness of their home life is a commonplace. The court is less gay than it used to be, for the queen prefers knitting to ceremony, and the king likes a book better than bridge, and his children better than either. But what the court has lost in gayety it has gained in many more substantial ways, not least in the matter of public respect. It is not surprising that he felt with such bitterness the slander on that home. For years it had been said that as a youth he had contracted a marriage at Malta. At first the lady was a daughter of an Admiral Tryon, and when it was discovered that Admiral Tryon hadn't a daughter she became the daughter of an Admiral Seymour. The story was a wicked invention, but that did not prevent its being widely believed. The backwoods and the brush knew all about it, and the American papers could even show you the "marriage lines." Everywhere you met people who knew the lady, or had an aunt who knew her aunt, or had lunched with someone who lived in the same street and saw her pass every day with a pale face and a poodle. The slander was denied, but what of that? Virtue can be soiled with a breath; but scandal is a tougher growth. King George is one who does not take things lying down. He leaped at the throat of the slander. Defiant of advice and of the headshakings of the public, he dragged the thing into court, and like all lies, it fell dead in the light. There was never a more complete exposure, and the incident gave the public the first real glimpse of the man. It liked the glimpse.

And those who had believed or half-believed the tale felt ashamed of their credulity. The dragon will give King George a wide berth in future. A plain, direct, straight-speaking man, taking his office seriously, hating display and flummery, governed by a strong sense of duty, thoroughly obedient to the constitutional tradition of the monarchy, King George V has the prospect of a long and happy association with his people. Two women are sketched, Mrs. Humphry Ward and Sarah Bernhardt; two Americans, Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson. Writing of Roosevelt the author says: "The game of politics is a crude business anywhere. It requires a certain coarseness of fiber, a hardness of integument, that make it no fit affair for a man of sensitive mind. No saint would ever succeed in politics. In America they require the qualities of the intellectual 'bruiser.' The politician must emerge, as Mr. Frank Slavin or Mr. Jack Johnson emerged, by 'laying out' his opponents with ruthless blows. In that vast land, with its enormous vitality, its unassimilated millions of alien peoples, its lack of tradition, its unexampled wealth, its political freedom, and its economic slavery, politics are raw, violent, emotional. Beneath the thin crust of an effete constitution there boils a mighty lake of lava that will one day submerge the land. It is a people crying out for a deliverer. And its ear is caught by the stentorian tones, the great laugh, and the bluff blows of Theodore Roosevelt. It heard him denounce the trusts that oppressed it, it saw him defy the caucus that controlled its politics, it listened to his denunciation of the wealthy criminal class, and it turned to him as its Moses." Of a certain historic episode in Rome this book says: "The Vatican made a gross mistake when it sought to muzzle the Roughrider. He would be received by the pope, he was told, but he must not address the American Methodist Church in Rome. Mr. Roosevelt replied that it would be a pleasure to him to be received by the pope, but he must decline to submit to any conditions which limited his freedom of action. He never had a more complete or worthy victory over intolerance. And to this quality of high courage must be attributed his fine attitude on the color question, which culminated in his championship of Dr. Crum, the Negro, for the collectorship of Charleston. No less illustrative of his courage was his firm handling of the Venezuelan episode, when he took his stand on the Monroe Doctrine with a decisiveness that gave him a memorable victory over Germany and incidentally over this country also." John Hay has told how, in that memorable encounter, Theodore Roosevelt brought the Kaiser to his knees. The sketch closes thus: "It is probable that history will appraise highly his service to America. He was the first to face the plutocratic tyranny under which the American democracy was sinking into an economic servitude as gross as any on record. He shook the domination of Wall Street. He exposed the infamous oligarchy that had riveted its chains upon the Titan of the West. For the rough work of awakening Mr. Roosevelt has great qualities. He will be remembered as the man who broke the idols." Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, at one time a powerful parliamentary leader, is said to resemble in appearance and in temperament Woodrow Wilson, though the latter is a more amiable personality. Of Chamber-

lain we are here told that an autocratic masterfulness has always been his governing principle. Long years ago, when he was mayor of Birmingham, he told a friend his theory of action. "On every committee of thirteen," he said, "there are twelve men who go to the meetings having given no thought to the subject, and prepared to accept some one else's lead. One goes having made up his mind what he means shall be done. I always make it my business to be that one." I told that illuminating story to a distinguished political hostess. "That is interesting to me," she said, "for I have just seen one of the senate of the Birmingham University, and he tells me that Mr. Chamberlain came to the last meeting, and said, 'I have come to the conclusion that what we want is a Siena tower.' The senate looked up in astonishment. 'What we want is a chair for this, and a chair for that.' 'What we want is a Siena tower,' said Mr. Chamberlain implacably, 'and in order to lose no time I have got a plan here.' And he drew from his pocket a sketch of his proposed tower. 'And,' added my informant, 'we found ourselves outside an hour later, having agreed to the erection of a tower which we didn't want, at the cost of money we hadn't got, and which if we had got we needed for other things.'" If you go to Birmingham you will see that tower to-day—the enduring monument of an iron will and of preparedness. We are told that along with a genius for friendship, Chamberlain has also a genius for scorn. No man ever brushed a foe out of the path with a more merciless and icy contempt, and the venom of his retorts has made them historic. "Ah," he said of Mr. Dillon, "the honorable gentleman is a good judge of traitors." And even more cruel was the reference to Mr. Healy at the time of the Parnell case—"I have noticed that whenever it is desirable to exhibit personal discourtesy to any man—or any woman—the honorable and learned gentleman always presents himself to accomplish it." Even so kindly and courteous a man as Campbell-Bannerman did not escape his shafts: "If he cannot be a statesman, he might at least try to be a gentleman." But all this masterfulness came to grief. Of Chamberlain's downfall as a leader it is written that he failed to understand that there are things that are higher and mightier than tactics. He met his Waterloo because he did not realize that in the end principles do count in the affairs of men. All the journey is marked by the mighty débris of pride. There is no story of our time so full of significance—a story of broken purposes, of great powers diverted from their true end, of a tyrannic will at war with natural sympathies. It is a tale for tears. One likes to think of him in those early days when he was the great citizen fashioning a model city, and when his clear, undazzled eye saw the vision of a new and juster England and he set out to cleave his way to it. But the vision faded—the way was lost. We have examined this book of notables with a desire to catch glimpses of the place religion holds in the thoughts and lives of public men. In the sketch of Lord Admiral John Fisher, head of the British navy, a stern old sea-dog, we are told of his trust in Providence. "Isn't the hand of Providence in that?" he often said as he told of some coincidence, or personal episode, or opportune event, or unlooked for intervention. He sees the cloud by day and the pillar of flame by night. The language of the Bible, as I

have said, is constantly on his lips, but it is the language of the Old Testament rather than the New, and preferably the comminatory language. He loves sermons better than anything else, except dancing. When he was a captain a visitor called at his town house one Sunday morning. "The captain had gone to Berkeley Chapel," said the servant. "Will he be in this afternoon?" said the visitor. "No, he said he was going to hear Canon Liddon at Saint Paul's." "Well, this evening?" "In the evening he is going to Spurgeon's Tabernacle." In the sketch of Lord Hugh Cecil we see a man of passion and of religion. Intensity of conviction is his peculiar contribution to the public life of his time. He sees a world given over to the false gods of material satisfaction, rioting along the ways of pleasure, talking its shibboleths of reform, clattering down a steep place to where God is not, thundering to destruction. He sees in it the negation of God. What is this talk of socialism and social reform but a will-o'-the-wisp leading poor humanity away from the Kingdom, diverting all our energies to material well-being and leaving the soul starved and perishing? The state is the policeman that guards to every man his own. It is the church that must change society, the church that must so charge the hearts of men with charity, that through charity they shall do justice. It is well in this eager time, when we are fashioning a new social machine, to be reminded that we shall not save society by abundance of food and raiment, that the temple is not made with hands, that we do not live by bread alone. It is an old conflict—old as humanity. Change the heart of man, says the preacher, and society will be saved. Change the garment of society, says the reformer, and the individual will be saved. Change both, says the plain man, and each will save the other. Dean Inge once asked whether it was the pig who made the sty or the sty the pig. But society has made the slum, and has doomed the slum child from its birth. It is for society to unmake the slum, and let the winds of heaven reach the flowers that are poisoned in its sunless courts. Common sense says, "As for the two propositions, do both." The wrath that burns in him at so white a heat is the source of his power. There are few in these days who draw the curtain of the Unseen on the floor of Parliament. Hence the disappearance of oratory, for without the stop of the eternal, the organ of speech neither soars to the heights nor sounds the deeps. But Lord Hugh has brought back the name of the Almighty to the counsels of the Commons, and with it a certain exalted rhetoric that at its best—unhappily rarely heard—has no parallel in our time. One forgets the ungainly gestures, the erratic voice at once harsh and musical—forgets them in the glimpse he gives of "the abodes where the eternal are." The peroration of his speech on the second reading of the Education Bill of 1902 will take its place among the finest flowers of parliamentary oratory. Its close—directed, as all knew, to Mr. Morley, who sat opposite—has an elevation and a sudden thrill that would not be unworthy of Bright. He was pleading for the union of all the moral forces of the nation against the growth of materialism, and said: "I hope also that it will obtain support from that other class who may be described as adopting the position of Christianity in everything except its theology, who possess the morality

of Christianity, its sense of right and wrong, its delicate sensitiveness of conscience, though they are unable themselves to accept its theological basis. These men, it may be said, erect in the mansions of their hearts a splendid throne-room, in which they place objects revered and beautiful. There are laid the scepter of righteousness and the swords of justice and mercy. There is the purple robe that speaks of the unity of love and power, and there is the throne that teaches the supreme moral governance of the world. And that room is decorated by all that is most beautiful in art and literature. It is gemmed by all the jewels of imagination and knowledge. Yet, that noble chamber, with all its beauty, its glorious regalia, its solitary throne, is still an empty room." Lord Hugh Cecil reverences Gladstone's memory for the religious faith that saturated and colored his mind. As he says of him: "The conscious dependence on unseen help; the inner vision which never was hidden from him that, great as were political affairs, there were much greater things going forward; the Mosaic sight of the Invisible, which is the strength of the religious character, gave him a steadiness of purpose and a dignity of bearing which no stress could subvert." In Lord Courtney we are shown a man governed entirely by principle, and wholly indifferent to expediency, who stands four-square to all the winds that blow. It cannot be said that he has never changed an opinion. But he has never changed a principle, or been false to one that he held. He is the keeper of the national conscience—a sort of barometer that tells us unfailingly whether we are set "foul" or "fair." You cannot bribe that barometer into returning a false verdict. Tap it or coax it as you may, it will say the truth that is in it and no other. It is probable that Lord Courtney has never been quite so much at home anywhere as he has been in the House of Lords. The atmosphere of that chamber, which acts with such subtle alchemy upon the Radicalism of most men, only serves as a tonic to Lord Courtney's stern spirit. He rises like a prophet of Israel at some Belshazzar feast, and reads the writing on the wall to the doomed revelers. He was at his best in the great conflict of the Lords with the Commons, when he warned the peers of the perilous path they were treading. The revelers scoffed at his prophecies. But the prophecies came true. He is the lay preacher of national righteousness. Mr. Lehmann once likened him to Isaiah, and the parallel is not inappropriate. He is the Isaiah of our day—Isaiah in a canary-colored waistcoat. He moves through our feverish time with the cloud of prophecy about him—a figure significant and inspiring, firm as a rock, free from all rancor and littleness, speaking the truth, and working without thought of reward or praise for all noble ends. When we have lost a certain reverence for such a figure we shall have lost the soul of goodness. We shall have forgotten that

"Thrice blessed are the things that last,
The things that are more excellent."

His eyes have grown dim almost to blindness, so that he has to rely on others to read to him; but the inner vision remains clear and undazzled. It is the vision of the seer who looks beyond the street and the moment,

and scans far horizons and the unalterable stars. One of the most interesting sketches is that of Mr. and Mrs. Webb, of whom the author says, "The ablest couple in London are Sidney and Beatrice Webb." They represent the modern scientific spirit, and use its methods for the general benefit. We are told that it would not be possible to find two more wholly disinterested people in London. They have no ax to grind, no selfish objects to serve. They seek neither honors nor rewards. They work tirelessly, incessantly. They spend their modest income in costly researches which they carry on together, and what they save on their house-keeping goes to employing more clerks—and still more clerks. The New Jerusalem they hope to build in England's green and pleasant land will be founded on Blue books—it will spring out of a soil watered with statistics. They are not humanitarians, or philanthropists, or even idealists. I do not think that their pulse quickens with a tale of wrong. The emotions that surge through us—the joys that thrill us, the fears that depress us, the hopes that raise us—leave them placid and unmoved. They are scientists. "We shall strive," they said in announcing their aims when starting the *New Statesman*—"we shall strive to face and examine social and political issues in the same spirit in which the chemist or the biologist faces and examines his test tubes or his specimens." We are their "specimens." They have taken humanity for their theme as one might take ants or bees. They look with calm, dispassionate eye into the human hive. They find it in a deplorable muddle, the ways at the bottom blocked with struggling masses, trampling on each other, destroying each other, the young crushed and maimed in the confusion, while the honey that is created passes in a golden stream to a few corpulent fellows who occupy the spacious and luxurious chambers above. They do not pity the bees, but they hate disorder, and waste, and ugliness. They see that there is room for all and plenty for all, if only the thing is organized, and with deft and cunning fingers they set themselves to rearrange the structure so as to give air space and a share of the honey to all and to dispossess the fat fellows above. They do not hate the fat fellows any more than they pity the others. But they do hate idleness and luxury. They want a hive run on decent business lines, and they mark with approval the short way the working bees in the hive of nature have with the drones, who are simply dropped out of the hive to die on the ground below. If they won't work, neither shall they eat. In that world of perfect order to which we move under their guidance even love will obey the Blue book. We shall all be numbered and pigeonholed, and the state will by a bonus encourage me, who perchance am in the A1 class, to marry you, who are also in the A1 class, rather than the lady I love who has the misfortune to be, let us say, in D2 class. Then there will be a clash between science and nature, between Blue books and the great tidal impulses of humanity. To Mr. and Mrs. Webb we are statistics. We are marshaled in columns, and drilled in tables, and explained in appendices. We do not move to some far-off divine event, but to a miraculous perfection of machinery and a place in decimals. It is this unemotional view of humanity that makes the Webb philosophy so distasteful. As a

scheme of life, it does not satisfy. In the clear, dogmatic atmosphere of the eighties it seemed all-sufficient. Science had deposed man from his place in the universe; but what he had lost in spiritual significance he seemed to have gained in material competence. He was no longer a potential angel, but he was the master of things, and things then were the only realities. Science seemed to solve all the conundrums of society, to open out before us a wonderful land of promise, the final goal of all the dim gropings of humanity. The vision has faded. We have become less assured and find our Canaan still some way off. We have come to distrust the merely material solution of things—the “test tubes” and “specimens” solution—and to suspect that we shall not find the ultimate peace we crave in any perfection of analysis and organization. We have become modest in the estimate of our powers and find humanity too vast and incalculable for our neat systems and formulas. And we turn from the precise structure of science with its invulnerable statistics and perfect drains, to Bergson's fascinating vision of humanity as a vast organism reaching out into the darkness upon its eternal and inscrutable adventure. But because we find the Webb philosophy insufficient it would be foolish to dismiss them as useless. They have chosen a vast and fruitful field for their labors, and are content with its limitations. The nation owes a debt to these two disinterested public servants, who have given unostentatiously and without reward the devotion of a lifetime to diagnosing the material ailments of society and prescribing the remedies. And though their labors have been confined to the material fabric of society, they have done much to cleanse its soul as well. Of G. W. E. Russell we are told that his politics spring not from his class, nor even from revolt against his class, but from his religion. He was once rebuked in the House of Commons by Mr. Jesse Collings for saying they were a part of his religion—as though religion were either a plague that would poison politics or an invalid that, in Holmes's phrase, has to be taken out in a closed carriage with a gentleman in black on the box seat. Mr. Russell does not understand that frame of mind. From his earliest days religion has been the main interest of his life. “My home,” he says, “was evangelical, and I lived from my earliest days in an atmosphere where the salvation of the individual soul was the supreme and constant concern of life. No form of worldliness entered into it, but it was full of good works, of social service, and of practical labor for the poor. All life was lived, down to its minutest detail, ‘as ever in the Great Taskmaster's eye.’” His dreams are of building churches and pulling down slums. If he were rich, he tells us, he would be the greatest church builder in England. He would endow each church he built with money to maintain a body of resident clergy. “And I should rejoice,” he says, “in the conviction that a church so designed and so ordered not only promoted the glory of God and extolled his faith, but also served the social needs of humanity by offering to every child of toil a resting-place, a sanctuary, and a home.” Writing of Archdeacon Lilley, whom he counts a great spiritual power, the author says: “Every successful preacher has his own peculiar note of appeal. Dr. Horton seems to come hot into the pulpit under the compulsion of

some sudden flash of lightning that has illuminated the whole landscape of life. He is exalted with this vision, desolated with that. He is a harp upon which the winds of heaven seem to blow alternate dirge and song. Dr. Jowett utters his message with a gracious tenderness of spirit that suffuses the sky with a sunset glow. Dr. Campbell Morgan holds his vast congregation by a dramatic realization of a simple gospel story. All these are speaking consciously and definitely to their hearers. Dr. Lilley seems like one detached from the world, forgetful of his audience, sounding the deeps of his heart in some still sanctuary of the recluse. The mood is unchanging. It is the mood of one who has been through deep waters and has come to a secure haven. Peace has come not through indifference or self-delusion or the anodynes of superstition, but through an emancipated spirit, a sovereign view of life, a large tolerance, a tender sympathy, a splendid faith in humanity and its destiny. We have ascended to a high place and a quiet air, from whence we survey all the feverish movement of life, its pageantry, and its mourning. We see what is temporary and what is eternal, the false things that men pursue, the true that they reject. There is a great pity, but also a great hope, for beyond is the goal to which through age-long endeavor the soul of humanity moves—the goal of the kingdom where justice shall prevail and the things of the spirit shall triumph over the things of the flesh, and love, stronger than death, shall make all things plain. It is all strangely impersonal, strangely moving, a voice speaking out of eternity—

"A voice far up beside the sun,
Where sound and warmth and glory
Are melted all in one."

In this spacious air there is no place for the pettiness and acerbities that vex the soul. All is resolved because all is understood, because all is touched with a certain radiance of love. One recalls Browning's lines:

Hatred, and greed, and strife—What place have they
In yon blue liberality of heaven?

There are many kinds of preachers, some of the greatest of them being unordained. Tom Reed, speaker of the House of Representatives, said of Theodore Roosevelt in the early part of his career, "The thing I admire most in him is his enthusiasm over his original discovery of the Ten Commandments." Roosevelt once said, "If I had been a Methodist, I would have applied for a license as a lay preacher." He has been preaching all his life. Forbes Robertson was a solemn and majestic preacher on the stage. William Winter, the soundest and most brilliant dramatic critic in America, was a mighty preacher of righteousness, temperance, chastity, and a judgment to come, an uncompromising, implacable, and almost unerring prophet of pure ethics in a region where such a preacher was sorely needed. He was as the voice of one crying in the wilderness, and he never lowered his voice; when asked to do so by a metropolitan daily, he spurned it at the cost of a forty-years friendship and alliance.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Arthur Stanton. A Memoir. By the Right Hon. GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL. 8vo, pp. 323. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Price, cloth, \$3.50 net.

Faithful Stewardship and Other Sermons. By FATHER STANTON. 12mo, pp. viii+183. New York: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, cloth, \$1.35 net.

For fifty years Arthur Stanton ministered to the spiritual and social needs of a congested London parish. He was successful to an extraordinary degree. It was therefore fitting that his ministry should be recorded as is done in this readable biography. Preachers of all denominations should be familiar with his life story. A large section of the memoir is taken up with ritualistic controversies which exhibited not a little of bitterness and animosity. Even though it is painful reading in parts, it throws valuable light on the workings of the mind of an influential section of the Christian Church. The high church party has always been represented by men earnest, devoted, and able, but also intolerant in the extreme. Keen on referring to church history, they have nevertheless shown an unpardonable ignorance of some of the most beneficial movements of Christianity. "I have and do pray the good God to dispel Protestantism, as the sun dispels the gloom of night." How is it possible to reason soberly with a man who expresses himself in this dogmatic and decisive manner? When such a person is conscientious he is all the more dangerous, for he is always on the verge of fanaticism. Stanton was at the storm center of ritualistic disputation all his life. It was inevitable that one of his dispositions should have been so incessantly exposed to opposition and criticism. "He was eminently a man of moods: now buoyantly gay, now heavily overcast; strongly emotional, sensitive to a fault, and by nature much inclined to resentment of injury or insult." His extensive correspondence with dignitaries of the Anglican Church reveals his character. Two letters of remonstrance from Bishop King deserve special mention: "Let me beg you to consider this; you are young and have quickly become a leader of others, and now few will tell you your faults, knowing truly your greatness—but you are in danger from this high position and the excitement of religious popularity, and in danger of forgetting the higher gifts—longsuffering, gentleness, temperance." Four years later, another letter counsels: "My dear friend, do be more careful. I honor and admire very much what you have done, but I cannot let my love for you lead me to deceive you." He was frequently inhibited by Bishops from preaching in their dioceses. The Bishop of Rochester wrote him: "You do not seem to me to be quite master of your feelings in the pulpit," and Bishop King: "You are doing *yourself* and *others* great harm by your violent language on church subjects. I have been asked by several to warn you of this (by Liddon for one)." He nevertheless continued in his course, perfectly indifferent to calumny or criticism. In a letter to his mother he writes: "I am so used to being in

hot water that it does not affect me much. But I was born in a thunderstorm and am destined to live and die in a thunderstorm, as one of my brother-curates remarked." He was an ultra Highchurchman and held extravagantly extreme views, but the surprising thing about it all is that he was also intensely evangelical. He once wrote: "Think of me as of an enthusiast for the love of Jesus. I pray to be more so every day." In an address before a society of undergraduates in Oxford he said in concluding: "Now, my dear boys, some of you, I know, are going to be priests. Don't teach them to be Church-of-England; teach them to love the Lord Jesus Christ." The Watch Night Service at St. Alban's was always memorable. On one of these occasions he spoke of the need of realizing Jesus Christ in daily life. "Religion is unsatisfactory unless we can thus have personal intimacy with Christ. If we have but heard of him through men and books, he only exerts a secondary power on us. Our conception of him merely amounts to a moral certainty, as with any other great hero we read of in history. We have seen him only through the shadow of ideas." He firmly believed in conversion and preached it with apostolic emphasis and conviction. His biographer says: "Nothing in Stanton's preaching was more noteworthy than his intimate knowledge of the Bible. In quoting it he almost invariably confined himself to the Authorized Version. He took little heed of disputed readings, and held himself untrammelled by the dogmas of textuaries and commentators. But of the words of Scripture, as it stands in its unequalled English, he had an easy and felicitous command." On another page we read: "Eloquent though he was, he never trusted to his eloquence, but prepared his sermons with exemplary thoroughness; and the resulting effect was consummate. For fifty years a crowded and sympathetic congregation enjoyed his originality, his dramatic power, his ringing scorn against injustice and hypocrisy, his noble and contagious enthusiasm for the Religion of the Cross and all that it implies." A verbatim report of some of his sermons is given in "Faithful Stewardship," and anyone who reads them will be greatly quickened. Like a previous volume entitled "Last Sermons," also posthumous, these pulpit utterances are marked by quick movement, sudden appeal, the thrill of passion. The evangelical and evangelistic note is clear and distinct. The two preachers to whom he was most indebted were Spurgeon and Joseph Parker, whose volumes stood in long lines on his shelves. Great as a preacher, Stanton was even greater as a pastor. His passion for souls was truly Christ-like. He excelled in work with individuals and engaged in extensive correspondence with inquirers of all sorts. Some of these letters are preserved in this volume, and they should be carefully read by every minister. We do not believe in the confessional, but we must nevertheless make more provision than is common for spiritual guidance and encourage people to seek it. "As a spiritual guide of men, and of young men in particular, he had no equal. Instead of laboring by a system of minute directions to shape the spiritual life of his penitents to his own ideals, he always bestowed all his care on quickening the individual conscience, nerving the individual will, and building up the habits of self-reliance and self-con-

trol. People who sought his guidance were awed by his chastened devotion, his intimate access to the Unseen, his horror of sin, his Christ-like tenderness to the sinner." One who spent himself with such ardent devotion for the welfare of the people could not fail to win them to Christ. In 1907 a testimonial address was presented to him signed by over three thousand six hundred men. "Your labor of love on our behalf has not been a wasted labor; it has done great good to many people, in particular to many men, who thank God for having given them the opportunity of knowing you. It has been not only the charm of your speech which has drawn us to you, but—what is of course of far higher value—the depth and reality of your religious teaching, your devotion to the Lord Jesus Christ, and your conspicuous ability to enter with sympathy into our thoughts and needs, and into all that which at this time makes faith and life difficult for men." He both preached and practised the incarnation, the atonement, the cross, as Bishop McDowell declares all ministers should do. And so he was regarded as a good minister of Jesus Christ.

Drew Theological Seminary, 1867-1917. A Review of the First Half Century. Edited by EZRA SQUIER TIPPLE, President and Professor of Practical Theology. 271 pages. New York: The Methodist Book Concern. Price, \$1.00, postpaid.

THIS book is the souvenir of a birthday party. Drew Seminary has been having a birthday celebration and her world-wide circle of sons has been rejoicing with her on the attainment of the discreet age of fifty years. The seminary was formally opened November 6, 1867, and the last days of October, 1917, were marked by an interesting series of exercises both in New York and Madison, N. J., the seat of the seminary. As a more permanent observance of the date and as the outward and visible sign of an inward experience of great interest and variety and now of fairly respectable length, this volume has been published. Its publication is more than a family affair—although even as a family matter it would be significant, for the Drew family numbers more than 2,500 sons who have gone out as heralds of the Cross into all parts of the United States and nearly every quarter of the globe. But so deeply and broadly have those who have taught and studied at Drew touched the life of the Methodist Church, that the story of their endeavors is of interest to every lover of Methodism. And those who have taught there in other years have been such decidedly human personalities that they cannot fail to interest any one with a confirmed taste for human nature. The book is not a formal history or a record whose aim is to be exhaustive (or *exhausting*, for the two words usually belong together). It is rather a sprightly series of moving pictures which hold the mirror up to some interesting bits of nature and give a fleeting glimpse of a romantic story of Christian adventure. President Tipple speaks of its purpose in the foreword: "The purpose of the volume is to bring to remembrance some of the eventful days, to review the changes and progress of the golden years, to see walking once more beneath our matchless oaks and beeches, dear familiar forms, and to hear

again as from the Mount of God, the deathless voices of those whom we have loved long since and lost awhile, and to make thankful mention of the men and women who dreamed and prayed, who gave and toiled, and out of whose faith and courage, zeal and sacrifice, this institution of learning was evolved." The chapters of the volume have been written by different professors. President Tipple has contributed the first chapter, "The Romance of the Founding," and a chapter on "Gifts and Benefactors," recalling many names highly honored in the history of the church in this Eastern section of the country, names of those who "live again in lives made nobler by their presence." He has also written the concluding chapter on "To-day and To-morrow." Professor John Alfred Faulkner has written the chapter on the "Early Years," telling a story never before put in print of the early days and of that "first faculty," McClintock, Foster, Nadal, Hurst, and others. Professor Robert W. Rogers has written with his usual incisive discrimination of the "Making of Books," estimating the contribution of Drew to the literature of the church, particularly that contribution of the first faculty, McClintock, Strong, Hurst, Crooks, and Miley. Dr. Wallace MacMullen has drawn under the heading "A Legacy of Inspiration," lifelike portraits of the group known as the second faculty, Strong, Miley and Crooks, Upham and Buttz. Professor C. F. Sitterly has told in the chapter, "Traditions and Memories," some of the best traditions of the student life and the wit and humor of the classroom and the campus. Professor E. D. Soper has told of the work of Drew alumni in the world-wide mission fields of the church; Mr. Edwin Lewis has surveyed the work of graduates in this country, and Halford E. Luccock has written of the "Mansion and the Forest." We quote briefly, to give a sample of the tone and quality of the book, from the pen pictures by Dr. MacMullen of the group of teachers known far and wide by a great company of Methodist ministers: "James Strong was to us an intellectual marvel. His fullness of information, his ready gushing flexible speech, his scholarly industry, his amazing breadth, his microscopic and exhaustive thoroughness, these awakened our wonder and admiring despair. How easy it is to recall him! He was so vivid that we easily picture him, the lines of the picture hardly rubbed by the passage of the years. Patriarchal he was in appearance, his long white beard unusual even then, its like seldom seen now; yet in his eyes always alert, often dancing, was the light of indomitable, incurable youth. His vivacity was always a delight, his vigor always a rebuke, his knowledge phenomenal; his spirit childlike, joyous, kind; his humor playful and persistent; his reverence impressive." John Miley is characterized as follows: "Benevolent, tolerant, patient, serious, progressive, sometimes ponderous, open minded, persistent in tracking truth to its hiding places, ingenious and suggestive in his inferences from the truth established—such was John Miley. He was a preacher of power so that in his pulpit days he was much sought after. Those were the days when theological discussions were not regarded as unprofitable and no apology was necessary for their use in the pulpit. His sermons were prevailingly doctrinal, but not therefore wearisome, for he knew how to make argument glow and sparkle and how to press the high

truth of God with soul-shaking power. . . . How honest Dr. Miley was! When up against some ultimate mystery there was on his part no attempt to dodge the fact that he had reached his intellectual limit, no evasion, no unseemly twisting to escape an admission of ignorance. Just a frank, manly bluff and hearty 'We don't know.' 'An honest man's the noblest work of God' even in theology!" The service of Professor George R. Crooks to the Methodism of his day is thus summarized: "Clear vision of the needs and defects of our church life, unswerving and militant purpose concerning them, a passion for a flawless reputation in our business affairs and for progress in our ecclesiastical methods made his early ministry notable. In 1856 he secured General Conference sanction for theological seminaries in our church; in 1860 he became, and until 1875 remained, editor of *The Methodist*, and in 1866 he originated Children's Day. No periodical in our history as a church had a more brilliant or dramatic history than *The Methodist* under his guidance. Every cause to which it gave its advocacy succeeded. Book Concern reconstruction, lay representation, fair treatment for border slave holders, these were heavily indebted to it. . . . As a teacher he made us covet thoroughness, lowliness of mind and passionate purpose. His bearing, erect and military, was a challenge; his speech, exact and virile, gave us some ambition for a worthy style; his scholarly habits were the inspiring background of his constant demand for athletic grasp of a subject." Many will linger gratefully over the portrait of Samuel F. Upham, of fragrant and hilarious memory! "Henry Drummond once said of Dwight L. Moody, 'He was the biggest human I ever knew.' In such terms one is apt to try to describe Samuel F. Upham, for his vigorous humanity was such an impressive, attractive thing. General Clinton B. Fisk said at one of our commencements years ago, 'I entered into conversation with a seatmate in a New England railway car a little while ago and in the course of talk asked him if he knew Dr. Upham. "Upham," he said, "No, I don't know any Upham." And then suddenly his memory was flooded with light and he said, "O, you mean Sam! Yes, I know Sam. Sam's all right; you can lean up against Sam."' That quality in him stands out prominently among our recollections—the invitation to close human intimacy, the assurance one had of his deep human reliability. It was a natural effect of his notable human qualities, his humor, rugged sense, shrewd wisdom, practical spicy illustration, homely knowledge of things ecclesiastical and vital, brotherly interest in our affairs—verily he was a refuge! And a refreshment, ah, what a refreshment! He loved a joke, no matter what its age. Even if it was old, its youth was renewed by the medicine of his intellectual chuckle. How we were delighted with the twist of his mouth, a little extra strain on which was a sure forerunner of some bit of flashing wit. Attractively, winsomely human was Dr. Upham. He loved cronies and his life was rich in companionship. . . . How stirring his speech was, always incisive, often picturesque! He was an expert in ridicule, would mercilessly puncture, by phrase or simile, the weakness of a cause or individual afflicted with undue inflation. Yet there was never a trace of malice in these jousts of his. The very forms of his advice to us concern-

ing diligent reading helped to shake us out of our intellectual laziness. 'Fill up the cask, brethren, fill up the cask; if you don't, then on Sundays when you turn the spigot it will drip, drip, drip.' . . . And we do not forget his spiritual emphasis and his classroom assurance, 'When the people look up into your face Sunday morning, their hearts will be asking, "Man, have you seen God this week?"' " Dr. C. F. Sitterly has collected some of the sayings of Dr. Upham which students have recalled. We quote the following: "When you have a sermon to preach and are limited in time cut off both ends and set fire to the middle." "I don't know as much as I used to. But what I do know I know tremendously. One thing that I know is that God for Christ's sake forgave my sins." "Any new gospel is an old lie." "The narrower chimney makes the better draft." "Some very crooked sticks grow on Zion's Hill." "Be sure to get to your pulpit the first Sunday after Conference. Get there before the devil does." "In no profession does sympathy count for as much as in the ministry. Don't try to run your engine with cold water." "Put off the old man, brethren, but don't put on the old woman." "There are two classes of Christians: Quakers and earthquakers. The Methodists are earthquakers." "What is a man to do if his ass falls into a pit on the Sabbath? Shall he not pull it out? Yes, of course. But if he persists in falling in every Sunday I would do one of two things: either fill up the pit or kill the ass." The publishers have made a book which it is a pleasure to handle. One is almost tempted to succumb to the lure of parody and say, "Doubtless The Methodist Book Concern could make a better book; but doubtless they never did." Illustrations, printing, and paper induce in one that sense of serene exhilaration which only a well-made book can give.

History of the Swiss Reformed Church Since the Reformation. By Rev.

PROF. JAMES I. GOOD, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Reformed Church History in Central Theological Seminary, Dayton, O. Philadelphia: Publication and Sunday School Board of the Reformed Church in the United States. Pp. xli+504. Price \$1.50.

DR. GOOD is more than the Stevens of the German Reformed Church, called the Reformed Church in the United States since 1869. He has not only written two or three books on the history of that church in this country, but he is the only English-speaking scholar who has written up the entire history of his church in Europe, and in three different works, of which this one is the last, and entirely independent of the others (we do not refer to the original Reformation in Switzerland, of which there is much valuable literature in English). This is the only book of the kind in the language, and it opens up a new mine in modern church history, much of it as interesting as a romance. For instance, who knows the long heroism of Cesar Malan in his contendings for the faith against the persecuting semi-Unitarianism of the established Protestant Church of Geneva? Who knows the wondrous life of Bost and his self-sacrifices for Christ? And Felix Neff—what a hero was he. Who knows how the Roman Catholics came near getting Geneva back, and the famous story of

the *Escalade* (pp. 76-9)? Our fathers read Dr. Merle d'Aubigné's Reformation, but they would have read it with more interest still if they had known his most interesting life told here in outline. His history has been pushed in the background by more recent works and more critical, but Merle was a thorough scholar, well read in the German, French, and Latin sources, a pupil and friend of Neander, at whose instance the University of Berlin gave him the degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1846. Then who knows why it was that when De Wette was thrown out of the University of Berlin in 1819 by the king of Prussia because he wrote a letter of sympathy to the mother of student Sand, the assassin of the reactionary Kotzebue, he was given a professorship in the University of Basel? "He (De Wette) was rationalizing in his head, but Christian in his heart. Only a German can unite two such contradictory positions" (p. 412). By a rationalist the author means, of course, one who denies supernatural Christianity. No one who could say, as De Wette did in his last hours, "This I know, that in no other is there salvation except in the name of Jesus Christ, the Crucified, and that for man there is nothing higher than the God-man actualized in him, and the kingdom of God planted by him," has not a Christian heart, but his head certainly aestheticized and spiritualized away the Christian facts. Still in his last theological work (1846) he taught that the Son sits on the throne of God at his right hand as Coregent, endowed with all divine power, while he is at the same time present in the Lord's Supper, and that here our spirit lifts itself in a realm where its own powers are insufficient. We were much interested in the story of the brave fight of a few men to save the Geneva Church from its deadening liberalism in the early years of the 19th century, and how they fared in that almost forlorn struggle. Haldane's work is one of the romances of church history. If you want to know what the grace of God can do read these sections in *Good*, or more fully, so far as the Haldanes were concerned, in their *Lives*, London, 1855. There are many other rich and interesting things told in this book for the first time in English, and for libraries and the church history student it is indispensable. For a future edition a correction or two might be welcome. When Voltaire said, "Ecrasez l'infame," he did not mean the supernatural in religion (p. 289), but that fearfully corrupt and tyrannical manifestation of it which reigned in France in his time, against which his whole soul revolted. Of course he rejected the supernatural, but the infamous was not that in itself considered, but rather the devilish tyranny which broke Calas on the wheel in 1762, would have done the same with Sirven if he had not fled, was responsible for the perishing of his wife amid the snows of the Cevennes, and condemned the boy La Barre to have his tongue and right hand cut off and then be burnt alive (a sentence later commuted to beheading). That was the "monster sodden in black corruption, with whom in the breast of a humane man there could be no terms" (Morley, Voltaire, 3rd, 1878, 162). These and other atrocities "kindled in Voltaire a blaze of anger and pity that remains among the things of which humanity has most reason to be proud" (167). The author says: "Strange to say, this movement to orthodoxy (in Geneva about 1814) was helped along by a

lodge of Free Masons, who held a doctrine of the Trinity" (p. 256). This probably refers to the accidental presence of orthodox men in the local lodge, as Masonry is not intended as a religious propaganda, and in some of the degrees Jews, Mohammedans, and Unitarians could be freely admitted. Why does D'Aubigné always appear without the accent? Should not Grétilat also have accent? For Glessler (p. 413) read Gieseler. Hagenbach's popular lectures on the Reformation at Basel in the winter of 1833 were not "translated by Hurst in his History of Rationalism of the Eighteenth Century" (p. 413), but that part of Hagenbach's later voluminous work was translated by W. L. Gage and J. H. W. Stuckenberg under the title, *German Rationalism, its Rise, Progress, Decline, etc.*, Edinb. 1865, while Hurst (assisted by Nadal) translated his *History of the Church in the 18th and 19th Centuries*, 2 vols. N. Y., 1869, (not including the Rationalism), and his *History of the Reformation* was translated by Evelina Moore, 2 vols, Edinb. 1878-9. The title of Hurst's book is *History of Rationalism, Embracing a Survey of the Present State of Protestant Theology*, N. Y., 1865. We must thank Dr. Good for the 17 portraits, and only wish there were more.

Archæology and the Bible. By GEORGE A. BARTON, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of Biblical Literature and Semitic Languages in Bryn Mawr College; Sometime Director of the American School of Oriental Research in Jerusalem. 8vo, pp xiii+461; 114 plates. Philadelphia: American Sunday School Union. Price, \$2, net. By mail, \$2.25.

THIS is one of the most important publications which throw light on the history, customs, thought, and religion of Bible times. Dr. Barton possesses special qualifications to write a book on Biblical archæology, and his volume has in mind the needs especially of preachers and Sunday school teachers. The extensive work of exploration and the wonderful results obtained are recorded in learned journals which are inaccessible to the average Bible student. For the first time we have this mass of information brought within easy compass, and on a large scale, and arranged in an understandable way, for the benefit of readers without technical training. On many of the controverted issues Dr. Barton takes a neutral attitude, much to the disappointment of ardent theorists, but greatly to the satisfaction of those who desire only reliable information. He reports impartially "the principal inferences drawn by the most important groups of scholars, that the reader may know something of the latitude of opinion that prevails. To have recorded every opinion would have expanded the work far beyond the limits prescribed, and would have burdened the reader with many views that are mere vagaries." He has consistently carried out the purpose of archæology, which is to make the ancient civilizations re-live, by means of a study of the remains of art, architecture, inscriptions, literature, etc. The aim of Biblical Archæology is to give picturesque reality to the Bible story and to confirm, wherever possible, the historicity of its record. "Not the least service that archæology has rendered has been the presentation of a new back-

ground against which the inspiration of the Biblical writers stands out in striking vividness. Often one finds traditions in Babylonia identical with those embodied in the Old Testament, but they are so narrated that no such conception of God shines through them as shines through the Biblical narrative. Babylonians and Egyptians pour out their hearts in psalms with something of the same fervor and pathos as the Hebrews, but no such vital conception of God and his oneness gives shape to their faith and brings the longed-for strength to the spirit. Egyptian sages developed a social conscience comparable in many respects with that of the Hebrew prophets, but they lacked the vital touch of religious devotion which took the conceptions of the prophets out of the realm of individual speculation and made them the working ethics of a whole people. Archaeology thus reinforces to the modern man with unmistakable emphasis the ancient words, 'men spake from God, being moved by the Holy Spirit.'"

The volume is divided into three parts. The first part is historical and geographical; it also reports what the excavators have done, and the light thrown by their labors on the Bible narrative. The histories of Egypt, Babylonia, and Assyria are concisely but fully related. This is followed by a chapter on the Hittites, concerning whose racial affinities there yet remains uncertainty. Very acceptable is the large section dealing with the Holy Land—its exploration, archaeological history, cities, roads, agriculture, pottery, high places, temples, and tombs. The influence of Jerusalem on the history of religion is ably discussed in thirty-three pages. What the discoveries have done toward a clearer understanding of the New Testament is impressively shown in chapters on "The Decapolis," and "Athens, Corinth and the Churches of Asia," and one in part II, "Archaeological Light on the Acts and Epistles." The second part consists in the main of original translations of Babylonian and Egyptian texts, which constitute a very suggestive commentary on the Bible. The exposition and interpretation conclusively demonstrate the sublime superiority of the Biblical narrative of the same incidents. For instance, the Babylonian version of the creation is mythological and polytheistic. Its conception of deity is not exalted. Its gods love and hate, they scheme and plot, fight and destroy. Genesis, on the other hand, reflects the most exalted monotheism. God is so thoroughly the master of all the elements of the universe, that they obey his slightest word. The Babylonian story of the flood has a conception of deity in strong contrast with the dignity of the Biblical monotheism. The Babylonian gods disagree; they blame each other; they crouch with fear like dogs; they come swarming about the sacrifice like hungry flies! Nothing could more strikingly illustrate the inspiration of the Biblical story than to measure it against the background of this Babylonian poem, which is clearly a variant version of it. "A Babylonian Job" is another illuminating chapter. "Job gains relief by a vision of God—an experience which made him able to believe that, though he could not understand the reason for the pain of life or its contradictions and tragedy, God could, and Job now knew God. Tabu-utul-Bel (the Babylonian Job), on the other hand, is said to have gained his relief through a magician. The Babylonian hymns lack

both the poetical sublimity and the religious depth and fire of the Hebrew psalms. The best way to understand the significance of revelation and inspiration, as related to the Bible, is not by a study of theories, but by a study of comparative religious literature, as is given by Dr. Barton. The result will be as satisfactory as the study of comparative religion which gives us a larger appreciation of the superior merits of Christianity. We would like to go into this matter a little more fully, but cannot for want of space. We must, however, refer to another chapter, on "Archaeological Light on the Enrolment of Quirinius." A recently discovered papyrus, dated 175 A. D., shows that in the first century it was customary to hold a census every fourteen years, as is stated by Luke 2. 1-5. It is further substantiated by fragments of documents from the reigns of Nero and Tiberius. Another papyrus, dated 103-104 A. D., in the reign of the Emperor Trajan, states distinctly that every family was required to enroll in its own city. What certain scholars thought improbable, on insufficient evidence, is now seen to be historically accurate. The criticism of adverse critics has thus again been set at nought, in favor of the substantial accuracy, acceptability, and authority of the Bible. The third part consists of one of the finest collections of illustrations, printed on special coated paper, which certainly increases the value of this volume. It could not have been published at such a low price, but for the Green Fund which is administered by the American Sunday School Union.

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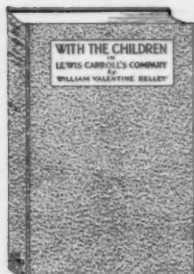
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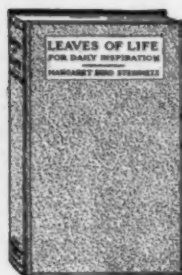
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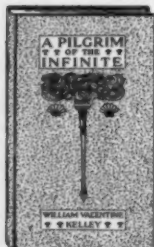
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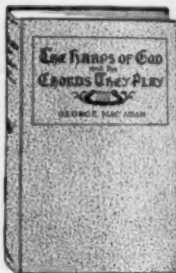


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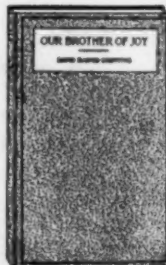
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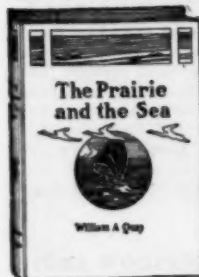
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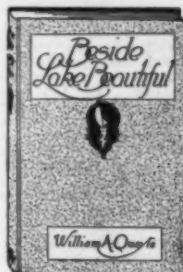
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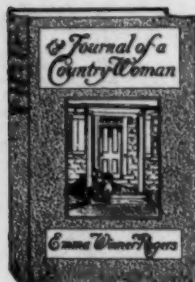
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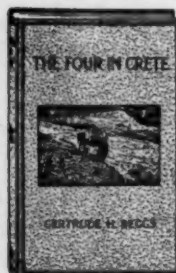


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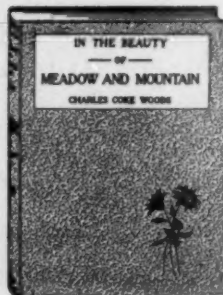
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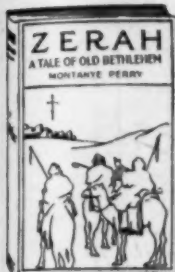
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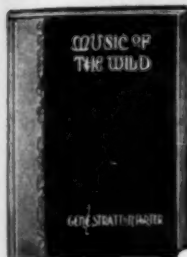
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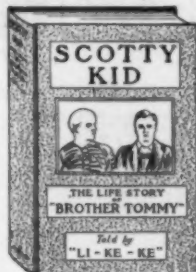
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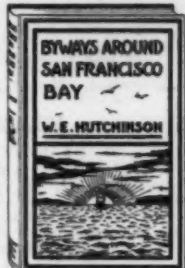
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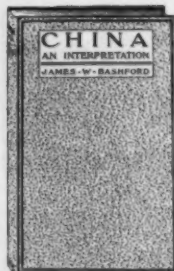
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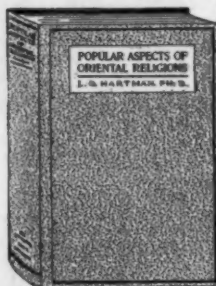
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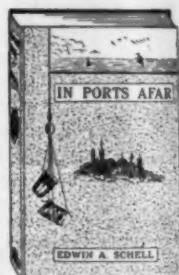


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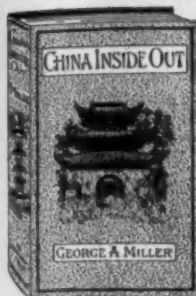
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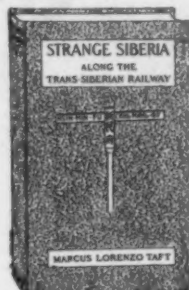
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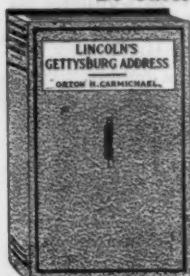
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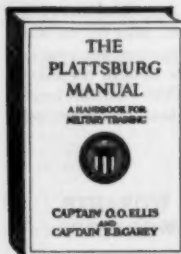
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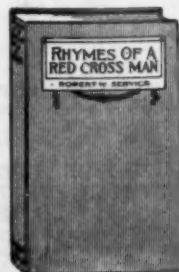
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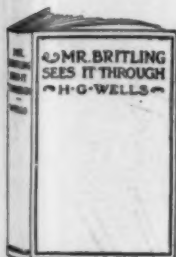
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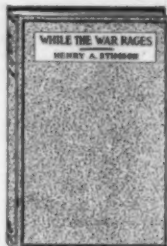
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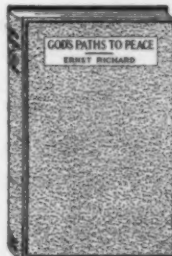
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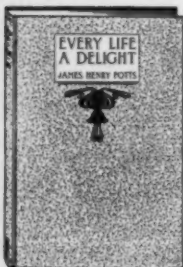
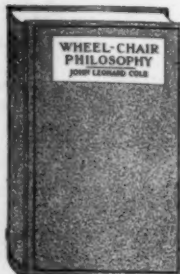
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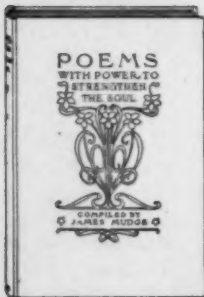
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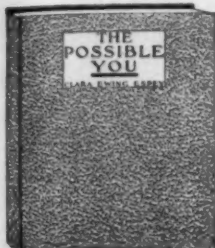


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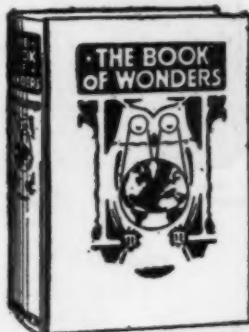
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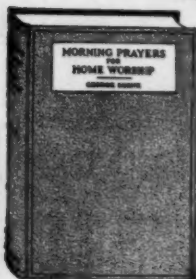
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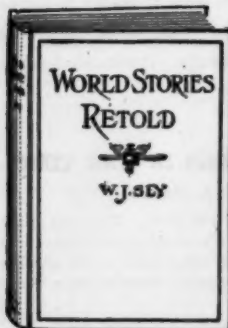
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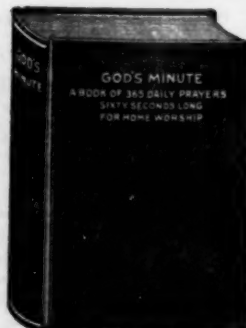
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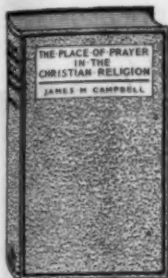
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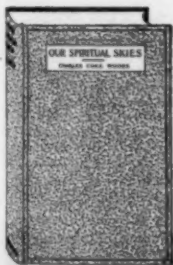
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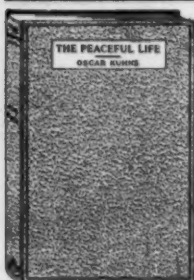
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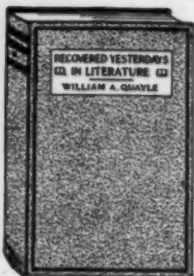
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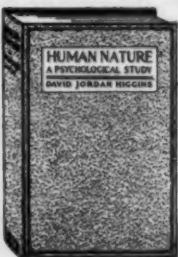
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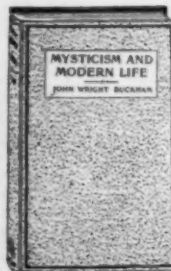
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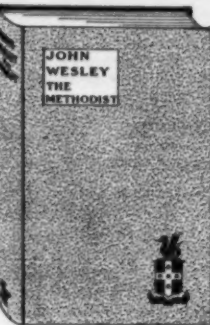
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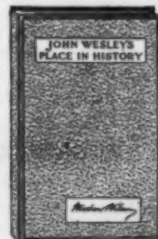
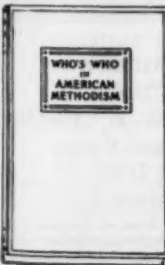
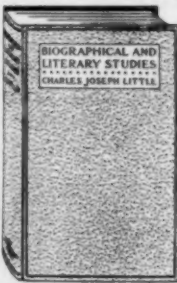
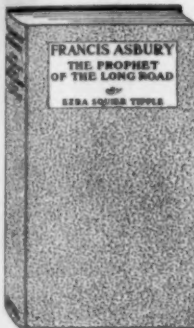
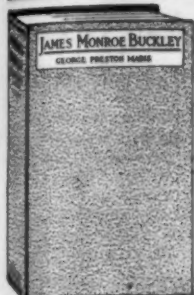
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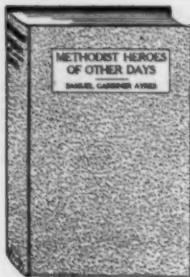
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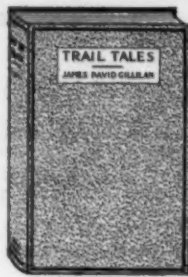


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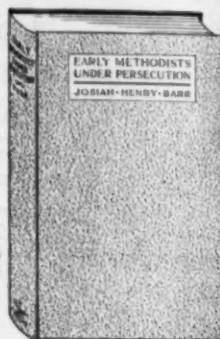
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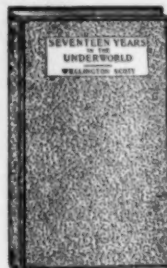
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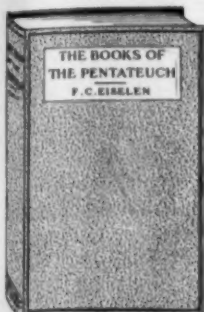
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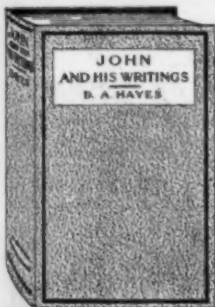
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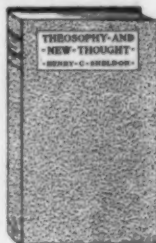
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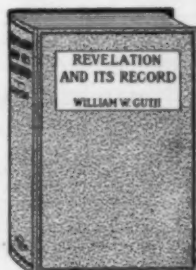
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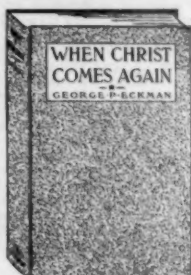
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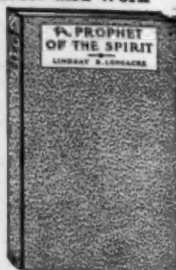
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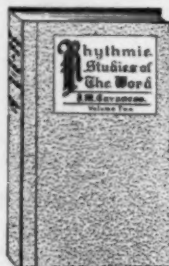
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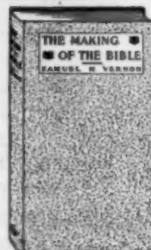


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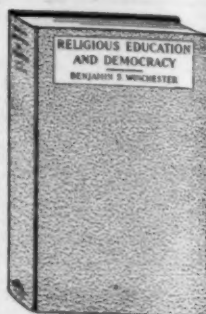
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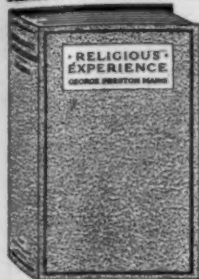
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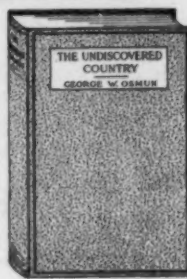
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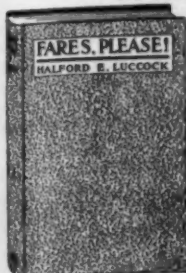
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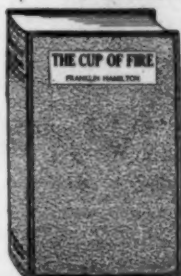
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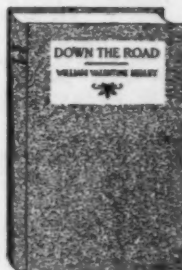
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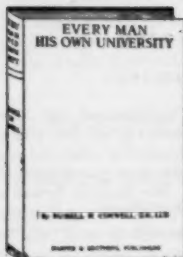
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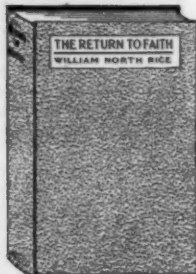
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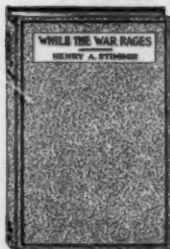
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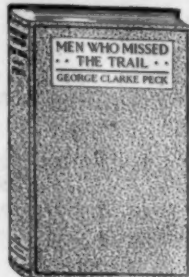
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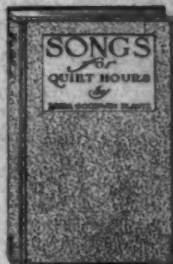
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